
THE POEMS OF HAFEZ

Translated from Persian

Reza Saberi

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*Translated
from
Persian*

by
Reza Saberi

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I have used the Qazvini-Ghani Edition of *Hafez*, which was originally published in 1941 and republished with additional notes and indexes by the good offices of A. Jorbozedar in 1988. The numbers and order of the *ghazals* in this translation correspond to those of the said edition. I acknowledge my indebtedness to the great efforts of these great scholars of Iran. The Qazvini-Ghani Edition is one of the most authentic and dependable manuscripts of *Hafez*.

INTRODUCTION

Khaja Shamsoddin Mohammad Hafez (c.1320-1390) was born in Shiraz, a city in Southeast Iran, and lived and died there. He is known as the greatest poet of Iran. Although many great poets have appeared among the Persian-speaking people in the past millennium or so, none has ever surpassed or even paralleled Hafez in excellence, elegance, beauty, delicacy, and profundity of poetry. Hafez remains to be the most beloved and the most respected poet of Iran.

What has made Hafez the most beloved poet of the Persian-speaking world? Several reasons can be given, but only a few will suffice here. One reason is Hafez's incomparable poetic style, the beauty of his language. His masterful use of the Persian words, phrases and idioms is quite amazing. Hafez handles the Persian words so skillfully that the result is nothing but a masterpiece. He has a keen sense of harmony, of the tone and sound of words, and of the music of poetry.

Another reason for the superiority of Hafez as a poet is due to the profundity of the meaning of his poems. He has a style of using words in such ways as to indicate the different meanings or different shades of meaning of each term. His metaphors and symbols go a long way. It seems to me he often makes his poems deliberately vague in order for the reader to be able to expand their meanings. Hence Hafez's poems are capable of being interpreted in different ways. In some of his poems, the meaning can never be certain. It is possible that the poet intended it to be so. The language of poetry is a symbolic language, which means its implications can be many. Hafez did not aim at clarity or lucidity of expression, but at beauty and elegance of language, and immensity and profundity of meaning.

The third reason for Hafez's poetic greatness is his sincerity, openness, and spontaneity of expressing his feelings of joy, desire, love, sorrow and anger. He does not cover up his feelings and is sharp in his criticism of hypocrisy and pretension of the Sufis and preachers of his time. He calls himself a *rend*, a person who is heedless to the morals and proprieties of his time. Except for three or four odes, he avoids panegyric in which most of the poets of his time would indulge.

Hafez has a universal appeal to all the poetry lovers in the Persian-speaking world. His poetry appeals to different people at different levels of understanding and consciousness. Hafez's poems, though often vague and difficult to understand, are so musical, beautiful and delightful many people enjoy just reading and reciting them without much attention to their deep and complex meanings. To the scholars of the Persian Literature, Hafez is a challenge, and hence understanding him a source of pride and joy, and a sign of erudition.

Hafez composed the bulk of his poetry in the form of *ghazal*. A ghazal is a lyric poem, rather like an English sonnet, whose size usually ranges from seven to thirteen couplets. It does not necessarily have a definite subject, but often deals with love and beauty, interspersed with some philosophical, ethical, didactic or critical lines about life and the universe. There is no single line of thought running through Hafez's poetry, which can determine his philosophy of life and the world. However, there are certain recurring thoughts and feelings in his poetry, such as the ecstasy or intoxication of love, longing for union with the beloved, adoration of the beauties of nature and youth, enjoyment of the present moment, inconstancy and infidelity of the world, and hatred of hypocrisy and pretentious virtuousness.

Love and beauty play an especially important part in Hafez's poetry. Hafez's world is different from our ordinary world of daily experiences. It is a world of love and beauty, and the intoxication these two bring to the sensitive soul of the poet. It is a drunken world, outside the sober world of logical thinking, intellectual arguments, social problems, law and order.

In order to share in the intoxication and ecstasy of Hafez's world, the reader must forget, at least temporarily, the ordinary world of survival, which is marked by competition, struggle, financial cares and worries, greed, ambition, arrogance, and self-assertiveness. She must strip herself of the mores, laws, rules, concerns and attachments of everyday living. Unless the reader liberates her mind from the logic of the so-called real world, she cannot fully appreciate Hafez's or any Classical Persian poet's perspective.

Is Hafez a mystical poet? Hafez has been claimed by many groups--Sufis, Orthodox Moslems, libertines, and

unbelievers in Islam or mysticism. The reason different groups with different beliefs and philosophies can claim the same poet as their own is that Hafez has something for everyone. Some of his poems are undoubtedly mystical, as when he says:

Both worlds are but a ray from His Face.
I have told this openly; and covertly, too.

Other poems are worldly and even sensual in appearance. Yet even these have some imagery which can be interpreted mystically and spiritually. It will not be far from truth if we state that, for Hafez, as for all Persian mystics, the whole world with all its diverse forms and phenomena is but a manifestation of God.

Some knowledge of the Islamo-Iranian mysticism, called Sufism, is certainly helpful for understanding the poetry of most Persian poets, including Hafez. The bulk of the Persian poetry is loaded with Sufic expressions and mystical concepts, and Hafez's *Divan* is a good example. At the heart of Sufism, which some orthodox Moslems prefer to call *Erfan* (Gnosticism) because of their differences with the Sufis, lies the idea that God is the only Reality, the origin and destination of all things, of whom the whole universe is but a manifestation. Therefore, God is the source of love and beauty. All forms of love are different instances of one Love, the Love of God. God is the only Beloved and the cause of all forms of love. All the beauties of nature and humanity are different manifestations of one Divine Beauty. The mystical poets' approach to God, therefore, is through love and beauty.

Hafez is a lover and an admirer of beauty in all its forms, either the beauty of a girl, a boy, a rose, a nightingale, the

spring, or the whole nature. He is always in love, and his only goal is union with the beloved. In the mystical union, the lover becomes one with the beloved. In fact, the lover never had an independent existence; because God, the Beloved, is the only Reality that exists, and all else are like mirrors reflecting his Face. In order to conform their philosophy of oneness to Islam, the Sufis refer to the Qur'anic verses such as, "Whichever direction you turn, you see the Face of God."

The realization that God is hidden behind all forms of beauty and love results in a state of overwhelming joy or ecstasy. It is to this ecstasy which most Persian mystical poets, including Hafez, often, but not always, refer when they use the imagery of drunkenness, such as wine, tavern, *Saqi* (cupbearer), wine-dealer, tavern-keeper, the Magians' *Pir* (Nestor), cup of wine, or when they use the metaphors of love, such as the relation between two human lovers, a nightingale and a rose, or a moth and a candle.

Hafez is a lover who sees beauty and creates beauty. A beautiful poem is like a beautiful flower. Both delight us with their beautiful forms and evoke noble feelings in us. Just as we normally enjoy the beauty of a flower without regard to its usefulness or meaning, so should we consider a poem. A poem may teach us a lesson, a philosophy, a morale, and there are many poems that do so. However, to instruct is not the main function of a poem. Poetry is an art, like all other arts, and its main function is *creation of beauty*. It is our response to this beauty that gives meaning to poetry. Each of Hafez's ghazals is a work of art, and a masterpiece indeed. The Divan of Hafez is a beautiful paradise and a source of joy for those who roam in it.

Hafez sees beauty everywhere and in everything and represents it in his poetry. Through Hafez, the reader also

experiences beauty in many forms, including the beauty of a musical language which is Hafez's own creation. Hafez creates beautiful images and fantastic word pictures of the beauties of nature and humankind. He is truly a genius in composing poetry, in expressing feelings and emotions, and in alluding to profound philosophical thoughts and spiritual concepts. He is called *Lesanolgheib*, the Tongue of the Unseen. With him the art of ghazal in the Persian Literature reaches its climax. It is a great honor for any Persian poet to be compared to Hafez. One contemporary poet of Iran, Mohammad Hossein Shahriyar, who composed very beautiful and subtle ghazals, was given the honorary title of "The Second Hafez" by some literary critics and scholars of Iran. Nevertheless, Shahriyar himself confessed in one of his poems "Whatever I have, I have from the wealth of Hafez".

To enjoy Hafez fully and deeply one must master the Persian language, but this is not possible for most speakers of other languages and even for many native speakers of Persian. Mastery of the Persian language requires years of studying, research and scholarship. For those who are not familiar with the Persian version of the poems of Hafez, the next best thing is a faithful translation. Although there are a few translations of Hafez's poems into English, unfortunately none of them does justice to this great poet. None of them reflects the spirit of Hafez, which is also the spirit of many Iranians. A translator of Hafez must be intimately familiar with the Iranian culture, which includes religion, philosophy, customs, traditions, morals, feelings, ways of living, ways of thinking and speaking. She must be familiar with the shades of meaning which many Persian poetical symbols have acquired through masterly usage by a long line of great poets. In addition to the above, it is my

strong belief that a translator must be faithful to the original as much as possible and not to impose her own thoughts, beliefs, and emotions on the original author.

Because Hafez uses many subtle images and metaphors and symbols, which can be appreciated mostly by the native speakers of the Persian language, it is impossible to represent or even emulate the beauty, the music, the depth and shades of meaning, and the various implications of Hafez's poems in any other language. However, this does not mean we should not try to do the best we can.

My main goal in this translation was to be as faithful as possible to the original and as far as the idioms and syntaxes of the English language permit. Faithfulness to the original is lacking in the majority of existing translations. Some translators have not only altered the meaning of Hafez's poems but have also omitted from or added to the original many words and even entire lines of their own composition. I have been careful to avoid this flaw in my translation. I have also avoided interpretation whenever a literal translation was possible. In some cases, when the word-for-word translation would not make any sense in English at all, I had to slightly modify the original expression in order to make it comprehensible in English. If some lines of this translation seem ambivalent, they are so in the original version, too. Ambivalence is one of the characteristics of Hafez's poems, which not only creates a challenge to their understanding but also deepens, broadens and diversifies their meanings.

Finally I must make some personal notes about my acquaintance with Hafez. Since my childhood, I have been in love with the Persian poetry, have read thousands of poems and memorized hundreds of my favorite lines. Although Iran has had an abundance of very excellent poets,

and I have admired and enjoyed reading many of them, Hafez has been my most favorite one. He has been my companion during many lonely days and sleepless nights. He has been my companion not only during the hard times of my life but also when I was in love and in high spirit, or whenever I felt I had the mystical experience of union with God or the Ultimate Reality. More than four decades of familiarity with Hafez has made me one of the intimates of this great poet and has allowed me into the sanctuary of his love.

Perhaps it was this intimacy with Hafez that prompted me to undertake the almost impossible task of translating his poetry. The idea of translating Hafez started quite inadvertently in the cafeteria of the University of North Dakota one day. I was having lunch with one of the UND professors of English, Dr. Michael Beard, when our conversation led to the translations of some Persian literary works in English. I mentioned Hafez and Dr. Beard immediately remarked, "That is another poet who is waiting to be translated one day." I said, quite nonchalantly, "Perhaps I should try to translate him."

That day I hardly realized into what a challenging adventure this spontaneous statement was going to lead me. I remember I began to recite and translate the first couplet of the first ghazal of Hafez's Divan, not knowing that this greatest poet of Iran, the Tongue of the Unseen, was indirectly warning me of the many difficulties ahead.

O Saki, fill the cup and pass it around.

For love seemed easy at first, but then fell troubles.

My love for Hafez seemed easy at first. However, it was only in the following three years, during which I strove to

complete this translation, that I realized what a perilous and tortuous road was the path of love. Yet the joy that comes from Hafez's poetry has no parallel in the world.

I

O *Saqi*, fill the bowl and pass it around.
For love seemed easy at first, but then fell troubles.
Hoping for a scent of musk the zephyr may unlock from
her locks,
Many a heart are bleeding by the ringlets of her musky,
curly hair.
How can I have a peaceful life in the stations that lead to
my beloved?
Since every moment the bell cries out: "Bind your litters
up!"
Dye your prayer-mat with wine if the Magians' Pir tells
you.
For the path-leader knows the manners of the stations [of
the road to the beloved].
A dark night, the fear of waves, and a whirlpool so
forbidding!
How can the light-burdened on the shore know our plight?
My whole work led to infamy because of my willfulness.
How can a secret which is told in assemblies remain
hidden?
If you desire a presence, Hafez, never absent yourself from
it.
When you have met your desired one, bid farewell to the
world and let it go.

II

What has advisability got to do with me, a drunkard?
See the distance of the road is from where to where!
My heart grew weary of the monastery and the *kherge* of
hypocrisy.
Where is the Magians' tavern and where the pure wine?
What relation do advisability and piety have with *rendi*?
How can the sound of a sermon compare with the melody
of a rebeck?
What can the enemies' hearts find from the friend's face?
How can an extinguished lamp compare with the candle of
the sun?
Since the collyrium of our eyesight is the dust of your
threshold,
Where can we go out of this threshold, say where?
What you see as the apple of a chin is a well on the road.
Where are you going so hastily, O heart? Where?
Gone are the days of union [with the beloved], happy be
their memories.
Where did that amorous gesture go? And where that
amorous reproof?
Friend, expect not rest or sleep in Hafez.
What is rest? What is patience? And where is sleep?

III

If that Turk of Shiraz wins my heart,
I will bestow Samarqand and Bokhara for her black mole.
Saqi, give the remaining wine. For you will not find in
heaven

The bank of the Roknabad River and the pleasure-walk of Mossalla.

Oh, these riotous, sweet and charming gypsies
So robbed patience from the heart as Turks the king's table.
The beloved's beauty is needless of our incomplete love.
What need does a beautiful face have for color, shade, mole
and *khat*?

From that ever-increasing beauty which Joseph had, I knew
Love was going to bring Zoleikha out of the veil of
chastity.

Whether you call me names or curse me, I will pray.
A bitter response suits the sugar-chewing ruby lips.
Listen to this counsel, my dear. For the felicitous youth
Love the counsel of a learned old man better than life.
Speak of the minstrel and wine and seek less the secret of
existence.

For none ever solved this riddle through reason or ever
will.

Hafez, you composed ghazals and pierced pearls. Come
and sing with joy.

For the sky throws down its necklace of Pleiades at your
verse.

IV

Zephyr, kindly tell that elegant gazelle that
It was she who made us head toward the mountains and
deserts.

Why does that sugar-dealer, may whose life last long,
Never inquire about the sugar-chewing parrot?
Was it the vanity of your beauty, O rose, that prevented
you
From inquiring about this frenzied nightingale?

By kindness and tenderness are men of perception
captured.

By chain and snare a wise bird can not be caught.

I do not know why there is no color of acquaintance

In these upright statures, dark eyes, and moon-like faces?

When you sit with your beloved and measure wine,

Remember those lovers who measure the wind.

Nothing wrong can be said about your beauty except that

Your beautiful face lacks the principle of love and fidelity.

It will be no surprise if the song of Venus with the words
of Hafez

Bring the Messiah to dance in the heaven.

V

My heart is going out of my hand. O Gnostics, help, for
heaven's sake!

Alas, the hidden secret is going to be disclosed.

We are shipwrecked. O auspicious wind, arise!

So that I may see my beloved's face again.

The ten-day favor of the world is a fable and magic.

Use this opportunity, my love, to be good to your lovers.

Last night in the ring of rose and wine, sang the nightingale
pleasantly:

"Bring the morning wine and prepare, O you drinkers!"

In gratitude for your health, owner of generosity,

Ask about the poor dervish one day.

The comfort of both worlds is the interpretation of these
two phrases:

Generosity to friends, leniency to enemies.

We were not allowed passage into the street of good name.

If you do not like it, change destiny.

That bitter-tasting [drink] the Sufi called "mother of evils"

Is more delicious and sweeter than the virgins' kisses for us.
In the time of indigence, strive for pleasure and
drunkenness.
For this elixir of existence turns the beggar into Korah.
Be not self-conceited. Or else, the beloved, in whose palm
the granite is like wax,
Will burn you like a candle out of jealous regard.
The bowl of wine is Alexander's mirror, look!
It will present you the state of Dara's kingdom.
The Persian-speaking fair ones are givers of life.
Saqi, give glad tidings to the pious *rends*.
Hafez did not put on this wine-stained kherqe by choice.
Let me be excused, O clean-skirt Sheikh.

VI

Who will convey this request to the attendants of the king:
"In gratitude to your kingship, do not ignore the indigent."?
I take refuge in my God from the devilish rival.
May that shooting star help me for the sake of God.
If your black eyelashes aimed at our blood,
Fear her deceit, my love. Do not go wrong.
When you let your face shine, you consume the heart of a
world.
What benefit do you have of this that you do not show any
leniency?
All night I am hoping that the morning breeze
Will caress this acquaintance by a message from
acquaintances.
What is this uprising, my dear, that you showed to the
lovers?
We will sacrifice our hearts and souls for your
countenance. Show us your face.

For God's sake, give a sip of wine to Hafez, the early-riser,
So that his morning prayer may have an effect on you.

VII

Come, Sufi. The cup of wine is a clear mirror.
Behold the purity of the ruby-color wine.
Ask the drunk rends the secret behind the veil.
For this state is not for the high-ranking ascetic.
Simorgh cannot be captured by anyone. Pack off your
nets.
For you will have nothing but air in them.
In a drinking party, imbibe a couple of drinks and go.
I mean, do not expect an everlasting union.
O heart, the young age passed, and you did not pick a rose
from life.
Now in the old age what care you for shame or name?
Try to enjoy the present. For when his portion finished,
[Even] Adam had to leave the garden of heaven.
We have done great services at your door.
O *Khaja*, regard your servant compassionately.
Hafez is the disciple of the cup of wine. Go, O zephyr,
Offer this servant's servitude to the Master of the Cup.

VIII

Arise, Saki! Give me the cup.
And bury the woes of this world in dust.
Put the cup of wine in my palm
So that I pull off this azure-colored kherqe.
Although this is a dishonor before the wise,
I do not care for honor or dishonor.
Give me wine. How long will the wind of arrogance

Blow dust upon this hopeless desire?
 The fumes of my lamenting bosom
 Burned these naive depressed ones.
 I do not see any confidante to the secret of my frenzied
 heart
 Among the common or the noble people.
 My mind is happy with a heart-comforter
 Who suddenly took away the comfort from my heart.
 He will never look at the cypress of the meadow
 Who has seen the silvery figure of my cypress.
 Hafez, endure hardship day and night.
 One day you will attain to your desire in the end.

IX

Once more the garden is in its splendor of youth.
 The happy news of the rose is coming to the nightingale of
 sweet songs.
 O zephyr, if you come across the youths of the meadow
 again,
 Convey our greetings to the cypress, the rose, and the
 sweet basil.
 If the wine-dealing Magian youth thus displays his glory,
 I will make my eyelashes the broom of the tavern's door.
 O you who have drawn the polo-stick of pure ambergris
 over the moon,
 Do not agitate this wandering one.
 These people who laugh at *dreg-drainers*,
 Are going to lose their faith over the tavern, I fear.
 Befriend the men of God. For in the Noah's Ark,
 There is a land that will not heed the storm an iota.
 Get out of the house of the world and do not seek your
 bread there.

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For this stingy host will finally kill the guest.
Every person will have a handful of earth as her final bed.
What need is there then to raise palaces to the sky?
My moon of Canaan, the throne of Egypt became yours.
It is time you bade farewell to the prison.
! Drink wine, Hafez. Revel and rejoice.
! But like others, make not the Qur'an a snare of deceit.

X

Last night our Pir came from the mosque to the tavern.
What is our policy from now on, companions of the Path?
How can we disciples face *qebila*
While our Pir faces the pothouse?
We must accommodate with our Pir in the tavern of the
Path.
Thus was made our destiny in the beginning of time.
If wisdom finds out how happy the heart is in the chains of
her hair,
The wise will be crazy for our chains.
Your beautiful face revealed to us a sign of grace.
Since then there is nothing but grace and goodness in our
commentary.
Is it possible at all that one night our fiery sighs and the
night-long fumes of our bosoms
Have any effect on your stony heart?
Silence, Hafez! The arrow of your sigh will pierce the sky.
Have mercy on your soul. Avoid this arrow.

XI

Saqi, brighten our cups with the light of wine.
Sing, Minstrel. The world is now as we wished it.

O you who are unaware of the pleasure of our lasting
drink,
We have seen the beloved's face reflected in the bowl of
wine.
Never dies the one whose heart was enlivened with love.
Our immortality is registered in the journal of the world.
The coquetry and charm of the upright fair ones cease
When our graceful cypress begins to display her glory.
O wind, if you ever visit the rose-garden of the friends,
Remember to convey our message to our beloved.
Tell her, "Why do you try to forget our name intentionally?
"Even if you try to forget, it will come to you by itself."
Intoxication well becomes our sweet beloved's eyes.
Hence our destiny is committed to the hand of a drunkard.
I fear, on the Day of Judgment, the Sheikh's legitimate
bread
May not prove to be any better than our illegitimate water.
Hafez, shed a drop of tear from your eye.
Hopefully the bird of union will set out toward your net.
The green ocean of the sky and the vessel of the crescent of
the moon
Are replete with the blessings of our Haji Qavam.

XII

O you whose beaming face lights the moon of beauty
And whose chin's well waters the land of loveliness.
My soul, which has risen to my lips, desires to see you.
Should it return or leave? What is your command?
No one availed himself of chastity in the presence of your
narcissus.
Better no one display piety before your drunken eyes.

Perhaps my slumbering fortune is going to wake up after all.

Since your shining face sprinkled water on its eyes.
Send a posy from your face by the morning breeze
So that we may smell a scent from the soil of your garden.
Live long and succeed, O Saqis of the feast of Jamshid,
Even though my cup was not filled with wine in your time.
Inform my beloved. My heart is raising havoc.

Please, O friends, for the sake of my soul and yours.

O Lord, could this goal ever be attained
That my tranquil mind and her agitated tress become two
intimate companions?

Hold your skirt away from dust and blood as you pass by us.

Many are the dead upon this road who have died for you.
Hafez is saying a prayer. Listen and say Amen:

"I pray that our sustenance be your sugar-sprinkling ruby."

O zephyr, tell the inhabitants of the city of Yazd
(May the head of the ingrate be a ball for your polo-stick):

"Even though we are far from you, our spirits are near.

We are the servants of your king and singing your praises."

O lofty-star King of kings, I ask God to grant me the honor
Of kissing the ground of your palace as the stars do.

XIII

The morning is breaking and the clouds are covering.
[Bring] morning drink. Morning drink, O companions.
Dew drops are falling on the tulip's cheek.

Wine, wine, O friends.

A heavenly breeze is blowing from the meadow.

Come, drink pure wine moment after moment.

The rose has set up an emerald throne on the meadow.

Find wine that is blazing like ruby.
The door of the tavern is closed again.
Open it, O Opener of doors.
Your lips and teeth have salt-rights
Over roasted chests and souls.
In such a season, it is strange
That they close the tavern so hastily.
To the face of the fairy-figured Saqi,
Drink pure wine, like Hafez.

XIV

I said, "O Monarch of the lovely ones, have mercy to this stranger."
He said, "Following the heart leads astray the helpless stranger."
I said, "Stay a while." He said, "Let me be excused."
How can a homebred person tolerate the cares of so many a stranger?"
Sleeping on a royal ermine, what does a gently-nurtured person care
If out of thorns and rocks makes bed and pillow a stranger?"
O you whose chains of ringlets hold fast many intimates,
Well fell that musky mole on your colorful cheek a stranger.
The reflection of wine on your moonlike face,
Like a leaf of a Judas tree on a jonquil flower looks a stranger.
The thin khat circling your face is quite a stranger there,
Though black-ink calligraphy in an art gallery is not a stranger.

I said, "O you, whose locks are dark as the Night of Strangers,
Avoid the morning-time laments of this stranger."
He said, "Hafez, acquaintances stand in awe at my presence.
"It is not strange if here sits helpless and weary a stranger."

XV

O Heavenly Beauty, who unties the knot of your veil?
O Bird of Paradise, who gives you seed and water?
Sleep has deserted my eyes with this heart-consuming thought
That whose arms became your place of comfort and sleep.
You do not inquire about the dervish, and I fear
You have neither think of forgiveness nor care for reward [from God].
Those languishing eyes waylaid the lovers' hearts.
It is obvious from this behavior that your wine is a killer.
The arrow of the amorous glance you aimed at my heart missed its target.
I wonder what other thought you will come up with?
None of my cries or lamentations reached your ear.
It is obvious, my love, that your threshold is too high.
The fountainhead is far from this desert.
Beware lest the ghoul of the desert deceive you with a mirage.
O heart, I wonder what path you are going to take at your old age?
Wrongly were spent the days of your youth anyway.
Oh that delightful palace, the dwelling of friendship!
May Lord save it from the ravages of time.

Hafez is not that kind of slave who runs away from his master.
Make peace and come back. For I am ruined with your anger.

XVI

The curve that your charming eyebrow created in its bow
Was intended to target the life of this poor, helpless one.
Love existed before the formation of the two worlds.
The foundation of love was not laid only in our time.
With one amorous glance the narcissus cast in ostentation,
The charm of your eye provoked a hundred riots in the world.

Having drunk wine and sweated, you are walking to the meadows

So that your cheek's color may set fire to the Judas tree.
Intoxicated, I went to the feast of the garden
Since the rosebud made me believe that it was your mouth.
The violet was knotting her curly hair
When the zephyr brought forth the story of your tress.
Ashamed of the fact that I compared her to your face,
The jasmine threw dust in her mouth by the hand of the zephyr.

My chastity had prevented me from wine and minstrel so far.

Desire for the Magian youths threw me in this and that.
Now I am washing my kherqe with ruby wine.
One cannot cast away from himself his primordial destiny.
Perhaps Hafez's bliss was in this intoxication
That His primeval generosity threw him in the Magians' wine.

The world will obey my wish now that the cycle of time

Threw me into the servitude of the Khaja of the world.

XVII

Pining for the beloved, the breast burned from the fire of the heart.

This was a blaze that burned the whole house.

My body melted away because of separation from the beloved.

My life was consumed by the fire of the sun of the beloved's face.

See how the fire of my heart is scorching my tears that last night

The candle's heart burned for me from compassion like a butterfly.

It is not strange if a friend sympathizes with me.

When I went out of myself, a stranger's heart burned for me.

The water of the tavern carried away my kherqe of chastity.

The fire of the wine-house burned the house of my reason.

My heart broke like a bowl from the repentance I made.

Without wine and tavern, my heart burned like a tulip.

Put an end to this adventure and come back. For the people of the eye [people who see the appearance only]

Took off my kherqe and burned it as a sign of gratitude.

XVIII

Happy festival, Saqi.

Do not forget the promises you have made.

You took your heart from friends during the days of separation.

I am surprised that your heart allowed you to do so.
Convey our desire to serve to the daughter of the vine and
say:

"Come out! It was our will and effort that freed you from
the prison."

The joy of our gatherings depends on your welcome
arrival.

May the heart that does not want you to be happy be a
place of sorrow.

Thank God that the plunder of the autumn did not damage
Your garden of jasmine, cypress, rose, and *Shemshad*.

Far be the evil eye. For your well-known luck and inborn
good fortune

Brought you out of that confusion.

Hafez, never leave the safety of this Noah's Ark.

Lest the storm of events destroy your foundation.

XIX

O morning breeze, where is the resting place of the
beloved?

Where is the home of that smart, lover-killing moon?

It is a dark night and the road of the Holy Vale (Sinai)
ahead.

Where is the Fire of Sinai, and where the meeting-place?

Whoever comes to the world has a form of intoxication.

Tell me where a sober person is in this tavern?

He who comprehends hints and allusions deserves glad
tidings.

Many subtleties are there, but where is the one worthy of
being trusted with secrets?

Every strand of my hair has thousands of affairs with you.

See where we are, and where the idle taunter is!

Inquire of her curved and curled tress:
Where is our doleful, wandering, and captured heart?
Reason went mad. Where is that musky chain?
The heart secluded itself from us. Where is the beloved's
eyebrow?
Saqi, minstrel and wine are all ready.
But pleasure is impossible without the beloved. Where is
she?
Hafez, do not be offended by the autumn wind in the
meadow of the world.
Think rationally. Where is a thornless rose?

XX

Fasting went aside. The festival arrived and became
exalted.
The wine boiled out the tavern. We must now ask for
wine.
The turn of the boring hypocrites passed.
The time of rendi and the revelry of rends is here.
Why blame the one who drinks wine thus?
What is wrong with this folly and what kind of mistake is
this?
A wine-drinking in which there is no falsehood and
hypocrisy
Is better than chastity-displaying which is full of falsehood
and hypocrisy.
We are neither pretending rends nor people of discord.
He who is the Knower of Secrets is witness to this fact.
We perform our duty to God and hurt none.
And what they say is not allowed, we do not say it is.
What happens if you and I drink a few cups of wine?
Wine is from the blood of vine, not from your blood.

What fault is this that destroys faults?
Even if it is a fault, so what? Where are faultless people?

XXI

My heart and faith gone, the heart-ravisher rose to
admonition.
"Do not sit with me," said she. "For safety from you rose."
Have you ever heard of anyone who sat happy in this feast
for a moment
But not to his feet with regret at the end of the party rose?
If the candle boasted by its tongue of having your smiling
lip,
At nights to compensation before your lovers rose.
The spring wind in the mead, from beside the rose and
cypress,
In desire for your face and figure rose.
Intoxicated you passed by; and from the people of *khalvat*
of heaven,
The turmoil of Resurrection as they watched you rose.
Seeing you walk, was ashamed to move a foot
The proud cypress whose stature so gracefully rose.
Hafez, cast off this kherqe so that you may save your soul.
For fire from the kherqe of hypocrisy and *karamat* rose.

XXII

When you hear the words of men of heart, do not say they
are wrong.
You are not an expert in words. Here is the problem, my
dear.
My head will not bow to this world, nor to the next.
Praised be God for such revolts that exist in my head.

I do not know who is lurking inside me, the heatsore,
That while I am silent, he is roaring and clamoring.
My heart came out the veil. Where are you, O minstrel?
Play a tune. For my well-being depends on your notes.
I never cared for the business of this world.
It was your face that adorned it so beautifully in my view.
I have not slept because of a fancy that my heart is
nurturing.
I have the hangover of a hundred nights. Where is the
tavern?
The way the monastery was defiled by my heart's blood,
If you wash me with wine, you have the right to do so.
The reason I am endeared in the Magians' house is
That the fire which never dies is in my heart.
What scale was it in which the minstrel played his music?
For though my life has passed, my head is still full of that
tune.
Last night the voice of your love sounded in my heart.
The space of Hafez's breast is still full of echoes.

XXIII

The thought of your face is our companion on every road.
The scent of your hair is the graft of our conscious soul.
Contrary to the enemies who inhibit love,
The beauty of your face is an adequate reason for us.
Behold what the apple of your chin is saying:
"A thousand Egyptian Josephs have fallen in this well."
If we cannot reach your long tresses,
It is the fault of our confounded luck and our short arms.
Tell the chamberlain of that private quarters:
"So and so is one of the lonely dwellers at our doorway."
Although she is covered from our eyes,

She is always in view of our peaceful mind.
If one year Hafez knocks on a door, open it.
For he has been fond of our moon-like face for years.

XXIV

Do not expect worship, promise, and discretion from me, a
drunkard.
For I became famous for drinking since the primordial day.
The very moment I performed my ablutions from the spring
of love
I bade farewell to all that exists.
Give me wine so I can inform you of the secret of destiny.
And tell you with whose face I fell in love and whose scent
made me drunk.
Here the waist of a mountain is narrower than that of an ant.
O wine-lover, do not lose hope from this door of blessing.
Except that languishing narcissus, may the evil eye be far
from it,
No one sat happy beneath this turquoise ceiling.
I could give my life for her mouth. For in the garden of
sight,
The gardener of the world never nurtured a more beautiful
bud.
Hafez became a Solomon with the wealth of your love.
That is to say, from your union he has nothing but wind in
his hand.

XXV

The red rose bloomed and the nightingale became drunk.
O wine-adoring Sufis, this is a summons to joyfulness.
Behold how beautifully a crystal goblet broke

The foundation of repentance, that looked as strong as a rock!

Bring wine, for in the palace of magnanimity,
What difference is there between a sentry and a sultan, or
between a sober or a toper?

Since departure from this hostel of twin portals is a must,
What matters if the porch and arch of life be high or low?
The position of happiness cannot be attained without
trouble.

Yes, the *Primordial Pact* was a sentence to suffering.
Be merry and do not bother your mind with having or not-
having.

For the end of any perfection is nothingness.
The glory of Asaf, the courser of the wind, and the language
of the birds,
All went with the wind and the master availed of them
nothing.

Let not the wings and feathers lead you astray.
For the shooting arrow rose to the air for a while but sank
into the dust.

Hafez, how can the tongue of your pen thank for this
[blessing]

That people are passing your words from hand to hand?

XXVI

Hair dishevelled, face sweating, lips smiling, and drunk;
garment rent, song-singing, and goblet in hand;
Her narcissus quarrelsome, her lips saying alas;
Last midnight she came to my pillow and sat.
She brought her head near my ear and in a melodious voice
said:

"Are you sleeping, my old lover?"

A lover who is given such a nocturnal wine
Is a disbeliever in love if he does not become a wine-
worshipper.
Be gone, O ascetic! Find no faults with dreg-drainers.
For no other gift than this was given to us on the primordial
day.
Whatever He poured into our cup we drank,
Whether it was the wine of heaven or that of a drunk.
The laughter of the cup of wine and the curled hair of the
beloved--
O many a repentance like that of Hafez have they shattered!

XXVII

My friend came to the Magians' house with a goblet in hand.
He drunk from wine, and the drinkers drunk from his
narcissus.
The shape of the new moon was visible from his horse's
shoe.
And by his tall stature, the spruce-fir was humbled.
Why should I ever say I am conscious of myself while I am
not?
And why should I say I have no eye on him whereas I do?
The candle of my intimate heart sank as he rose.
And the cries of the ogles rose as he sat.
If *ghaliah* became fragrant, it was because it wrapped itself
around his tress.
If the woad became a bowman, it was because it joined to
his eyebrow.
Return, so that Hafez's lost life may return.
Though no arrow which flew out of hand will ever come
back.

XXVIII

I swear by Khaja's soul and the old friendship and the right
promise
That every dawn my companion is prayer for your good
fortune.
My tears, which would prevail over the Deluge of Noah,
Could not wash away the imprint of your love from my
bosom's tablet.
Make a deal and buy this broken heart.
For though broken, it is worth a hundred whole ones.
The ant's tongue rightly braved to blame Asaf.
For he lost Solomon's Signet but did not search for it.
O heart, do not lose hope of the friend's endless kindness.
If you boasted of love, lose your head nimbly.
Strive for honesty so that the sun be born from your breath.
For the false dawn became dark-faced from lying.
Frenzied by you, I wandered in mountains and deserts.
Yet you show no mercy to loosen the girdle of the chain.
Take no offence, Hafez, and seek no protection from the
heart-ravishers.
What is the fault of the garden if this plant did not grow in
it?

XXIX

Having your thought with me, what do I care for wine?
Tell the wine-vat to keep its head tight, for the tavern is in
ruins.
Even if it is heaven wine, pour out! For without the
beloved
Any wholesome drink you give me is sheer pain.

Alas, my beloved went away. And now drawing the image
of her features
on my tearful eyes is like painting on water.
Awake, O my eyes! For one cannot be secure
From this constant flood which is [dashing] in this house of
sleep.
The beloved is openly passing by you.
Yet, lest strangers see her, she has put on a veil.
Since the rose saw the beauty of the sweat on your rosy
cheek,
It is drowned in rose-water over the fire of desire from the
sorrow of the heart.
The dale and plain are green. Come! Let us not take our
hands off
This water, for the whole world is a mirage.
Seek not a place for advice in some corner of my brain.
For this spot is full of the melodies of the harp and the
rebeck.
If Hafez is a lover, a rend, and an ogler, so what?
The days of youth necessitate many a strange behavior.

XXX

Your tress tied a thousand hearts to one strand of hair
And blocked the road from four directions to a thousand
problem-solvers.
In order for the lovers to surrender their souls for the scent
of her breeze,
She opened a bag of musk and closed the door of
aspiration.
I became frenzied with love because my beloved, like a new
moon,

Showed her eyebrow, displayed her splendor, and [then]
covered her face.

Saqi poured wine into the cup with several gimmicks.
Look how beautifully those patterns are painted on the
gourd!

O Lord, what an amorous glance did the goblet cast
That the wine-vat's blood stuck in its throat, though it
boiled boisterously?

What scale did the minstrel play that blocked off all noise
From the ears of people of ecstasy and trance?

Hafez, whosoever nurtured no love and desired union
Circumambulated the Kaaba of the heart without ablutions.

XXXI

That night of Qadr about which the people of *khalvat* speak
is tonight.

O Lord, which star's influence has brought this fortune?
In order to cut off the access to your tresses for the
undeserved,

Each heart from each ringlet is citing " O Lord, O Lord".
I am the victim of the pit of your chin. For from all sides,
A hundred thousand souls have laid their necks under the
yoke of your rounded chin.

My royal rider, for whose face the moon is a mirror-holder,
The crown of the lofty sun is the earth beneath her horse's
shoe.

Look at the reflection of the sweat on her countenance.
Longing for that sweat,

The fast-moving sun is in fever everyday of its life.

I am not going to forsake my beloved's ruby and the wine
bowl.

My apologies, O ascetics. This is my religion.

The hour when they saddle the zephyr's back,
How can I ride along with Solomon since my steed is an
ant.

She who shoots an arrow at my heart from her eye stealthily
Has the food for Hafez's soul in the smile beneath her lips.
The water of life is dripping from the eloquent beak of my
pen's crow.
Praised be the Lord, what a great spring it is!

XXXII

When God shaped the form of your exhilarant eyebrows,
The opening of my affair in your amorous glances he
fastened.
Time seated the mead's cypress and me in dust
When the cord of your *Nargesi* robe it fastened.
The fragrance of the rose untied a hundred knots from our
affair and the bud's heart,
Because its heart to your love it fastened.
The rotation of the sphere made me content with your
chain.
But what the use since the chain's end in your pleasure's
hand it fastened?
Do not tie a knot to my poor heart like a musk-bag.
For my heart a pact with your knot-untying tresses fastened.
O breeze of union, you yourself had union with another.
Behold the error that my heart its hope to your fidelity
fastened!
I said, "I will leave this city because of your cruelty."
Laughingly said she, "Go, Hafez, who has your feet
fastened?"

XXXIII

For the one who has chosen seclusion, what need is there
for sightseeing?

If the friend's street is there, what need is there for the
countryside?

My dear, for the sake of the need that you have for God,
Will you not ask for a moment what need we have?

O Monarch of beauty, for God's sake, we are consumed [by
love].

Will you not at least ask what need a beggar has?

We are in need but have no tongue for request.

What need is there for request before a generous one?

If you intend to shed our blood, there is no need for a story.

Since our possessions are yours, what need is there for
plunder?

The brilliant mind of the friend is the world-viewing mirror.

There what need is there to express one's need?

The time has passed when I humbled myself before a sailor.

When the pearl came to the hand, what need is there for the
sea?

Go away, you enemy! I have nothing to do with you.

Since the friends are present, what need is there for the
enemies?

O begging lover, if the soul-giving lip of the beloved

Knows its duty, what need is there for a request?

Be done, Hafez. For [your] art will prove itself.

What need is there for quarreling and arguing with the
opponent?

XXXIV

The portico of my eyes' sight is your nest.

Be kind to condescend. For this is your own home.

With the grace of your mole and khat, you stole the
Gnostics' hearts.
Many marvelous subtleties are there under your net and
seed.
Let your heart rejoice in union with the rose, O nightingale
of zephyr.
For the meadow is filled with only your love songs.
Refer the cure of our ailing heart to your lip.
For this exhilarating ruby is in your treasury.
My body is deprived of the fortune of attendance to you,
But my whole soul is the dust of your threshold.
I am not the one who offers his heart's gold to any fair one.
The door of this treasury has your seal and sign on it.
What a marvel are you, O sweet-mannered royal rider
That a steed like the sky is tamed by your whip?
What room is there for me where the cunning sky slips
By these tricks that you have in your bag of excuses?
The music of your assembly makes heavens dance now.
For your song is the poem of the sweet-spoken Hafez.

XXXV

Go after your own business, O preacher. What is all this
commotion?
It is *I* who have lost my heart. What have *you* lost?
In the waist of the one whom God created from nothing,
There is a subtlety no created being has ever discovered.
Until her lips fulfil my desire like a reed,
The admonition of the whole world is wind in my ears.
The beggar of your street is needless of eight paradises.
The captive of your love is free from both worlds.
Though the intoxication of love laid me in ruins,
Upon the very ruins lays the foundation of my existence.

O heart, do not complain about the beloved's cruelty and injustice.

For the beloved made this your share, which coming from her is justice.

Stop telling tales and blowing magic, Hafez.

I do remember many such tales and magics.

XXXVI

As long as your tress in the hand of the breeze has fallen,
My frenzied heart asunder from grief has fallen.

Your magical eye is exactly like the darkness of dawn,
Except that not a true copy of that this has fallen.

Do you know what that black mole inside the curl of your tress is?

An ink dot that in the ring of *jeem* has fallen.

What is your musk-like tress in the flower-garden of your face's paradise?

A peacock that in the garden of bounty has fallen.

My heart, desiring your face, O intimate of my soul,
Is the dust of the road that in the hand of breeze has fallen.
This earthly body of mine can not rise like dust from your street.

For down there very heavily it has fallen.

Your figure's shadow on my body, O you who have the breath of Jesus,

Is the reflection of a spirit that on decayed bones has fallen.
He whose abode was nowhere but Kaaba, recalling your lips,

I saw him at the door of the tavern a resident has fallen.

My dear beloved, between your grief and lost Hafez,
There is a union that since the ancient times has fallen.

XXXVII

Come, for the palace of hope is mighty frail in foundation.
Bring wine, for on the wind has life its foundation.
I am the slave of that person's magnanimity who is free from
anything
That takes on the color of attachment under this turquoise
firmament.
Last night when I was dead drunk in the tavern,
Shall I tell you what tidings the messenger-angel of the
unseen world gave me?
"O high-minded and high-nesting royal falcon,
This corner of affliction is not your place.
"They are calling you from the heaven's pinnacle,
I wonder what you are seeking in this snare?"
I will give you an advice, take it and practice it!
For I learned it from my Pir of the Path.
Suffer not for this world, nor forget my counsel.
For I remember this subtlety of love from a wayfarer:
"Be content with what is given to you and untie the knot
from your forehead.
"For the gate of the freedom of choice is not open for you
and me.
"Do not look for constancy in this weak-natured world.
"For this crone is the bride of a thousand grooms."
There is no sign of loyalty and fidelity in the rose's smile.
Lament, O loving nightingale, here is a reason for crying.
O poetaster, why should you envy Hafez?
For the pleasantness and beauty of speech is God-given.

XXXVIII

Without your face's, for me no light of the day is left.
And from life, for me nothing but a long dark night is left.

When bidding farewell to you, I wept so much that
Away from your face, for me no eyesight is left.
As your image was passing away from my eyes, it was
saying:
"Alas, in this corner, no more habitable place is left".
In union with you, death was keeping distance from me.
Thanks to your separation's fortune, no more distance is
left.
The moment neared for your rival to say:
"Away from your face, no life in this wounded patient is
left."
Patience is my remedy in your separation.
But how can one be patient when no strength is left?
If in separation from you my tears run down,
Tell my eyes to shed my heart's blood since no more excuse
is left.
Grief did not allow Hafez to turn from weeping to laughter.
To a mourning person, no desire to festivity is left.

XXXIX

What need does my garden have for a cypress and a spruce-
fir?
Than whom is our home-grown shemshad is less?
O charming boy, what doctrine have you adopted that
Our blood is more legitimate to you than your mother's
milk?
When you sight the form of sorrow from afar, ask for wine.
We have diagnosed [the disease], and the medication is
prescribed.
Why should we move our head from the threshold of the
Magians' Pir?
Wealth is in that house and prosperity at that door.

The story of the suffering of love is no more than one.
Yet, surprisingly from any tongue I hear, it is never
redundant.
Yesterday when he promised union, he had wine in his head.
I wonder what he is going to say today and what he has in
his head?
Shiraz and the water of Rokna and this sweet-scented wind!
Find no faults with it. For it is the cheek-mole of seven
continents.
There is a difference between Khezzr's water, which lies in
the dark,
And our water whose source is Allah-o-Akbar.
We never dishonor poverty and continence.
Tell the king that one's provision is predetermined.
Hafez, what a wonderful branch of a plant is your pen
Whose fruit is more delicious than honey and sugar!

XL

Praise be to God, the door of the tavern is open.
For I have a need to take to that door.
Flagons are all boiling and gurgling in drunkenness.
The wine in them is real, not fake.
She is all intoxication, pride and vanity.
I am all humility, helplessness and supplication.
The secret we never did and never will reveal to the
stranger,
We will share with the friend, for she is confidante to our
secrets.
The description of the curvature of the beloved's curled and
curved hair
Cannot be made short, for it is a long story.

It is [the story of] the burden of Majnoon's heart and the
bend of Leila's lock,
It is [the story of] Mahmood's countenance and the soles of
Ayaz's feet.
Like a falcon I have shut off the whole world from my sight
Since my eyes opened to your beautiful face.

Whoever comes to the Kaaba of your street
Will be standing in prayers before the qebla of your
eyebrows.
O people of the assembly, about poor Hafez's heartache,
Ask the candle, which is burning and melting away.

XLI

Although the wine is exhilarating and the wind is sifting
flowers,
Drink not with the music of the harp, for the *mohtaseb* is
alert.
If you get hold of a flask of wine and a friend,
Drink wisely. For these days are troublesome.
Hide the bowl under your tattered sleeve,
For time is shedding blood like the eye of the flask.
We are washing [the stain of] wine from our kherghes with
the water of the eye.
Because it is the season of abstinence and the time of
continence.
Seek not a joyous life from this adverse turn of the sky,
For the pure wine of the top of this vat is mixed with dregs.
This elevated sky is a blood-sprinkling sieve,
Whose sifted crumbs are Kesra's head and Parviz's crown.
Hafez, you captured Iraq and Persia with your sweet verses.
Come, it is now the turn of Baghdad and the time of Tabriz.

XLII

Telling you my heart's story I desire.
Hearing the heart's news I desire.
See this naive expectation of mine that
Concealing an open story from my rivals I desire.
On a Night of Qadr so dear and respectable,
Sleeping with you until morning I desire.
Oh, such a delicate pearl as this!
Piercing it in the dark night I desire.
O zephyr, kindly help me tonight.
For blooming at dawn I desire.
For the sake of honor, with the tips of my eyelashes,
Sweeping the dust of your way I desire.
Like Hafez, contrary to the claimants,
Rend-wise composing poems I desire.

XLIII

The scenery of the orchard is relishing and the company of
the friends is pleasant.
May the rose have a pleasant time, for the drinkers' time
because of it is pleasant.
Every moment the nostrils of our souls enjoy the zephyr.
Yes, yes, the sweet scent of the votaries' breaths is pleasant.
The rose, before removing its veil, tuned the song of
departure.
Lament, nightingale, for the song of the heartsore is
pleasant.
Good tidings to the sweet-singing bird. For on the path of
love and for the beloved,

Its time with the laments of the nights of the awake is pleasant.
 There is no enjoyment in the bazaar of the world. And if there is any,
 The way of living of the rends and the rejoicing of the *ayyars* is pleasant.
 O Hafez, to renounce the world is the way of joyfulness.
 So, never think that the lives of the world-loving is pleasant.

XLIV

Now that the cup of clear wine is in the palm of the rose,
 The nightingale is busy praising by a hundred thousand tongues.
 Ask for a book of poems and take the road to wilderness.
 This is no time for school, nor for discussion of *Kashfe Kashshaf*.
 The school jurisconsult was drunk yesterday when he pronounced the verdict
 That wine is forbidden, but it is better than *oqaf* property.
 Drink happily, you have no choice between clear and turbid wine.
 For whatever our Saqi did was out of mere kindness.
 Cut off from the people and go your own way like *anqa*,
 For the renown of the recluse is from *Qaaf* to *Qaaf*.
 The story of the claim of the claimants and the imagination of my colleagues
 Is the story of a gold-embroiderer and a straw-weaver.
 Silence, Hafez. Save these thoughts which are like pieces of red gold.
 For the forgers of false coins are now bankers of the city.

XLV

In our time, the only friends who are free from faults
Are the decanter of pure wine and the collection of ghazals.
Walk without attachments, for the passage of bliss is
narrow.

Take the cup, for the dear life is without substitute.
It is not only I who am sorry for my lack of practice.
The learned, too, are sorry for their unpracticed knowledge.
In the sight of reason, on this turbulent passage,
The world and all its affairs are baseless and unstable.
Grab the tress of a moon-faced one and stop telling tales.
For auspiciousness and inauspiciousness are due to the
influence of Venus and Saturn.

My heart had plenty of hope for union with your face.
However, on the road of life, death is the brigand of hope.
The way Hafez is intoxicated with the primeval wine,
At no period of time will he be found sober.

XLVI

Rose on side, wine in palm, and the beloved at hand.
The sultan of the world is a slave for such a day as this.
Tell them not to bring a candle to our gathering tonight.
For the moon of our friend's face is full in our assembly.
Wine is permitted in our religion.

But without your face, O beautiful-figured cypress, it is
forbidden.

My ears are keen to the reed's song and the harp's melody.
My eyes are focused on the ruby of the lip and the motion
of the cup.

Use no perfume in our assembly.

For the fragrance of your tress pleases us every moment.
Don't even mention the taste of candy or sugar.

For the fruition of my desire is from your sweet lips only.
As long as the treasure of your love is residing in my ruined heart,
The street of the tavern is my permanent residence.
Why speak of shame since my fame is from shame?
Why speak of fame since my shame is from fame?
We are toppers, vagrants, rends, and oglers.
Where is the one who is not like us in this city?
Speak not ill of the mohtaseb.
For he, too, like us, is always seeking a lasting pleasure.
Do not sit without wine and sweetheart, Hafez.
For now are the days of roses, jasmines, and fasting festivity.

XLVII

Any wayfarer who found his way to the street of the tavern,
Knocking another door considered he a futile notion.
Times bestowed the crown of rendi only to the one
Who found the greatest honor of the world in this hat.
Anyone who found a way to the doorway of the tavern
Realized the mysteries of the monastery by the grace of the cup of wine.
Whoever read the secret of the two worlds from the writing on the cup
Discovered the mysteries of the Jamshid's Cup from the pattern of the road-dust.
Expect no worship from us beyond that of the mad ones'.
For the sheikh of our religion regarded reason a sin.
My heart did not seek quarter for my life from Saki's narcissus.
For it knew the character of that black-hearted Turk.
At dawn, because of the adversity of my fortune star,

My eyes so cried that the Venus observed and the moon noticed.

The story of Hafez and his secret drinking
Was heard not only by the mohtaseb and the watchman but also by the king.

This is that great king who regarded the nine arches of the sky

An image of the curve of the arch of his palace.

XLVIII

The Sufi learned the hidden secret from the radiance of wine.

One can learn about each person's nature through this ruby.
Only the morning bird appreciates the company of the rose.
Not every person who read a page understood the meanings.

I offered both worlds to my experienced heart.

Except your love, it regarded the rest as transient.

The time passed when I used to worry about common people's opinions.

Now even the mohtaseb knows about my secret pleasure.

The beloved did not deem our comfort advisable.

Otherwise she was aware of our anxiety.

He who could appreciate the value of the breath of Yemen's wind

Can change stone and clay into ruby and agate by the blessing of his sight.

O you who try to learn love from the book of reason,
I am afraid you will not know about this matter with certainty.

Bring wine. For he who is aware of the autumn-wind's plunder,

Will not be proud of the roses of the garden of the world.
This jewel of poetry that Hafez produced by his natural
talent
Was the result of the influence of the teaching of the Second
Asaf.

XLIX

The highest garden of heaven is the khalvat of dervishes.
The cause of reverence is in serving the dervishes.
The treasury of seclusion, which includes a talisman of
wonders,
Has its opening in the blessing look of dervishes.
The palace of paradise, whose gatekeeper is Rezvan,
Is a spectacle from the pleasure garden of dervishes.
That which by its light the black metal turns into gold
Is an elixir which is found in the company of dervishes.
That before which the sun lays down its crown of pride
Is a pride that belongs to the grandeur of dervishes.
The wealth that is not in danger of decline,
Without exaggeration, is that of dervishes.
Kings are the qebla for the needs of the world,
But the reason is their servitude at the presence of
dervishes.
The face of goal that the kings seek in their prayers,
Has its reflections on the mirrors of the faces of dervishes.
The army of tyranny has filled the world from shore to
shore.
But from the beginning of time to eternity is the space of
dervishes.
O wealthy one, do not display so much vanity.
For your wealth and health exist by the will of dervishes.

Korah's treasure, which is still sinking into the ground by
Heaven's anger,
If you have read about it, is also because of the zeal of
dervishes.
Hafez, if you want the primordial water of life,
Its source is the dust of the door of the khalvat of dervishes.
I am the slave of the vision of the Asaf of our time
Who has the looks of a master but the manners of dervishes.

L

My heart has trapped itself in the snare of your tress.
Kill it by your amorous glance, for it deserves to die.
If you can possibly grant my heart's wish, do it.
For now is a proper time for a good deed.
I swear by your soul, O sweet-mouth idol, that like a candle,
All through the dark nights, my goal is to annihilate myself.
When you began to ponder love, O nightingale, I said to
you:
"Don't! For that smiling rose is preoccupied with her own
self."
The scent of a rose is not in need of the Chinese musk.
For her bags of musk are from the cord of her own cloak.
Do not go to the houses of the ungenerous lords of the
world.
For the treasure of your happiness is in your own home.
Loyal to the condition of love, though consumed,
Hafez is still firm in his promise and fidelity.

LI

Satiated rubies, thirsty for blood, are my beloved's lips.
To see her and to surrender my soul is my goal.

Whoever defies me, after seeing her way of ravishing a heart,
Should be ashamed of those dark eyes and long eyelashes.
Camel-driver, do not take my luggage to the city-gate.
For the highway that leads to my beloved's residence is right here.
I am proud of my fortune. For in this famine of fidelity,
That jubilant gypsy is offering her love to me.
The perfume-tray of the rose and its ambergris-scattering tress
Are from the grace of a small amount of the fragrance of my perfumer.
Gardener, do not chase me away like breeze from your gate.
For your flower-beds are watered by my pomegranate-blossom-like tears.
Her narcissus, the physician of my ailing heart,
Prescribed for me sweet-drink and rose-water from my beloved's lips.
The person who taught Hafez the art of composing ghazals
Is my beloved who has sweet speech and precious converse.

LII

For a long time, passion for the lovely ones has been my religion.
The suffering of this work is the joy of my doleful heart.
In order to see your face, a soul-perceiving eye is needed.
How can my world-perceiving eye have this honor?
Be my love. For the ornament of the firmament and the adornment of the world
Are by the moon of your face and the Pleiades of my tears.
Since your love taught me speech,
People are repeatedly praising and adoring me.

O god, grant me the wealth of poverty,
For this blessing is the cause of my glory and pomp.
Tell the preacher, who is a friend of the police, not to give
himself airs.
For the king's residence is in my helpless heart.
O Lord, whose spectacle is this Kaaba of desire,
Whose thorns of the road are my roses and jonquils?
Hafez, tell no more tales of the grandeur of Parviz.
For his lips would be sipping wine from the hands of my
sweet king.

LIII

I am the one whose monastery is the tavern's corner
And whose morning chant is prayer for the Magians' Pir.
If I do not have the morning melody of the harp, why
worry?
My song at dawn is my apologetic sigh.
Thank God I am free from the king and pauper.
The beggar at my friend's door is my king.
My goal in the mosque and the tavern is union with you.
I have no other thought, God is my witness.
Unless the sword of death cut off my life,
To run away from the door of fortune is not my custom.
From the time I laid my face on this threshold,
My seat has been above the throne of the sun.
Although we did not choose to sin, Hafez,
You be polite and say, "It was my sin."

LIV

The pupils of my eyes are seated in blood from crying.
See how people fare while desiring for you!

In memory of your ruby lips and wine-hued languishing
eyes,
The ruby wine I am drinking from the cup of woe is blood.
If the sun of your face rises from the east end of the street,
I will have an auspicious fortune.
The tale of Shirin's lips is Farhad's discourse.
The bend of Leila's lock is Majnoon's dwelling.
Be affable to my heart, for your stature is like an affable
cypress.
Speak to me, for your speech is tender and melodious.
Saqi, bring comfort to the soul by passing the wine around.
For my heart's agony is from the cruel passage of time.
From the moment my dear son went out of my sight,
Around my skirt is like the Oxus River.
How can my sad heart be happy by choice?
For [indeed] no choice is left for it.
In vain is Hafez desiring his beloved,
Like an indigent desiring Korah's treasure.

LV

Your tress's curve is the snare of belief and unbelief.
This is only a small part of its gallery of works.
Your face is a miracle in beauty.
But the story of your amorous glance is a true magic.
How can one save his life from your charming eye
Which is always in ambush with its bow?
A hundred bravos to those dark eyes!
For they are creators of magic in killing lovers!
What a wonderful science the astronomy of love is!
For its eighth sphere is the seventh [heaven] from the Earth.
Do you think that the scandalmonger was saved when he
died?

His reckoning is with the Best-of-Reckoners.
Hafez, do not feel secure from the deceit of her tress.
For it stole your heart and now is after your faith.

LVI

My heart is the private dwelling of her love.
My eyes are mirrors held before her face.
I, who would not bow for the two worlds,
Have my neck under the burden of indebtedness to her.
You and the *Tooba*, I and the beloved's stature;
Each person's thought is as great as his aspiration.
If my skirt is stained, what wonder?
For the whole world is witness to her chastity.
Who am I in that harem where the zephyr
Is the chamberlain of her sanctity's sanctuary?
May the panorama of my vision be never without her image.
For this corner is the place of her khalvat.
Any fresh flower, which became the adorer of the
meadow,
Was influenced by the color and scent of her company.
Majnoon's time passed, and now it is our turn.
Each person has her turn for a few days.
The kingdom of love and the treasure of joy,
Whatever I have is from the favor of her magnanimous
spirit.
If I lost my heart and my life, what fear?
The purpose is her safety and well-being.
Do not look at Hafez's outward poverty.
For his breast is the treasury of her love.

LVII

Wine-hued eyes, smiling lips, and a joyous heart belong
To that dark-colored one who possesses the sweetness of
the world.

Though the sweet-mouthed ones are the kings,
He is the Solomon of the time who possesses the Signet.
She has a beautiful face, perfect merit, and chastity;
She is certainly the goal of the pious of both worlds.
The black mole which is on that blonde cheek
Has the secret of the grain that became the brigand of
Adam.

My beloved set out on a journey. For heaven's sake, my
friends, help!

What should I do with this wounded heart whose cure is
with her?

Whom should I tell that stony-hearted one,
Who has the breath of Jesus of Mary, killed me?
Hafez is one of the believers. Hold him in high esteem!
For he possesses forgiveness for many high-esteemed souls.

LVIII

Willing to serve, my head lies at the threshold of my
beloved's presence.

Whatever happens to me is done by her will.

I did not see anyone like my beloved even though
I held mirrors of the moon and the sun in front of her face.
How can the zephyr explain the condition of my doleful
heart

That has folds over folds like the coiled petals of a rosebud?
I am not the only one drinker from the pot of wine in this
rend-consuming tavern.

Many heads have turned into stones and pots in this
workshop.

The Poems of Hafez

Did you comb your ambergris-scattering tresses
That the wind became fragrant with ghalia and the earth
with ambergris?
May every rose-petal in the meadow be strewn before your
face.
May every cypress along the stream be sacrificed for your
stature.
The vocal tongue is helpless in describing our yearning.
What room is there for the babbling, tongue-cleft pen?
Your face appeared in my heart. I will attain my goal.
For a good fortune is followed by a good state of being.
It is not only now that Hafez's heart is burning with the fire
of desire.
It has been branded like a wild tulip since the beginning of
time.

LIX

I am hoping for a kindness from my friend's threshold.
I have committed a crime and am hoping for his forgiveness.
I know she will forgive my guilt. For she,
Though like a fairy, has the nature of an angel..
So hard did I weep that anyone who passed by,
Seeing the flow of my tears, said: "What stream is this?"
The mouth is zero, I see no sign of it!
The waist is [narrow like] hair, I know not what kind of
hair!
I am amazed at the impress of her image on my eye.
For though washed moment after moment, it is not deleted.
Your tress is pulling my heart without question.
Who has the face to question your charming tress?
All my life I have cherished the scent of your tress.
My heart is still fragrant with that scent.

Hafez, your distraught condition is bad.
But to be distraught for the scent of the beloved's tress is good.

LX

That famous messenger, who came from the town of the friend,
Brought an amulet for my soul from the musky writing of the friend.
Well does it indicate the friend's glory and beauty.
Well does it demonstrate the honor and dignity of the friend.
I gave my heart as a gratuity for the good news.
But I am ashamed of this base cash I spent for the friend.
Thank God that with the help of the favorable fortune,
All is going well according to the wish of the friend.
What choice does the heaven have in its rotation or the moon in its revolution?
Both are in motion according to the will of the friend.
If the wind of disaster throws both worlds into chaos,
With the light of my eye on the road, I will still be waiting for the friend.
O morning breeze, bring me some collyrium from
That fortunate dust which became the passage of the friend.
We have laid our suppliant heads at the threshold of love,
Wondering who will fall into a happy sleep beside the friend.
If the enemy speaks against Hafez, what fear?
Thank God, I am not ashamed of the friend.

LXI

Zephyr, if you happen to pass through the country of the friend,

Bring me a breath from the ambrosial tress of the friend.
I swear by hid soul that I will offer my life in gratitude,
If you bring me a message from the side of the friend.
And if you are not allowed to enter his presence,
Bring some dust for my eyes from the door of the friend.
I, a mendicant, and the hope of attainment to him, how
strange!
Unless I see in a dream the image of the sight of the friend.
My heart, shaped like a pine-cone, is trembling like a
willow.
It is yearning for the spruce-like figure and stature of the
friend.
Although the friend will not buy me for a penny,
Not for the whole world will I sell one hair of the head of
the friend.
What happens if Hafez's heart is freed from the chain of
grief,
Since he is the slave and servant of the friend?

LXII

Welcome, O messenger of the lovers. Give me the
message of the friend
So that I willingly sacrifice my life for the name of the
friend.
Like a nightingale in a cage, the parrot of my talent
Is enamored of and frenzied for the love of the sugar and
almond of the friend.
His tress is a net and his mole the seed of that net.
And I, hoping for a seed, have fallen into the net of the
friend.
Till the morn of the Resurrection Day will not sober up

Whoever drank like me, in the beginning of time, a gulp
from the cup of the friend.

I say no more than this brief account of my yearning.

For to insist more will be a cause of headache for the friend.

If I could, I would rub onto my eyes, like collyrium,

The dust of the road which is honored by the footsteps of
the friend.

My desire is toward union and his wish toward separation.

I gave up my desire in order to obey the wish of the friend.

Hafez, be consumed in his pain and put up with the lack of
remedy.

Because there is no remedy for the relentless pain of the
friend.

LXIII

No one has seen your face, yet there are a thousand rivals
for you.

You are still in the bud, yet there are a thousand
nightingales for you.

If I came to your street, it is not so strange.

There are thousands of strangers like me in that place.

In love, there is no difference between a cloister and a
tavern.

Wherever it may be, there exists the radiance of the
beloved's face.

Where the work of the monastery is displayed,

There is the bell of the convent and the name of the cross.

Who became a lover and was not heeded by the beloved?

O Khaja, it is pain that does not exist, or else the doctor
does.

Hafez's lament is not so futile anyway.

It is a strange story and an unusual tale.

LXIV

Although it is not polite to show one's art before the friend,
My tongue is silent but my mouth is full of Arabic.

The fairy has hidden her face and the demon is displaying
her beauty.

My eyes burned with astonishment. What a strange
situation!

No one plucked a thornless rose in this meadow.

Yes, Mostafa's light is together with Bulahab's fire.

Do not ask why the sphere became supportive of the lowly
ones.

Because in fulfilling desires, its excuse is lack of causality.

I will not pay half a barley-corn for the vault of a monastery
or an inn,

For a stone platform is my balcony and the side of a wine-
vat my salon.

The light of our eyes is from the beauty of the vine's
daughter

Who is veiled by the glass or by the skin of the grape.

Khaja, I had a thousand manners of propriety and prudence.

But now that I am dead drunk, impropriety is advisable.

Bring wine. For like Hafez, I have a great deal of trust

In my morning weeping and midnight supplication.

LXV

What is better than the pleasure of companionship, garden
and spring?

Where is Saqi? Say what is the cause of waiting?

Appreciate the value of any happy time you find.

No one knows what the end of the work will be.

Beware! Life hangs from a strand of hair.
 Care for yourself. What is care for the world?
 The meaning of the water of life and the garden of *Eram* is
 Nothing but the side of a stream and some wholesome wine.
 Since the pious and the drunk are both of the same tribe,
 To whose charm should we give our heart? What is the
 choice?
 How can the heavens know the mystery behind the curtain?
 Silence! O' claimant, what quarrel do you have with the
 chamberlain?
 If humans did not commit any mistakes or sins,
 What then is the meaning of the Forgiver's forgiveness and
 compassion?
 The ascetic desired the *Kauthar's* water and Hafez a bowl of
 wine,
 I wonder what God's will is going to be on this matter?

LXVI

Lament O nightingale, if you wish to be my friend.
 For we are two helpless lovers whose work is lamenting.
 In a land where a breeze blows from the beloved's locks,
 What room is there for the breathing of Tatar musk-bags?
 Bring wine so that we can stain our garment of hypocrisy.
 We are drunk with the cup of arrogance and call it sobriety.
 To cherish the thought of your tress is not for any novice.
 For going under the chain is the way of *ayyari*.
 There is a secret subtlety from which love rises,
 Whose name is neither a ruby lip nor a rubiginous khat.
 A person's beauty is not in her eyes, tresses, cheeks, and
 mole;
 There are a thousand subtleties in this affair of belovedness.
 The *qalandars* of truth will not buy for a barley-corn

The silk robe of the person who is devoid of merit.
It is difficult to attain to your threshold.
Yes, ascension to the sky of excellence is hard.
I was dreaming of the amorous look of your eyes at dawn.
Oh, some stages of sleep is better than wakefulness!
Stop, Hafez! Harm not her heart by lamenting.
For the eternal salvation is in harmlessness.

LXVII

O Lord, from whose house is this heart-brightening candle?
It consumed my life. I wonder whose life-giver it is.
At present she is the destroyer of my heart and faith.
I wonder in whose arms she is sleeping and whose
cohabitant she is!
Oh, the wine of her ruby lip-- would that never be far from
my lips--
Whose soul's comfort and whose cup's server is it?
For God's sake, ask again: "Whose butterfly has the fortune
Of the company of that happiness-radiating candle?"
Everyone is telling her a tale.
But no one knows whose tale her tender heart is going to
buy?
O Lord, whose one-and-only pearl and whose dearest jewel
Is that queen-like, moon-faced, Venus-browed one?
I said: "Oh, how mad Hafez's heart is without you!"
With a smile beneath her lip, she said, "Whose mad is it?"

LXVIII

My moon went away this week and it seems like a year.
How do you know what a difficult state is the state of
separation?

The pupil of the eye saw its reflection on her cheek
 And thought it was a black mole. So fair is her cheek!
 Milk is still dripping from her sugar-like lips,
 Though each eyelash of hers is a killer of many by
 charmingness.

You, who are notorious in town for generosity,
 Alas, how negligent you are in the affair of strangers!
 No longer will I doubt [the existence of] the indivisible unit
 of matter.

For your mouth is a good evidence for it.
 They gave the glad news you are going to pass by us.
 Change not your good intention, for this is an auspicious
 fortune.

How is the mount of your separation's grief going to crush
 The exhausted Hafez whose body is like a reed from
 lamenting?

LXIX

There is no person who is not fallen by that sundered tress.
 Whose road does not have a trap of disaster?

Since your eyes steal heart from recluses,
 Being together with you is not our fault.

Your face is the mirror of the Divine Beauty.
 Truly it is so, without any pretension or flattery.

The narcissus wishes to have the grace of your eye. How
 bold!

Poor thing is out of its mind and has no shame in the eye.
 For God's sake, do not trim your tresses.

For there is no night in which we do not brawl a hundred
 times with the zephyr.

Come back! For without you, O charming candle,
 There is no sign of light and sincerity in the party of friends.

Care for strangers will result in good reputation.
 Is there no such principle in your town, my dear?
 Yesterday as she passed by, I said: "Be faithful to your
 promise."
 She said: "You are wrong, Khaja. There is no faith in this
 promise."
 If the Magians' Pir became my spiritual master, what
 difference[does it make]?
 There is no head in which there is no secret of God.
 What can a lover do if not bear the burden of blame?
 No valiant has a shield against the arrow of destiny.
 In the ascetic's monastery and the Sufi's khalvat,
 There is no prayer altar except the corner of your eyebrow.
 O you, who have plunged your hand into the blood of
 Hafez's heart,
 Have you no fear of the zeal of the Quran and God?

LXX

The pupil of my eye is not observing anything but your face.
 My bewildered heart is not mentioning anyone but you.
 My tears circumambulate your sanctuary like the Kaaba's
 pilgrims,
 Though they are not clean from the blood of my wounded
 heart for a moment.
 May the bird of *sedra*, which is not in flight toward you,
 Be captured in a net or a cage like a wild bird.
 If the indigent lover offered the base cash of his heart,
 Blame not, for he has no access to real currency.
 He whose determination to reach you is not weak,
 Will eventually attain to your tall cypress.
 I never speak of the reviving power of Jesus,
 For it is not so skillful in soul-bestowing as your lip.

How could you say that my heart is not tolerant of your
love
While I am burning in your fire and not uttering a sigh?
The first day I saw your tress, I said:
"There is no end to the distress which is caused by this
chain."
The desire to join you is not in Hafez's heart only.
Who does not have the thought of joining you in his mind?

LXXI

The pretentious ascetic is not aware of our condition.
Whatever he says about us, he is not to blame.
Whatever comes across the wayfarer on the Path is for his
good.
On the straight path, O heart, no one is lost.
As the rook plays we will move a pawn.
There is no chance for check on the chessboard of
qalandars.
What is this high ceiling which is plain or full of patterns?
No learned person in the world is aware of this riddle.
O Lord, what a magnanimity and what a powerful wisdom
is this
That so many hidden wounds are there but no chance for a
sigh?
It seems our bookkeeper does not know the account.
For nothing is according to God's justice in this scroll.
Whoever wants to come, tell him come; and whatever he
wants to say, let him say.
There is no arrogance nor disdain, no chamberlain nor
gatekeeper at this door.
Going to the door of the tavern is for the sincere ones.

The self-conceited are not admitted into the wine-dealers' street.

It is our disproportionate figure that is to blame.

Otherwise the suit you gave as a gift is not unsuitable to anyone.

I am the slave of the Pir of the tavern whose favor is continuous.

On the contrary, the favor of the sheikh and the ascetic sometimes is sometimes is not.

If Hafez is not sitting on a high position, it is because of his magnanimity.

The dreg-draining lover is not attached to any possessions or luxury.

LXXII

The road of love is a road with no end whatsoever.

There, there is no choice but surrender the soul.

Any time you give your heart to love is a happy moment.

There is no need to consult God about a good deed.

Frighten us not from prohibition of reason. Bring wine.

For that magistrate has no business in our town.

Ask your eye to find out who is killing me.

It is not the guilt of luck or the fault of a star, my dear.

Like the new moon, one can see her with clean eyes only.

Not every eye is the place of display of that moon.

Appreciate the path of rendi. For this secret,

Like the road of a treasure, is not known to everyone.

Hafez's weeping had no effect on you at all.

I am surprised at that heart which is not less hard than the granite!

LXXIII

There is no vision which is not brightened by the radiance of your face.

There is no eye which is not indebted to the dust of your door.

The observers of your face are the seers of the truth.

Yes, there is no head which does not harbor the secret of your tress.

If my tale-bearing tears emerged red, it is no wonder.

There is no veil-tearer who is not ashamed of his action.

Until some dust from her breeze sits on my skirt,

There will be no road which is not flooded by my eyes.

So that people not speak of the night of your tress everywhere,

There is no dawn at which I do not converse with the zephyr.

My trouble is this crazy fortune of mine.

Or else there is none other who does not benefit from your street.

From the shame of your sweet lips, O wholesome spring,

There is no sugar which is not drowned in water and sweat.

It is not good for a secret to fall out of veil.

Otherwise there is no knowledge which is not found in the assembly of rends.

In the desert of your love, a lion turns into a fox.

Ah, what a road! There is no danger which is not present there.

To my tears, which are indebted to the dust of your door,

There is no door-dust which is not grateful a hundredfold.

There is still a little sign of life remaining in me.

Otherwise there is no sign of feebleness which is not found there.

Except the fact that Hafez is not pleased with you,

There is no merit which does not exist in you from head-to-foot..

LXXIV

The product of the workshop of space and time is not so significant.

Bring wine forth, for the chattels of the world are not so significant.

The purpose of having a heart and a soul is to attain the honor of the beloved's presence.

This is the goal. Otherwise the heart and soul are not so significant.

Do not make yourself indebted to the *sedra* or the tooba for the sake of a shade.

For if you look well, O strutting cypress, they are not so significant.

That is fortune which can be obtained without any heartache.

Otherwise, with struggle and strife, even the paradise is not so significant.

You are given a chance for a few days at this stage of being.

Live happily for a while, for time is not so significant.

Saqi, we are waiting at the lip of the ocean of nonexistence.

Grab the opportunity, for the distance from the lip to the mouth is not so significant.

Ascetic, do not feel so secure from the play of the zeal.

Beware!

For the distance from the monastery to the Magian's house is not so significant.

Apparently the need for describing the suffering

Of a helplessly consumed person like me is not so significant.

Hafez's name gained good reputation.
However, before the rends, gain or loss is not so significant.

LXXV

The sleep of that riot-provoking narcissus of yours is not
without any reason.
The twist of that dishevelled hair of yours is not without any
reason.
Milk was still running from your lip when I said:
"This sugar around that salt-pot of yours is not without any
reason.
May long life be yours. For I know for certain
That the arrow of your eyelash in the bow is not without
any reason.
O heart, you are suffering from the pain and grief of
separation.
This moaning and lamenting of yours is not without any
reason.
Last night the wind passed from her street into the garden.
O rose, this torn collar of yours is not without any reason.
Although your heart hides its pain of love from people,
Hafez,
The weeping of these eyes of yours is not without any
reason.

LXXVI

Except your threshold, there is no refuge in the world for
me.
Unless my head lays at this door, there is no shelter for me.
If the enemy draws his sword, I will drop my shield.
For except a lament and a sigh, there is no sword for me.

Why should I turn my face away from the street of the
tavern?
Better than here in the world, there is no place and way for
me.
If time sets fire to the harvest of my life, let it burn.
Because it is not worth a blade of straw for me.
I am the slave of the languishing narcissus of that upright
cypress
Who, drunk with the wine of pride, will not look at anyone.
Do whatever you want, but be not after hurting anyone.
For there is no sin other than this in our religion.
Pull the bridle as you ride, O monarch of the country of
beauty.
For there is no street-corner where there is no petitioner.
As I see it, there are traps in every direction I look.
Except the protection of your tress, there is no shelter for
me.
Trade not the treasury of Hafez's heart for a tress and a
mole.
For such works are not within the limits of any black.

LXXVII

A nightingale had a rose-petal of pretty color in his beak.
And though blessed thus, he was singing sad melodies.
I told him, "While having union, what is this crying and
lamenting?"
He said, "It is the glory of the beloved that made me do so."
If the beloved did not sit with me, there is no room for
objection.
She was a triumphant monarch and was ashamed of a
beggar.

My need and pride are not compatible with my beloved's beauty.

Happy is the one who had good luck with the lovely ones.
Rise, and let us sacrifice our lives for the brush of that painter who had

So many wonderful pictures in the circulation of the compasses.

If you are intent upon the road of love, fear not dishonor.

Sheikh Sanaan pawned his kherghe in the vintner's house.

Happy is that sweet qalandar who, as a part of the manners of the path,

Had the angels' praise of Allah in the loop of his [Christian] girdle.

Under the roof of the palace of that hoori-natured one,
Hafez's eyes were like gardens with rivers flowing beneath.

LXXVIII

Did you see that the beloved had nothing in mind but cruelty and unkindness?

That she broke her promise and cared not for my sorrow?

O Lord, do not punish her, even though she shot and killed my pigeon-like heart

And had no respect for the hunt of the sanctuary.

Cruelty befell me because of my own bad luck.

Otherwise it is far from the beloved to desert the way of kindness and generosity.

In spite of all this, whoever was not humbled by her

Found no respect wherever he went.

Saqi, bring wine and tell the magistrate not to defy me.

For not even Jamshid had such a cup.

Any wayfarer who did not find his way to the sanctuary of her door,

Poor man cut through the desert but had no admission into
the Harem [of Kaaba].
Hafez, win the ball of eloquence.
For your enemy had no merit and no awareness whatsoever.

LXXIX

Now that the heavenly breeze is blowing from the garden,
It is I and the exhilarating wine and the hoori-natured
beloved.
Why should the beggar not brag of being a king today
When the pavilion is a cloud's shade and the feasting-place a
field's side.
The meadow is telling the story of *Ordibehesht*.
He is not wise who traded cash for credit.
Mend your heart with wine. For this ruinous world
Has in mind to make bricks from our dust.
Do not expect loyalty from the enemy. For there will be no
radiance
If you light the candle of a monastery from the lamp of a
synagogue.
Do not blame me, a drunkard, for having a black record of
deeds.
Who knows what the destiny wrote on his head?
Withhold not your step from the funeral of Hafez.
For, though drowned in sin, he is going to heaven.

LXXX

Censure not the rends, O clean-natured ascetic!
For the sins of others will not be counted on you.
Whether I am good or bad, you mind your own business!
Eventually each person will reap what he has sown.

All the humans seek the Beloved, be they sober or drunk.
Every place is the house of love, be it a mosque or a
synagogue.

My submissive head lies on the bricks at the taverns' doors.
If the enemy does not understand these words, say: "Head
and brick!"

Despair me not of the precedence of the primordial grace.
Behind the screen, how do you know who is good and who
is bad?

It was not only I who fell off the veil of virtue.
My father, too, let the permanent heaven slip out of his
hand.

O Hafez, if you get hold of a cup of wine on the day of your
death,
You will be carried to heaven right from the street of the
tavern.

LXXXI

At dawn, the bird of the meadow said to the newly
blooming rose:

"Don't be so proud, many like you have bloomed in this
garden."

The rose laughed and said: "I accept the truth,
But no lover ever spoke to his beloved harshly."

If you expect ruby wine from that studded cup,
Many a pearl should you pierce with the tips of your
eyelashes.

The fragrance of love is eternally blocked from the nostrils
of the one

Who has not swept the door-dust of the tavern by his
cheeks.

Last night, in the beautiful air of the Garden of Eram,
As the tresses of the hyacinth were dishevelled by the
morning breeze, asked I:

"O Jamshid's throne, where is your world-viewing cup?"

"Alas, that wakeful fortune went to sleep," came the reply.

The word of love is not that which can be uttered by the
tongue.

O Saqi, hand me the wine and make short of this argument.

Hafez's tears threw patience and reason into the sea.

What could he do? He was not able to hide the fire of the
suffering of love.

LXXXII

That fairy-faced Turk, who went away from my side last
night,

What wrong did she see in me that left me wrongly?

When that world-seeing eye went out of my sight,

No one knows what ran from my eyes.

The smoke, which rose from my burning liver above my
head,

Did not rise from the burning heart of a candle above its
head.

From the corner of my eye, every moment away from your
face,

Flowed the flood of tears and rose the storm of disaster.

I succumbed when the sorrow of separation came.

I died from pain when the remedy went out of my hand.

My heart said, "You can reunite with her if you pray."

It has been a lifetime since I have been praying.

Why should I do *ehram* if that qebla is not here?

Why strive for *sa' y* if *safa* went out of *marva*?

Yesterday when the physician saw me, said sorrowfully:

"Alas, your illness has gone beyond the canon of healing."
O friend, plant a step forward to inquire about Hafez
Before they say that he left this house of nonexistence.

LXXXIII

If your musky tress committed a wrong, let it be.
And if your black mole was cruel to us, let it be.
If love's lightening burned a woolen-robed man's harvest, let
it be;
If the triumphant king's cruelty befell a beggar, let it be.
One should not take any offence on the Path, bring wine.
Any offence which was sincerely mended, let it be.
Love requires endurance. Stand firm, O heart.
If there was any vexation, it is now gone; and if any
mistake, let it be.
If a heart carried a burden because of a sweetheart's glance,
let it be.
And if there was an adventure between a lover and a
beloved, let it be.
The tale-bearers caused a lot of vexation.
Yet, if anything undeserved happened between the
companions, let it be.
Tell the preacher not to censure Hafez for leaving the
monastery.
Why fetter the feet of a free man? If he went somewhere,
let it be.

LXXXIV

Saqi, bring wine. For the month of fasting passed.
Hand me the bowl. For the season of fame and name
passed.

The precious time passed. Come, let us make amends for the life

That in the absence of the decanter and the cup passed.

Make me so drunk that in my ecstasy I may not know

That in this field of illusion who came and what passed.

Hoping that a drink from your cup may reach me,

Every morning and night prayers for you on a stone platform passed.

My heart, which was dead, received a new life

When a scent from her wine through my nostrils passed.

The ascetic had arrogance, so he did not make to safety.

But the mendicant humbly into the house of safety passed.

I spent on wine any cash of the heart I had.

It was counterfeit black coin. Hence for the forbidden it passed.

How long should one burn like an incense, wriggling with repentance?

Give me the wine, for my life over a futile fancy passed.

Give no more advice to Hafez. For never found his home

The lost one into whose mouth pure wine passed.

LXXXV

We had not yet tasted a drink from her ruby lips when she went.

We had not yet seen enough of her moon-like face when she went.

As if quite fed up with our company,

Packed up and, before we catch up with her dust, she went.

Many times we recited the *Fateha* and the *Harz-e-Yamani*

And blew the sura of *Ekhlas* after her, but still she went.

We were charmed by the news that she was going to visit us.

Did you see how we bought this charm and yet she went?
 She strutted in the meadows of beauty and elegance.
 But we never strutted in her garden of union before she
 went.

Like Hafez, all night we cried and moaned.
 But alas, we did not catch up with her to bid farewell when
 she went.

LXXXVI

Come, Saqi, the beloved took the veil off her face again.
 The affair of the light of the people of khalvat became brisk
 again.

The candle, which was covered on the head, displayed its
 radiant face again.

And this old man, stricken in years, began his youth again.
 Love displayed such a coquetry that *mufti* went out of his
 way.

And the friend showed such a kindness that the enemy
 avoided her.

Oh, what a charming and sweet speech!

It is as if your pistachio has dipped the words in sugar.

That burden of sorrow which had troubled my mind,

Was lifted by a God-sent one who has the breath of Jesus.

Any cypress-figure, who was displaying her beauty to the
 moon and the sun,

Went after another business when you came out.

The seven domes of the sky is full of the sound of this story.

Yet the short-sighted one took these words lightly.

Hafez, from whom did you learn this language of verse

Which fortune turned into an amulet and wrapped in gold?

LXXXVII

Your beauty united with your charm conquered the world.
Yes, united, the world can be conquered.
The candle wanted to reveal the secret of the people of
khalvat.

Thank God, the secret of her heart was caught in her
tongue.

From this hidden fire which is in my bosom,
The sun is but a flame burning in the sky.

The rose wanted to boast of the color and scent of the
beloved.

Its breath became stuck in its mouth from the jealousy of
the zephyr.

I was moving easily like compasses along the circumference
Until the revolution of time forced me into the center like a
point.

The day when the reflection of Saki's face set the cup of
wine ablaze

Was the day when yearning for that wine burned my
harvest.

While dancing, I will go to the Magians' street in order to
escape

From these disasters that are set upon the world in its final
days.

Drink wine. For whoever saw the end of the affairs of the
world

Laid down the burden of grief and raised the heavy pail of
wine.

It is written on the petals of the rose with the blood of the
corn-poppy

That he who became experienced, took hold of the purple
wine.

Hafez, since the water of elegance is dripping from your
verse,
How can the jealous one find fault with it?

LXXXVIII

I have heard that the Old Man of Canaan made a good
remark:

"What separation from the beloved does can not be
described."

The story of the horror of the Resurrection Day told by the
preacher of town

Is a metaphor that stands for the period of separation.

Whom should I ask about that friend who is on a journey?

For whatever the zephyr's messenger said was incoherent.

Alas, how easily that unkind and inconstant moon

Broke off from the company of his friends!

From now on I will be content and the enemy will be
thankful.

For my heart grew accustomed to your pain and forgot
about the remedy.

Wash off the old grief with the old wine.

For this is the seed of joy as the old farmer said.

"Thou shalt not tie a knot to the wind, even if it pleases
thee,"

Said the wind with Solomon by way of a parable.

Do not go off the way when the world gives you a chance!

Who told you that this old woman gave up her tricks?

Do not try to argue, for a happy slave [of love]

Accepts with all his heart what his beloved says.

Who said that Hafez relinquished your thought?

I have not said it. Whoever did, said a lie.

LXXXIX

O Lord, bring about the conditions so that my friend
May return safely and free me from the fetters of suffering.
Bring the road-dust of that journeyed friend
For me to place on my world-viewing eyes.
Help! My way is blocked from six directions
By that mole, khat, tress, cheek, face, and figure.
Today while I am in your hands, be kind to me.
What good is regret tomorrow when I turn into dust?
O, you who brag of your love in speech and writing,
I have nothing to do with you. Goodbye and farewell!
Dervish, complain not of the lovely ones' sword.
For this clan demands compensation from the murdered.
Set fire to your kherghe. For the curve of Saqi's eyebrow
Is breaking up the corner of the Imam's altar.
Far be it that I complain of your cruelty and unkindness!
The cruelty of the tender ones is all gentleness and kindness.
Hafez will not make short of the story of your tress.
This chain extends to the Day of Resurrection.

XC

O zephyr's hoopoe, I am sending you to Sheba's country.
Behold from where to where I am sending you!
It is a pity that a bird like you remain in the dustbin of
suffering.
From here to the nest of fidelity, I am sending you.
On the path of love, there is no far and near.
I see you clearly and my prayers I am sending you.
Every morning and evening, a caravan of blessings,
Along with the northern wind and the eastern wind, I am
sending you.

Lest the army of grief destroy your heart's kingdom,
My dear life as an aide I am sending you.
O absent from sight, who became my heart's companion,
While praying for you, my praises I am sending you.
Explore the divine art on your own face.
A God-revealing mirror I am sending you.
In order for the minstrels to inform you of my yearning,
Words and sonnets with notes and songs I am sending you.
Come, Saqi, for a mysterious voice gave me the good news:
"Be patient with the pain, a remedy I am sending you."
Hafez, praise for you is the anthem of our assembly:
Be quick, for a horse and a robe I am sending you.

XCI

O absent from sight, I entrust you to God.
You consumed my life, but I love you with all my heart.
Until the time I be wrapped in a shroud under the dust,
Never believe that I will take my hands off your skirt.
Show your eyebrow's altar so that one dawn
I raise my arms in prayer and wrap them around your neck.
Even if I have to go to Haroot of Babylon,
I will perform a hundred magic in order to bring you back.
I would like to die in front of you, O unfaithful doctor.
Enquire about your patient, I am waiting for you.
Hoping to cultivate the seed of love in your heart,
A hundred streams have flown down from my eyes.
I am grateful for the dagger of your glance
That shed my blood and freed me from the suffering of love.
I am crying, and my purpose of this flood of tears is
To cultivate the seed of love in your heart.
Kindly allow me admittance to your presence so that
momently,

With a burning heart, I rain pearls at your feet.
Hafez, drinking, lovemaking, and rendi are not proper for
you.
You do them all, and I let you do so.

XCI

My monarch, so beautifully you are walking that for your
whole body I would die.
Strut gracefully, so that before your elegant stature I would
die.
You had asked when I was going to die before you, why
haste?
You are demanding beautifully. Before the demand I would
die.
I am in love, drunk, and forlorn. Where is the idol of Saqi?
Tell her: "Strut, so that before your lofty cypress I would
die."
A lifetime have I been suffering from her love.
Tell her: "Cast a look at me, so that before your charming
eyes I would die."
You have said: "My ruby lips give both pain and remedy."
Now before your pain and then before your remedy I would
die.
Graceful is your strutting. Far be the evil eye from your
face.
I have a thought in my head that before your feet I would
die.
Although Hafez has no place in the privacy of your union,
O you whose all places are beautiful, before your all places I
would die.

XCII

What kindness was it that suddenly the exudation of your pen

Presented our rights of service to your generosity?

With your pen's tip, you have inscribed greetings to me.

May the gallery of the world never be without your inscription.

I am not saying that you remembered me, the enamored of love, by mistake.

For reason forbids to suppose that your pen may make a mistake.

Let me not be humbled by thankfulness for this great favor.

For the perpetual fortune made you great and respected.

Come! I am going to make a pact with your tress:

I will not lift my head from your feet even if I risk losing it..

Your heart will know of my condition only when

Tulips have grown from the dust of your love's victims.

Quench my thirsty soul with a gulp of water.

Since the water of Khezr is from your cup of Jamshid.

O Jesus of zephyr, may you always have a good time.

For the soul of the distressed Hafez was revived by your breath.

XCIV

As to my affable sweetheart, I have gratitude together with complaint.

If you know the subtleties of love, listen to this story:

Any service I did to her was without any expectation of reward or gratitude.

O Lord, may no one have an unkind master.

No one gives any water to the thirsty reeds [any longer].

Apparently *vali*-lovers have gone from this town.

O heart, do not become entangled in her lasso-like tress.
For there you will see heads severed without any crime or
guilt.
Your eye shed my blood with its glance, and you approved
of this.
My dear, it is not good to support a bloodshedder.
On this dark night of mine, the road to destination is lost.
Come out from a corner, O guiding star.
Any direction I went, my terror but increased.
Oh, what a desert and what an endless road!
O sun of the lovely ones, I am boiling within.
Enclose me in the shade of your kindness for an hour.
How is it possible to conceive an end for this road
That has more than a hundred stations in its beginning?
Although you hurt my pride, I will not turn away from your
door.
Harshness from the friend is better than softness from the
enemy.
Your love will come to your help if like Hafez
You recite the Qur'an by heart in fourteen versions.

XCV

The breeze from your curved tress keeps me drunk
incessantly.
The charm of your magic eyes ruins me momentarily.
After so much patience, will it ever be possible
To light the candle of sight at the altar of your eyebrow?
The blackness of my vision's tablet I reckon precious.
Because it is a copy of your black mole for my soul.
If you want to adorn the whole world forever,
Ask the zephyr to remove the veil from your face for a
while.

And if you want to end the tradition of mortality from the world,
Shake your hair so that a thousand hearts fall off from each of its strands.
I and the zephyr are two poor wanderers in distress.
I, intoxicated by the charm of your eyes, and it by the scent of your tress.
What a magnanimity Hafez has! For of [all things in] this world and next,
He sees nothing but the dust of your street.

XCVI

There is no remedy for our pain, help!
There is no end to our separation, help!
They robbed the heart and faith and now are after the soul.
Help! Cruel are the lovely ones, help!
For the price of a kiss, these heart-charmers
Are demanding a life, help!
These unbelievers drank our blood.
O Moslems, what is the remedy? Help!
Like Hafez, day and night beyond myself,
I have been burning and weeping, help!

XCVII

You are the one who is like a crown on the head of the fair ones of the country.
You deserve if all the lovely ones pay you tribute.
Your two enchanting eyes have thrown Cathay and Ethiopia into chaos.
To the pleat of your hair, India and China have given tribute.

The whiteness of your face shines like the face of the day.
The blackness of your hair is like the pitch dark of the night.
Your honey mouth has given briskness to Khezr's water.
Your sweet lips have taken away the popularity of the
Egyptian rock sugar.
I will never be truly cured from this pain.
For the pain of heart, my love, never finds a remedy from
you.
My dear, why do you break with your stony-heartedness
This weak heart that is fragile like glass?
Your lip is Khezr and your mouth the water of life.
Your stature is a cypress, your waist narrow, and your
breast like ivory.
The fancy of a monarch like you fell into Hafez's heart.
I wish he were the smallest particle of dust at your door.

XCVIII

If, according to your religion, the lover's blood can be shed
with impunity,
What is good for you is quite good for us, too.
The blackness of your dark hair is the gatherer of all kinds
of darkness.
The whiteness of your moon-like face is the cleaver of
mornings.
No one was able to escape from the loop of your lasso-like
tress,
Nor from that bow of your eyebrow and the arrow of your
eye.
From my eyes a stream is formed on my side,
With which no sailor will acquaint himself.
Your lip, like the water of life, is the strength of the soul.
And for my earthly body, it is the breath of life.

Your ruby lips gave me a kiss after a hundred laments.
 My heart was gratified by that after a hundred thousand
 importunities.
 Prayer for your life is the mantra on the lovers' tongues.
 They repeat it ceaselessly day and night.
 Hafez, seek not advisability, repentance, and virtue from
 me.
 No one found advisability from a toper, a lover, and a
 madman.

XCIX

My heart, in desire for the face of Farrokh,
 Is agitated like the hair of Farrokh.
 Except for the Hindu of his tress,
 No one could enjoy the face of Farrokh.
 He is a fortunate black who is always
 The confidante and the intimate of Farrokh.
 The cedar would become like a trembling willow
 If it saw the elegant stature of Farrokh.
 Saqi, hand in the purple wine
 In memory of the magical narcissus of Farrokh.
 My figure became bent like a bow
 From the woes conjoined like the eyebrows of Farrokh.
 The scent of the Tatar musk was put to shame
 By the ambergris perfume of the locks of Farrokh.
 If the inclination of each person's heart is toward some
 place,
 My heart's inclination is toward Farrokh.
 I am the slave of the magnanimity of the one
 Who, like Hafez, is the slave and servant of Farrokh.

Yesterday the old vintner, blessed be his memory, said:
"Drink wine and forget the woes of your heart!"
I said: "Wine casts to the wind my honor and dishonor."
He said: "Accept my words and let it be whatever will be.
"Since any gain and loss and capital will be gone anyway,
Concerning this business neither rejoice nor grieve.
"In a place where Solomon's throne has gone with the wind,
You will have wind in the hand if you put your heart on
nothingness."
Hafez, if you are annoyed by the advice of sages,
We will make this story short. May your life be long.

CI

What is secret drinking and pleasure but a baseless act?
We hit the line of rends. Whatever will be, let it be.
Untie the knot from your heart and puzzle not over the
universe.
For no engineer's thought did ever untie this knot.
Do not marvel at the revolution of time.
The world remembers thousands over thousands of such
legends.
Hold the bowl of wine politely.
For it is synthesized from the skulls of Jamshid, Bahman,
and Qobad.
Who knows where Kawoos and Kay went?
Who understands how Jamshid's throne went with the wind?
Because of Farhad's unfulfilled desire for Shirin's lips,
I can still see tulips blooming from the blood of his eyes.
Perhaps the tulip knew the inconstancy of the world
That it never let the cup of wine leave its palm from birth till
death.
Come! Come! Let us be ruined by wine for a while,

So that we may find a treasure in this ruined world.
The breeze of Mosalla and the water of Roknabad
Do not allow me to go away on a journey.
Like Hafez, lift not the cup except to the sound of the harp.
For a joyous heart is tied to the silk of pleasure.

CII

Last night the wind gave me the news of my journeyed
friend.
I will also give my heart to the wind, come what may.
I have reached to the point where my confidantes are
The glittering lightening every evening and the wind every
morning.
In the curve of your locks, my unprotected heart
Never cherished the memory of the dwelling it used to
occupy.
Today I realized the value of the advice of those who were
dear to me.
O Lord, make my advisors' spirits happy.
My heart bled remembering you whenever the wind
Untied the cord of the rosebud's robe in the meadow.
My feeble body had almost died when the wind
Gave a new life to it with the hope of union with you.
Hafez, your good nature will fulfil your wish.
May souls be sacrificed for the good-natured people.

CIII

May the day when the lovers were united be remembered.
May those days be remembered, be remembered.
The bitterness of grief felt like poison on my palate.
May the happy drinkers' call of "Cheers!" be remembered.

Although my friends are free from my remembrance,
May they a thousand times by me be remembered.
I became entangled in the chains of misfortune.
May the endeavor of the grateful ones be remembered.
Though a hundred rivers are constantly flowing in my eyes,
May the Zenderud of the gardeners be remembered.
Hafez's secret will remain untold from now on.
May those who keep secrets be remembered.

CIV

May your beauty be the sun of every sight.
May your beautiful face become more endowed with
beauty.
May the hearts of the kings of the world be
Under the royal wings of your tress's *homa*.
May the one who is not attached to your tress
Be entangled and agitated like your tress.
May the heart that is not in love with your face
Be always drowned in the blood of the heart.
May my wounded heart be a shield, O my idol,
When your glance hurls an arrow.
May my soul's palate be full of sugar
When your sweet ruby bestows a kiss.
May you have different beauty every hour.
Since every moment a new love comes to me from you.
May it be that you grant a look at the yearning ones.
Since Hafez is yearning for your face with all his soul.

CV

If the Sufi drinks wine moderately, let him enjoy it!
May he otherwise forget about drinking.

He who is able to give a gulp of wine to others,
May he embrace the bride of desire.
Our Pir said: "The Creator's pen made no error."
May his pure error-covering sight be praised.
The Monarch of Turks is listening to the enemies' words.
May he be ashamed of Siawoosh's unjustly-shed blood.
Although he did not speak to me because of arrogance,
May my soul be sacrificed for his silent pistachio.
My eye became one of the reflectors of his khat and mole.
May my lip be one of the kiss-snatchers of his breast and
shoulders.
If the narcissus of his languishing, caressing, tactful eyes
drink people's blood in a bowl,
May it be sweet for him.
Hafez became reputed as your slave in the world.
May the slave-ring of your tress be on his ear.

CVI

May your body be needless of the physicians' care.
May your delicate life be safe from any harm.
The health of all beings depends on your health.
May your person be not troubled by any illness.
The beauty of form and substance is secured by your well-
being.
May your form and substance be secure from any damage.
As the autumn comes to plunder this meadow,
May it not find its way to the tall-statured cypress.
In a party where your beauty displays its glory,
May there be no chance to the scandal of the pessimist and
ill-wisher.
Whoever looks at your moon-like face with vicious eyes,
May nothing but his life burn in your fire like wild rue.

Seek healing from the sugar-sprinkling words of Hafez,
May you never need the cure of rose-water and sugar.

CVII

May your beauty be ever increasing,
May your face be like a tulip every year.
The fancy of your love in my head--
May it grow bigger with the passage of each day.
Any cypress that grows in the meadow,
May it be low in front of your stature.
Any eye that is not enamored of you,
May it be drenched in blood like the pearls of tear.
Your eyes' magic in charming the hearts,
May it be the master of all arts.
Wherever there is a heart,
May it be restless and impatient with your love.
Before the *alef* of your stature,
May the figures of all the world's lovely ones be like *noon*.
Any heart that is devoid of your love,
May it be outside the ring of your union.
Your ruby, which is the soul of Hafez,
May it be far from the lips of the lowly people.

CVIII

O Monarch, may the sky's ball be at the curve of your polo-stick.
May the expanse of space and time be the field of your game.
The tress of the victory's matron is attracted to your flag.
May the eye of the eternal triumph be in love with your careering.

O you whose pomp is described by Mercury's composition,
May the Great Wisdom be the humble secretary of your
court.

Your cypress-like stature became the plight of the Tooba's
glory.

May the expanse of your garden be the envy of the highest
paradise.

Not only animals, plants, and non-living beings,
May all that exists in the physical world be under your
command.

CIX

For a long time my beloved has not sent me any message.
Not a word has he written nor has he sent any greetings.
A hundred letters I sent him. Yet that monarch of riders
Never dispatched a mailman nor sent a greeting for me.
Toward me, the untamed and frenzied, he did not send a
person

Who runs like a deer or struts like a partridge.

He knew my heart's bird was going to fly away from me.
Yet he did not send a net from his chain-like khat.

Alas. Although that intoxicated and sweet-lipped Saqi
knew

That I had a hangover, he did not send me a cup of wine.
However I bragged of the miraculous powers and lofty
positions,

He did not send me any news from any position.

Observe politeness, Hafez. For there is no room for
question

If a king did not send a message to a servant.

CX

Young love found me in old age.
And the secret I was hiding in my heart fell out.
By way of sight, the bird of my heart took to the air.
O sight, look whose net it fell in!
Alas, because of that musky, dark-eyed deer,
Plentiful blood from my heart filled into my liver like a
musk-bag.
Any musk-bag that fell into the hand of the morning breeze
Was picked up from the dust of your street.
As your eyelashes drew their world-conquering sword,
Many a hale and hearty fell dead one upon another.
Many experiences had we in this house of retribution.
Whoever fell out with the dreg-drainers fell down.
A black stone never turns into a ruby even if it kills itself.
What can it do with its nature? Its essence is bad.
Hafez, whose hand used to be led by the idols' tresses,
What a challenger he is who has come down to the ground
on his head!

CXI

As the reflection of your face in the cup's mirror fell,
The Gnostic in vain desire from the smile of the wine fell.
With one display of glory in the mirror by the beauty of
your face,
All these appeared in the mirror of illusions fell.
All these reflections in the wine and the images of the
beloved
Are but a ray from the Saqi's face that in the cup of wine
fell.

The zeal of love cut off the tongues of all the confidantes.

Whence the secret of its pain in the mouths of the public
fell?

I did not fall from the mosque into the tavern by my own
will.

From the time primordial, this end for me fell.

What other choice but revolving like compasses have
Any person who in the circle of time fell?

My heart grasped at your tress from the well of your chin,
Alas! It came out of the well but into a net fell.

O Khaja, the time when you could see me in the monastery
passed.

My business now with the Saki's face and the cup's rim fell.

Dancingly one must go under the sword of her love.

For the one who was killed by her a good end fell.

Every moment she shows a new favor to me--the heart-
burnt.

See how desert for a gift this mendicant fell!

The Sufis are all oglers and rivals in drinking.

Among them, only Hafez, the heart-burnt, in disrepute fell.

CXII

He who bestowed the colors of the rose and the jonquil to
your face

Can give patience and calm to me, the helpless.

And he who taught your tress the way of transgression,

His generosity can also give justice to me, the sad one.

I gave up my hope for Farhad the very day

He gave the reins of his frenzied heart to Shirin's lips.

If there is no treasure of gold, there is the corner of
contentment.

What that gave to kings, this did to paupers.

The world is like a beautiful bride in appearance.

Yet whoever joined her gave his life as a dower.
From now on, it will be my hand, the skirt of a cypress, and
the bank of a stream,
Especially now that the zephyr gave the tidings of
Farvardin.
Hafez's heart bled in the palm of the suffering of the world.
Alas, I am away from your face, O Khaja Qavam-al-Din.

CXIII

Last night the violet made a nice gesture and told the rose:
These curls were given to me by the locks of the one you
know.
My heart was a treasury of secrets, and the hand of Fate
Locked its door and gave its key to a sweetheart.
I came to your door like a person with a broken bone.
For the physician pointed me to the cast of your kindness.
May her body be well, her heart glad, and her mind happy.
For she gave me a hand and helped a helpless person.
Go and cure yourself, O admonisher!
Who was harmed by wine and a sweet companion?
She passed by poor me and said to my rivals:
"Oh, what a soul my poor Hafez gave up!"

CXIV

If you happen to pass by my place,
The homa of the acme of happiness will in my net fall.
I will throw my hat up from joy like a bubble,
If a reflection from your face in my cup of wine fall.
The night when my desired moon shines out of the horizon,
Would that a ray of its light on my roof fall?
Since the wind cannot be admitted to your palace,

When will there a chance for my regards to reach you fall?
Because my life was sacrificed for her lips, I was fancying
That a drop from her limpid water would into my mouth
fall.

The thought of your tress said, "Make no means of your
soul.

Many a prey like that did in my net fall."

Do not go away from this door hopelessly. Try your luck.
Perhaps the lot of fortune will in your name fall.

Anytime Hafez speaks about the dust of your street,
The fragrance of the soul's flower garden in my nostrils fall.

CXV

Plant the tree of friendship, for the fruit of your heart's
desire to bring.

Pluck out the sapling of hostility, for it countless troubles
will bring.

When you are a guest in a tavern, be respectful to the rends.
For you will have a headache, my dear, if drunkenness a
hangover bring.

Appreciate the night of companionship. For when our time
is gone,

Many rotations the sphere will make and many days and
nights will bring.

O God, put in the heart of the litter-master of Leila,
Who has the cradle of the moon under his command, her
passage to Majnoon to bring.

Wish for the spring of life, O heart. For every year this
meadow

A hundred flowers like the jonquil and a thousand [birds]
like the nightingale will bring.

Since my wounded heart made an agreement with your
tress,
For God's sake, tell your sweet ruby for it peace to bring.
What Hafez wants of God is to sit at his old age once again
Beside a stream in this garden and a cypress to his side
bring.

CXVI

He who has the beautiful features of the friend in sight,
He has certainly attained to the fruition of the sight.
Like a reed-pen I have laid my obedient head under her
command,
Would that she take it off with a blade.
Only he who, like a candle, put forth a new head under your
blade momentarily
Found permit to be united with you.
Only he who, like a threshold, has his head at this door
Could succeed at kissing your feet.
I am tired of dry abstinence. Where is th pure wine?
For the scent of wine always keeps my nostrils moist.
If there is no other benefit from wine to you, is this not
enough
That it keeps you unaware of the temptation of reason for a
moment?
He who never stepped off the path of virtue
Is now embarking on a journey toward the tavern.
Hafez's broken heart will carry to the grave with it
The brand of the desire he has in his heart like a tulip.

CXVII

In the presence of your face, my heart has no desire for the
meadow.

For it is tied to the ground like a cypress and has a brand like a tulip.

My head will not bow to the bow of anyone's eyebrow.

For the inner self of the recluse is free from the world.

I am annoyed at the violet that brags of having tresses like hers.

See what that cheap black has in mind?

Strut to the meadow and look at the tulip next to the rose.

It is like the king's attendant who has a bowl in hand.

Where can I reach in this desert and dark night?

Unless the candle of your face hold a light to my path.

It suits the morning candle and me to cry for each other.

For though we became consumed, our beloved is unaware of us.

It suits me to cry like the cloud of Bahman in this meadow.

Behold the happy nest of the nightingale taken by a crow!

Hafez's ailing heart is eager for a lesson of love.

It has no wish for sightseeing and no desire for a garden.

CXVIII

He who has a bowl of wine in hand

Has the kingdom of Jamshid forever.

Seek in a tavern the water that gave life to Kheizr.

There you can find it in a cup of wine.

Let the string of your life be attached to the cup.

For the order of this string is because of that cup.

We and the wine, the ascetics and the abstinence,

Let us see which one the beloved will choose.

O Saqi, no one who has obeyed his wish

Has done so without your lips.

The narcissus has borrowed from your eyes

All the manners of drunkenness.

The mention of your face and tress
Is my incantation day and night.
On the wounded breasts of the lovers,
Your ruby puts all the salt it can.
In the well-pit of your chin, O my soul,
There are two hundred slaves like Hafez.

CXIX

What cares the heart that reveals the Unseen and has the
cup of Jamshid
If the Signet is lost for a moment?
Do not give your heart's treasure for the khat and mole of
the beggars.
Give it to a king-like person, for he will keep it with respect.
Not every tree tolerates the cruelty of the autumn.
I am the slave of the magnanimity of the cypress which has
such a strength.
It is now the season in which anyone who has six drachmas
Lays them down at the foot of the bowl joyfully like the
drunkard narcissus.
Like the rose, hold not your gold back from spending for
wine.
For the Perfect Wisdom will accuse you of a hundred
defects.
No one knows the mystery of the Unseen. Tell no tales!
What confidante of the heart has admission to this
sanctuary?
My life, which was bragging of freedom, has now a hundred
affairs
With the morning wind, longing for the scent of your tress.
Whom should I ask for my heart's wish?

There is no sweetheart who has the keenness of sight and
the style of generosity.

What good can be found under the lapels of Hafez's
kherghe?

We looked for the Eternal there but found an idol.

CXX

I have an idol who has a canopy of hyacinth around his rose.
The spring of his face has crossed a line over the blood of
the Judass-tree.

The dust of his khat has covered the sun of his face. O
Lord,

Give him an eternal life, for he has an everlasting beauty.

As I was falling in love, I said to myself that I found my
desired pearl.

Never did I know what blood-spewing waves this sea had!

I could not save my life from your eyes. For any direction I
look,

They have ambushed me with arrows and bows.

As he shakes the dust of the lovers from the net of his locks,

He says to the zephyr's tale-bearer: "Keep my secret hidden
lest you hurt my lovers."

Throw a gulp of wine on earth and hear the condition of
lovers.

For many a story have they from Jamshid and Kaykhosrow.

If the rose smiles at your face, do not fall in its snare, O
nightingale!

A flower is not reliable even if it has a world of beauty.

O leader of the assembly, justice to me from him, for
heaven's sake!

He has drunk wine with someone else but is snobbish with
me.

Even if you are to fasten me to your saddle-strap, hunt me soon for God's sake.

For in delay there are calamities that will hurt the seeker.

Do not deprive my eyes from the charming cypress of your stature.

Plant it at this fountainhead whose water runs well.

Make me secure from the fear of separation if you are hoping that

God make you secure from the eyes of the malevolent people.

How can I complain of my luck? For that city-disturbing ayyar

Killed Hafez bitterly but has sugar in his mouth.

CXXI

Whoever has a peaceful mind and a charming sweetheart

Has happiness as his mate and fortune as his companion.

The sanctuary of love has a much higher threshold than reason.

Only he who wears his life on his sleeves can kiss that threshold.

Her small sweet mouth is like Solomon's kingdom.

For her ruby's signet has the world under its rule.

Ruby lips and black eyebrows, she has both these and those.

I am proud of my sweetheart whose beauty includes this and that.

O man of wealth, regard not the weak and feeble with humiliation.

For in the assembly of joy, the honor-seat belongs to a beggar.

While you are on earth, appreciate your abilities.

For time has [reserved] many disabilities under the earth.

The prayer of the poor is the protector of the body and soul.
Who benefits from the harvest if he is ashamed of the
gleaner?

Zephyr, from my love, tell a code to that monarch of the
lovely ones,

Who has a hundred Jamshids and Kaykhosrows as his
lowest servants.

If he says again that he does not want an indigent lover like
Hafez,

Tell him that a king has a beggar as his companion.

CXXII

Whoever takes sides with the men of God,
God will protect him from disaster under any circumstance.
I will not say the story of friendship except to my friend.
For only a friend safeguards the words of a friend.

O heart, live in such a way that if your foot slips
An angel catches you with two praying hands.

If you do not want the beloved to break her promise,
Hold on to your end of the string so that she may hold on to
hers.

Zephyr, if you see my heart hanging from her tress,
Will you please tell it to stay where it is.

When I told her, "Keep my heart safe!", she said:

"What can a [God's] servant do? May God keep it safe."

Let my head and gold, and my heart and soul be sacrificed
for that beloved

Who honors the right of friendship and love.

Where is the dust of the road on which you pass,

So that Hafez may keep it as a remembrance from the
morning breeze?

CXXIII

What a wonderful melody love's minstrel has!
Any tune that he plays opens a road to some place.
May the world not be devoid of the lovers' lamenting.
For it has a joyous sound and a cheerful melody.
Although our dreg-draining Pir has no gold or power,
He has a very generous and forgiving God.
Have respect to my heart, for this sugar-loving fly
Has had the glory of the homa since it fell in love with you.
It will not be far from justice if a king inquires about
The condition of the beggar who is his neighbor.
I showed my bloody tears to doctors. They said:
"It is the pain of love and has a liver-burning medicine."
Do not learn cruelty from your amorous glance. For in the
doctrine of love,
Any [good] deed has a reward and any [bad] action a
punishment.
That charming, wine-loving, Christian boy put it well:
"Drink for the happiness of the face of the one who is
pleasant."
O Monarch, Hafez prayed for you, sitting at your gate.
He is asking for an amen from your tongue.

CXXIV

She, by whose hyacinth ghaliya has its efficacy,
Has love-airs and reproof with her lovers again.
You are passing by your victim like the wind.
What can be done? You are life and passing away
hurriedly.
Her sun-like moon behind the screen of her tress
Is a sun that has a cloud in front of it.

Floods of tears ran from my eyes in all directions,
 So that your tall cypress can have fresher waters.
 Your charming glance is shedding my blood wrongly.
 Let it do so, for it has a very well-intended thought.
 If the water of life is that which the friend's lips have,
 It is obvious that what Khezr has is a mirage.
 Your languishing eye intends to make a liver from my heart.
 It is a drunk Turk and perhaps has an appetite for kebab.
 My ailing soul has not the face to ask anything of you.
 Happy is that wounded one who has a response from the
 friend.
 When will her languishing eyes, which have left a drunkard
 at every corner,
 Cast a look at Hafez's wounded heart?

CXXV

She is not a beloved who has [long] hair and [narrow]
 waist.
 Be the slave of the countenance of the one who has perfect
 beauty.
 Although the manners of the hoori and the fairy are
 graceful,
 Beauty and grace belong only to the one whom I know.
 O smiling rose, behold the spring of my eyes,
 Which, hoping for you, has a pleasant running water.
 Who can win the polo-ball of beauty from you?
 Before you, even the sun is not a rider with reins in hand.
 My words became agreeable when you accepted them.
 Yes, yes. The word of love has a sign.
 The curve of your eyebrow in the art of archery
 Has won from anyone who has a bow in hand.

On the path of love, no one became the real confidante of the mystery.

Each person suspects something according to his thought.
Do not boast of the miraculous powers with the tavern dwellers.

Each word has a certain time and each remark a certain place.

An intelligent bird does not set up a tent in the meadow
In any spring which is followed by autumn.

Tell the claimant not to show off his wisecracks and subtle points to Hafez.

My pen, too, has a tongue and can express itself.

CXXVI

The soul has no interest in the world without the face of the beloved.

Whoever has not this, verily has not that either.

With no one did I see a sign from that beloved.

Either I have no knowledge or she has no sign.

Each dewdrop in this path is [like] a hundred fiery seas.

Sorry, this puzzle has no explanation or interpretation.

One should not let the station of relaxation go out of his hand.

Pull up, O camel-driver. There is no end to this road.

The bent-figured harp is calling you to pleasure.

Listen! For the advice of the aged has no harm whatsoever for you.

O heart, learn the way of rendi from the mohtaseb.

He is drunk but no one has suspicion about him.

The tale of the Korah's treasure, which time committed to the wind,

Whisper in the ear of the heart lest it may hide gold.

Hide your secrets from your rival even if it be a candle.
For that brazen severed-head has no control of its tongue.
No one in the world has a slave like Hafez.
Because no one in the world has a king like you.

CXXVII

The moon does not have the radiance of your face.
Before you, the rose does not have the splendor of a plant.
The corner of your eyebrow is the dwelling of my soul.
Not even the king has better quarters than this.
What will the fumes of my heart do with your face?
You know that a mirror cannot tolerate a sigh.
Behold the boldness of the narcissus which bloomed before
you.
That shameless one has no modesty in the eye.
I knew those black-hearted eyes of yours
Will not show any favor to any acquaintance.
Give me a heavy pail of wine, O devotee of the tavern,
To the happiness of the sheikh who does not have a
monastery.
Drink blood and sit silent. For that sensitive heart
Does not have any patience with the plaintiff.
To anyone who has no access to his threshold, say:
"Go wash your sleeves with the blood of your heart!"
It is not only I who suffer the transgression of your tress.
Who does not have the brand of that black thing?
If Hafez prostrated before you, do not blame him.
Love's pagan, O my idol, does not have a sin.

CXXVIII

There is no lovely one in this town to win my heart.

If my luck helps me, it will carry my luggage out of this place.

Where is an indulgent, happy drinker before whose generosity

The heart-consumed lover could mention his desire?

O gardener, I see you are unaware of the autumn.

Beware of the day when the wind takes away your elegant flower.

The brigand of time is not asleep. Do not deem yourself safe from him.

If he has not robbed you today, it will do tomorrow.

In my imagination, I play so many fanciful sports,

Hoping that [one day] a man of perception may consider watching [them].

I am afraid that languishing narcissus will plunder

All the knowledge and wisdom my heart has accumulated for forty years.

Let not the sound of a calf win your heart.

Who is a Samaritan to win over a White Hand?

The glass goblet of wine is a dam against distress.

Lay it not down lest the flood of sorrow carry you away.

Though the road of love is the ambush of archers,

He who travels with knowledge will have an advantage over his enemies.

Hafez, if the languishing glance of the beloved demands your life,

Clean your house from strangers and let her take your soul.

CXXIX

If wine does not make our hearts forget their sorrow,

The dread of events will carry our foundation away.

If reason does not anchor itself in drunkenness,

How will it pull the ship out of this vortex of disaster.
Alas! The world plays a game with everyone secretly.
No one has ever won a hand from this charlatan.
The passage is through the darkness. Where is the
travelling Khezr?
Would that the fire of privation not evaporate our water [of
life].
The reason my feeble heart is dragging me toward the
meadow is that
I am escaping from death and taking refuge in the zephyr's
sickness.
I am the doctor of love, give me wine!
For this potion brings comfort and takes erroneous thoughts
away.
Hafez became consumed, but no one said anything about
him to his beloved.
Perhaps the breeze will carry a message for the sake of God.

CXXX

At dawn the nightingale told his story to the zephyr:
"Oh, what a trouble has the love of the rose's face brought
to me!
"Looking at the color of her face, my heart filled with
blood.
"Yet, my portion was but a thorn from her flower garden."
I am the slave of the magnanimous spirit of that lovely one
Who performed good deeds without pretension and
hypocrisy.
No longer will I complain of strangers.
For whatever wrong was done to me was done by that
acquaintance.
If I expected any favor from the sultan, it was a mistake.

If I sought fidelity from the beloved, she was cruel.
 Blessed be that morning breeze that
 Remedied the pain of the wakeful-at-night.
 It pulled the veil of the rose and the tress of the hyacinth,
 And opened the knot of the cord of the bud's robe.
 The lover nightingale cried out at all directions.
 Yet it was the zephyr that profited from this affair.
 Take this tidings to the street of the wine-sellers
 That Hafez repented of pretentious abstinence.
 Among the lords of the city, the one faithful to me
 Was Bulvafa--the perfection of government and religion.

CXXXI

Come, the Turk of the sky plundered the table of fasting.
 The crescent of the [Fasting] Festival alluded to the rim of
 the bowl [of wine].
 He won the reward of fasting and pilgrimage to Mecca
 Who paid homage to the ground of the tavern of love.
 Our permanent address is the corner of the tavern.
 May God bless the one who built this building.
 What is the price of the ruby-like wine? The jewel of
 reason.
 Come, he who made this trade made a profit.
 Prayers at the curve of those *mehrab*-like eyebrows are
 done
 By the one who purified himself with the blood of his heart.
 Alas, the impudent eyes of the sheikh of the city
 Looked at the dreg-drainers with contempt today.
 Look at the beloved's face and be grateful to your eyes.
 For they did their work of seeing with discernment.
 Hear the story of love from Hafez, not from the preacher.
 Even though the preacher uses much craft in his wording.

CXXXII

A Gnostic performed his ablutions with the clear liquid of
wine
When he visited the tavern in the morning.
As soon as the golden bowl of the sun became hidden,
The crescent of the [Fasting] Festival alluded to the rim of
the bowl [of wine].
Blessed are the prayers and supplications of the one who, in
his pain,
Purified himself with the water of his eyes and the blood of
his heart.
Imam Khaja, who stood long in his prayers,
Washed his kherqe with the blood of the daughter of vine.
My heart bought turmoil from the ring of her tress at the
expense of life.
I wonder what profit my heart saw that made such a trade?
If the Imam of the Congregation asks for me today,
Tell him Hafez performed his ablutions with wine.

CXXXIII

The Sufi set up a net and opened his box of tricks.
He began to play tricks with the trickster firmament.
May the play of the world break an egg in his hat.
Because he played jugglery with the people of secret.
Come, Saqi! For the elegant beloved of the Sufis
Displayed her glory again and began to show her coquetry.
Whence is this minstrel who played a tune of Iraq,
And then decided to return to Hejaz?
O heart, let us take refuge in God from
What the short-sleeved and long-armed ones did.
Devise no craft. For love closed the door of meaning

To the heart of anyone who was not straightforward in love.
Tomorrow when the Truth is revealed,
The wayfarer who acted falsely will be ashamed.
Stop, O beautifully-strutting partridge! Where are you
going?
Do not be deceived if the ascetic cat stood to prayers.
Hafez, do not blame the reeds. For in the beginning of time,
God made us needless of hypocrisy and pretence to piety.

CXXXIV

A nightingale's heart bled until he obtained a rose,
But the wind of jealousy annoyed him with a hundred
thorns.
A parrot was happy with the thought of sugar.
Suddenly the flood of annihilation wiped out the picture of
his desire.
Let that light of my sight and the fruit of my heart be
remembered.
How easily he passed away and made life difficult for me!
O camel-driver, my pack fell down. Help, for God's sake!
For in hope of generosity, I came along this camel-litter.
Do not despise my soiled face and tearful eyes.
The azure sky built its pleasure-house with this clay and
straw.
Woe and alas! The jealous eye of the moon of the sphere
Lodged my moon, who had eyebrows like bows, in the
grave.
Hafez, you did not use the opportunity before it was lost.
What can I do? The play of days made me negligent.

CXXXV

Like the wind, I will head toward the street of the beloved.

I will make my breath loaded with musk from her sweet
scent.
Life is wasting away without wine and the beloved.
I will work from today. Enough with idleness!
Any honor I gained through knowledge and religion,
I will sacrifice for the dust of that sweetheart's path.
Since my candle at dawn received radiance from her sun,
I will put all my life over this affair [of love].
With the memory of your eyes, I will destroy myself.
[And thus] I will fortify the foundation of our old covenant.
Where is the zephyr? For this soul of mine, which is filled
with blood like a rose,
I will sacrifice for the beautiful scent of my beloved's tress.
Sanctimony and hypocrisy do not impart purity to your
heart, Hafez.
I will choose the way of rendi and love.

CXXXVI

One can neither touch the ring of that doubled tress
Nor can one depend on your promise, nor on the zephyr's.
Any effort, which is required, I will make in quest of you.
But this much I know that one cannot change the destiny.
The beloved's skirt fell into my hand after much bleeding of
the heart.
I cannot let it go because of the enemy's derision.
One cannot liken her face to the moon of the sky.
One cannot compare the beloved with every worthless
object.
When my tall cypress starts dancing,
What value will the garment of soul have that could not be
rent asunder?
Only a pure vision can see the beloved's face.

For one cannot look in the mirror except in purity.
The question of love lies beyond our knowledge.
One cannot solve this problem by this erroneous mind.
That you are loved by the whole world killed me with
jealousy.
Yet one cannot quarrel with God's creatures day and night.
What can I say to you? For you are so delicate in nature
That I cannot even quietly pray to God.
Except for your eyebrow, Hafez's heart has no mehrab.
None but you can be worshipped in our religion.

CXXXVII

She took my heart and concealed her face from me.
For Heaven's sake, with whom can one play such a game?
The night of loneliness was about to take my life.
Her thought did endless favors to me.
Since her narcissus became heedless to me,
Why should I not have a bleeding heart like the tulip?
Whom can I tell that in spite of all this life-consuming pain,
My physician made an attempt at my feeble life?
She burned me like a candle in such a way that
The wine beaker cried and the harp lamented for me.
Zephyr, if you have a remedy, this is the last chance.
For the pain of my yearning made an attempt at my life.
How can I tell among the kind ones
That my beloved said like this and did like that?
The enemy did not do with Hafez's life
What the arrow of the eye of that person with the bow-like
eyebrow did.

CXXXVIII

Let the one who did not remember me when leaving on a journey
And who did not gladden my doleful heart with a farewell
be remembered.
I wonder why that fortunate one who would do what was
good and agreeable,
Did not set this old slave free?
I will wash my paper-like garment with tears mixed with
blood.
For the heaven did not lead me to the foot of the banner of
justice.
My heart, hoping that its voice may reach you,
Uttered such cries as not even Farhad had done.
When you moved your shadow away from the meadow,
The morning bird stopped nesting in the curve of the locks
of shemshad.
Perhaps the courier of the zephyr should learn action from
you.
For not even the wind could move faster than you did.
Whoever did not acknowledge this God-given beauty,
May his painting brush never paint the picture of his desire.
O minstrel, change your note and play a tune from Iraq.
Since my beloved went on that road and remembered me
not.
Hafez's songs are Araqi's ghazals.
Did anyone hear this heart-consuming tune and not cry?

CXXXIX

I laid my face down on her path, but she did not pass by me.
I expected a hundred favors, but she did not give one look
at me.

The torrent of my tears did not wash away rancor from her heart.

The raindrops had no effect on the granite.

O Lord, protect that brave youth who did not avoid

The arrow of the sigh of the secluded ones.

Last night the fish and birds did not sleep because of my wailing.

Behold that one with charming eyes who did not raise her head from sleep!

I wanted to die at her feet like a candle.

Yet, she did not pass by me like the morning breeze.

My dear, who was that stony-hearted and incapable person

Who did not shield the strike of your sword by his soul?

The tongue-severed pen of Hafez did not reveal your secret

To anyone in the assembly before losing its head.

CXL

The beloved went away without informing the lovers.

She did not remember her friend in town and companion on trip.

Either my luck deserted the path of generosity

Or she did not pass through the thoroughfare of the Path.

I thought I could mellow her heart by weeping.

So hard was her stony heart that my tears had no effect on it.

Do not display your charms to me, for the bird of my restless heart

Has not abandoned desire for love's net yet.

Whoever saw your face kissed my eyes.

What my eyes did was not without perception.

I was standing firm to sacrifice my life like a candle.

Yet she did not pass by me like the morning breeze.

CXLI

Did you see, O heart, what the woe of love did again?
How the beloved went away and what she did with her
faithful lover?

Oh, what a game that magic narcissus played!
Oh, what things that drunkard did with the sober ones!
My tears turned the color of the aurora because of the
unkindness of the beloved.

Behold what the unkind fortune did in this affair!
At dawn a lightening shone from the Leila's dwelling.
O' the thing that it did with the harvest of the heart-broken
Majnoon!

O Saqi, give me the bowl of wine, since it is not known
What the Painter of the Unseen designed on the canvas of
mysteries.

No one knows what the one who drew this azure sphere full
of patterns

Did with the rotation of his compasses.

The thought of love struck fire at Hafez's heart and burned
it.

Behold what the long-time beloved did to her lover!

CXLII

Friends, the daughter of vine repented of being veiled.
She went to the mohtaseb and did her work legally.
She came out from behind the screen into the assembly.
Wipe out her sweat,

So that the rivals in drinking may not ask why she stayed
away.

Give a gratuity, O heart. For again the minstrel of love
Played an ecstatic tune and cured our hangover.

The color of what the grape wine did to the ascetic's kherqe
Will not be removed by the seven seas or even by a hundred
fires.

The bud of my rose-bush of union bloomed from her breeze.
The sweet-singing bird was full of joy with the petals of the
red rose.

Hafez, do not relinquish your humbleness. Because the
jealous one
Lost his honor, property, heart, and faith over his
arrogance.

CXLIII

For years my heart was demanding of me the cup of
Jamshid.

It was seeking from a stranger what itself had.

The pearl which is outside the shell of the universe,

It was demanding of the lost ones on the seashore.

Last night I took my problem to the Pir of Magians

Who was solving riddles by his powerful insight.

I saw him joyous and smiling with a cup of wine in his hand.

He was looking at that mirror in a hundred manners.

I asked him: "When did the Sage give you this world-
viewing cup?"

He said: "The day when He was building this azure dome."

There was a lover who had God with him in all
circumstances.

Since he could not see God, he called for Him from a
distance.

All this legerdemain, which reason was performing here,
Was like the Samaritan's before [Moses'] walking stick and
shining hand.

Someone said: "The crime of that friend who honored the
gallows' head
Was that he was revealing the secrets."
If the grace of the Holy Spirit helps again,
Others, too, can do what the Messiah was doing.
I asked: "What are the chains of the idols' tresses for?"
She said: "Hafez was complaining about his frenzied heart."

CXLIV

You can have an insight of the secret of Jamshid's Cup
Only when you can make the dust of the tavern the
collyrium of your eyes.
Do not be without wine and minstrel. For under the arch of
the sky,
You can dispel sorrow from your heart by this means.
The flower of your desire will remove its veil
If you can serve it like the morning breeze.
Begging at the door of the tavern is a wonderful elixir.
If you do this, you can change dust into gold.
Starting on the journey of love, plant a step ahead.
You will have many profits if you can make this trip.
You who do not go out of the house of nature,
How are you going to pass into the thoroughfare of the
Path?
The face of the beloved does not have a veil or a screen.
Let the dust of the road settle so you can see it.
Come, you can have both ecstasy of presence and order of
affairs
Through the guidance and education of the men of
perception.
However, as long as you desire the lips of the beloved and
the cup of wine,

Do not expect that you can do any other work.
O heart, if you become aware of the light of guidance,
You can smilingly lose your head like a candle.
Hafez, if you listen to this excellent advice,
You can pass into the highway of the Truth.

CXLV

What kind of intoxication is this that happened to us?
Who was the Saqi and where did he bring this wine from?
You, too, grasp wine and head toward the countryside.
For the singing bird brought a sweet-sounding instrument.
O heart, do not complain of the knotted affair like a bud.
For the morning wind brought a knot-opening breeze.
Let the arrival of the jonquil be a happy and good occasion.
The violet came joyful and happy, and the jasmine brought
purity.
The zephyr is the Solomon's hoopoe in bringing good news.
For it brought the tidings of joy from Sheba's rose-garden.
The remedy for our heart's weakness is an amorous glance
from Saqi.
Lift your head. For the physician came and brought a
medicine.
I am the disciple of the Pir of Magians. Do not take it
amiss, O sheikh.
For you made the promise, but he kept it.
I am amazed at the greed of that militant Turk
Who attacked me--a dervish with one robe.
The heavens will serve Hafez obediently
Now that he took refuge at the door of your palace.

CXLVI

The zephyr was bringing a scent from the beloved's tress at
dawn,

And by that scent it was provoking my frenzied heart to action.

I plucked the form of that spruce-fir out of my eye's garden.
For any flower that blossomed from her love was bringing a fruit of sorrow.

I could see the light of the moon, which was shining over the roof of her palace,

Turning its face toward the wall, being ashamed of that sun.

I let my bleeding heart go, fearing the plunder of her love.

Yet, while dripping blood, it kept going on the same way.

Now and then, I would go out the house with the words of the minstrel and Saqi.

For the messenger was seldom bringing any news from that difficult road.

Whatever the beloved did was the way of kindness and goodness.

Whether she praised Allah or tied a [Christian] girdle.

May God bless the curve of her eyebrow even though it enfeebled me.

For it was bringing a message to the patient with its coquetry.

Last night I was surprised to see Hafez with a bowl and a measuring cup of wine.

Yet I did not stop him, for he was acting like a Sufi.

CXLVII

The zephyr's breeze brought me the news last night

That the day of sorrow and grief was nearing the end.

To the ministerial of the morning, we will give our torn garments,

Thanking for the good news that the morning wind brought.

Come, come, for the gatekeeper of heaven brought you, the
hoori of paradise,
Into this world for the sake of this servant's heart.
We are going to Shiraz, favored by good fortune.
What a good companion my luck brought along for me!
Try to please my heart. For this felt hat
Has defeated the royal crown many times.
What cries that reached from my heart to the harvest of the
moon
When it recalled the face of that moon of the pavilion!
Hafez raised Mansur's banner to heaven
When he took refuge at the threshold of this king of kings.

CXLVIII

When my beloved takes the bowl of wine in her hand,
The market of the idols takes a slump.
Whoever saw her eyes said:
"Where is a mohtaseb to arrest a drunk?"
I have fallen in the sea like a fish,
That my beloved may catch me with a hook.
I have fallen at her feet, weeping.
Will she ever hold my hand?
Blissful is the heart of the person who, like Hafez,
Drinks a cup from the primordial wine.

CXLIX

Except the love of the moon-faced ones, my heart does not
take any road.
I am giving it all kinds of advice, but it will not take any.
For Heaven's sake, O admonisher, speak of the wine and
cup.

For no picture more beautiful than these takes shape in my imagination.

Come, O rose-cheek Saki, bring forth the colorful wine.

For no thought better than this occupies my head.

I am drinking wine secretly and people think [I am reading] a book.

I am surprised that the fire of this hypocrisy does not catch on the book.

One day I am going to burn this patched frock.

For the Pir of the wine-sellers will not trade it for a cup.

The reason the friends receive lots of purity from her ruby wine is that

That jewel does not accept any impression but that of honesty.

Such a charming face and eyes! You are telling me to close my eyes from them?

Go away! For this meaningless preaching will not penetrate my head.

The admonisher of the reeds, who fights against the command of destiny,

Has a very narrow heart, as I see it. Does he never drink any wine?

I am laughing in the midst of weeping. For like a candle in this assembly,

I have a fiery tongue but it does not catch [at anyone].

How beautifully you hunted my heart! I am proud of your languishing eyes.

No one can capture wild birds better than this.

The word is about my neediness and the beloved's needlessness.

What is the good of conjuring, O heart, if it has no effect on the beloved?

One day I will obtain that mirror, like Alexander,

Whether some day this fire catches on or not.
For God's sake, have mercy, O wealthy one. For the
dervish of your street
Knows no other door, nor takes any other road.
With this fresh and sweet poem, I am surprised why the
king of kings
Does not cover Hafez with gold from top to toe!

CL

If Saqi pours wine into the bowl in this way,
He is going to throw the Gnostics into constant drinking.
And if he thus puts the grain of the mole under the curve of
his tress,
Many a bird of wisdom he is going to throw in his net.
How fortunate is that drunkard who does not know
Which one to throw at the friend's feet: his head or his
turban.
The raw ascetic who rejects wine and the cup
Will become cooked if he throws a look at the raw wine.
Endeavor to acquire a merit during the day.
For the daytime drinking throws the mirror-like heart into a
dark rust.
The time for the wine that shines like morning light is
When the night throws the evening veil around the tent of
the horizon.
Beware of drinking wine with the constable of the town.
He will drink your wine and then throw a stone at your cup.
O Hafez, rise above the sun
If your fortune throws your lot to that full moon.

CLI

The whole world is not worth a moment of grief.

Sell my frock for wine, for it is not worth anything better.
On the wine-sellers' street, they will not trade [my prayer
carpet] for a cup of wine.

What a carpet of piety is this which is not worth a cup?
My rival scolded me a lot to turn me away from this door.
What happened to this head of mine that is not worth the
dust of the door?

The sultan's glorious crown, on which the fear of death is
inscribed,

Is a charming hat, but not worth losing one's head for.
How easy looked the trouble of the sea in the hope of a
profit!

I was wrong. Not a hundred pearls are worth [the trouble
of] this storm.

It is better for you to cover your face from the lovers.
For the joy of conquering the world is not worth the trouble
of [having] an army.

Like Hafez, try to be content and renounce this lowly world.
For a thousand kilos of gold is not worth a barley-corn of
obligation to lowly people.

CLII

In the beginning of time, the effulgence of your beauty
claimed manifestation.

Love came into existence and set fire to the whole universe.
Your face displayed a glory but found angels incapable of
love.

Your glory became like fire from zeal and struck onto
Adam.

Reason wanted to light its lamp from that flame.

The lightening of zeal struck and set the world in turmoil.

The pretender wanted to come to the scene of the mystery.

The hand of the Unseen came forth and struck at the
stranger's breast.
Others struck their lots for pleasure.
It was my grief-stricken heart that struck for suffering.
My heavenly soul had a fancy for your chin-pit.
Yet, it struck its hand at your coiled and twisted tress.
That day Hafez wrote the pleasure book of your love
When he struck a pen over all the means of a happy heart.

CLIII

In the morning, as the King of the East raised his flag over
the mountains,
My beloved knocked on the door of the hopeful with a kind
hand.
When it became clear to the morning what the state of the
sun of the sky will be,
He came and smiled pleasantly at the fortunate ones.
As my beloved rose to dance in our assembly last night,
He untied the knot from his eyebrow and tied it to his
friends' hearts.
I washed my hands off the color of advisability
The moment his drunken eyes greeted the sober ones.
What stony-hearted person taught him this manner of
ayyari?
For as soon as he came out he became the brigand of the
wakeful-at-night.
My poor heart fancied for a royal rider and left me
suddenly.
O God, protect it! For it struck to the heart of the cavalry.
Oh, how we gave our souls and suffered in the whiteness
and rosinness of his complexion!

Yet, as soon as he had a chance to draw, he drew a line
over his devotees.

How can I, dressed with a woolen frock, capture that
armored one

Whose eyelashes became the brigand of the swordsmen?
The purpose is the king's happiness and a lucky turn of
events for him.

Give to Hafez his heart's desire, for he foretold the fortune
of the fortunate ones.

The king of kings is the Glorious Mozaffar, the honor of the
state and religion, Mansur,

Whose unsparing generosity laughed at the spring clouds.
From the hour the cup of wine was honored by his hand,
The world has drunk the cup of happiness to the topers'
health.

From his head-chopping sword, that day victory shone
when

He alone attacked thousands [of soldiers] like a star-
consuming sun.

O heart, pray for God's grace for the continuation of his life
and kingdom.

For heavens minted this coin of fortune to last for [many]
days.

CLIV

Play a tune with which one can utter a sigh.

Recite a poem with which one can drink a heavy pail of
wine.

If one can lay one's head on the beloved's threshold,

One can proudly shout a happy song at the sky.

My bent figure looks unimportant to you.

But I can hurl arrows from this bow at the eyes of the enemies.

The monastery has no capacity for the secrets of love.
One can drink the Magian cup of wine with the Magians only.

A dervish does not have the possessions of a sultan's house.
We have only one old frock which can be committed to fire.
Men of perception will lose both worlds at one glance.
This is love. One can stake the cash of life in the first move of the game.

If there be a possibility that a door will open to the wealth of union,

Many times one can lay his head on the [beloved's] threshold with this hope.

Love, youth, and rendi are all we aim at.

When the meanings come together, one can strike the ball of expression.

Your tress became the brigand of safety, and this is no wonder.

If you are the brigand, a hundred caravans can be robbed.
Hafez, for Qur'an's sake, come out of deceit and hypocrisy.
So that you can hit the ball of joy in this world.

CLV

If I go after her, she rouses many riots.
And if I sit from her quest, she rises to hatred.
And if, through fidelity, I move behind her like dust
For a moment on the road, she escapes like the wind.
And if I ask for half a kiss, she pours out like sugar
A hundred "sorry"s from the pearl-box of her mouth.
That charm which I observe in your narcissus

Is going to mix much water-of-face (grace) with the dust-of-road (disgrace).

The ups and downs of the desert of love is a snare of calamity.

Where is a lion-hearted person who is not afraid of calamity?

Ask for longevity and patience, for the trickster heaven
Will play a thousand stranger games than this.

Hafez, lay your head on the threshold of submission.
For if you fight, the world will fight back.

CLVI

No one is a match to our beloved in beauty, temper, and fidelity.

You should not refute this claim of ours in any way.

Although beauty-mongers have displayed their glory,

No one can compete with our beloved in beauty and charm.

I swear by our old friendship that no confidante to secrets

Can ever match our honest and grateful beloved.

A thousand designs come out of the Creator's pen.

But none reaches to the attractiveness of our beloved's design.

A thousand kinds of cash are brought to the bazaar of the universe.

But none can match our assayer's coin.

Alas, the caravans of life went so far away that

Even their dust can not reach the clime of our country.

O heart, allow not the jealous ones hurt you,

And make sure that no evil enter our hopeful mind.

Live in such a way that if you become the earth of the road,

No dust from our passage may reach anyone's heart.

Hafez became consumed and I am afraid the explanation of
his story
May never reach to the ear of our triumphant monarch.

CLVII

Anyone who falls into the fancy of your fresh khat
Will never step out of this circle as long as he lives.
When I rise from the earth of my grave like a tulip,
The brand of your love will be the secret of the black spot
of my heart.
O the one and only pearl, where on earth are you?
For the eyes of people have made a sea from your grief.
Water is running from the root of every eyelash of mine.
Come, if you desire the bank of a stream and sightseeing.
Emerge from behind the curtain for a moment, like the rose
and wine.
Come, for another chance to meet is not certain.
Let the long shade of the curve of your tress fall on my
head.
For it is in this shade that my frenzied heart can rest.
Your eye will not tend toward Hafez because of your pride.
Yes, narcissism is the attribute of the elegant narcissus.

CLVIII

I and the denial of wine? What story is this?
I usually have this much sense and understanding.
I did not know where the road of the tavern was going to
end.
Otherwise my piety and abstinence would not have lasted so
long.

The ascetic's self-conceit and prayer, and my drunkenness
and love;
Which one do you choose between the two?
If the ascetic does not find his way to rendi, he is excused.
Love is something that requires [the grace of] guidance.
I, who have waylaid piety by the tambourine and harp at
nights,
Reform myself now? What story is this?
I am the slave of the Magians' Pir who freed me from
ignorance.
Whatever our Pir does is pure grace.
Last night I did not sleep from grief because a friend was
saying:
"If Hafez is drunk, there is room for complaint."

CLIX

A Sufi's gold is not always genuine and pure.
Oh, many a kherqe that deserves fire!
Our Sufi, who becomes ecstatic with the morning
incantation,
Beware he will be on the spree in the evening!
It would be good if the touchstone of experiment was
brought forth,
So that he who had impurity would be put to shame.
If Saqi's khat paints on water in this way,
Many a face will be painted with blood-mixed tears.
He who is delicately brought up in plenitude will not find his
way to the beloved.
Being a lover is the work of the suffering rends.
How long are you going to suffer for this lowly world?
Drink wine. It is a pity that a wise heart be anguished.
The wine-dealer can take Hafez's frock and prayer-rug
If his wine is from the hand of a moon-like Saqi.

CLX

Seclusion is good if the beloved be my companion,
Not if I burn and she be the candle of the assembly.
I will pay nothing for that Solomon's Signet
Which is sometimes touched by Satan's hand.
O God, allow not that in the sanctuary of union,
My rival be the intimate and my share be privation.
Tell the homa never cast its shadow of honor
Over a town where a parrot is less than a crow.
What need to express the yearning? For the flames of the
heart's fire
Can be known from the blaze of the words.
Desire for your street never goes out of my head.
Yes, a stranger's wandering heart always tends toward
home.
If Hafez becomes ten-tongued like a lily,
His mouth will still be sealed, like a bud, before you.

CLXI

How can a doleful heart incite a delicate poem?
I mentioned this subtlety only as an allusion to a meaning.
If I find the ring of quarter from your ruby,
A hundred kingdoms of Solomon will be under [the rule of]
my signet.
O heart, be not annoyed by the insult of the jealous person.
If you look carefully, this may be to your advantage.
Whoever does not understand this thought-provoking pen,
His painting is no good even if he be a painter from China.
One person was given the cup of wine, another the blood of
heart.
Such is the case in the circle of portion.

In the case of the rose and rose-water, the primordial
command was that
The former be the sweetheart of the bazaar and the latter be
enclosed.
It is not true that Hafez forgot about rendi.
His previous record will continue till the Day of
Resurrection.

CLXII

Pleasantly came the rose.
And nothing is more pleasant than a goblet of wine in hand.
Grasp the time of happiness and know that
There is not always a pearl in the shell.
Use the opportunity and drink wine in the rose-garden.
For the roses will not last more than a week.
O you who have filled the golden bowl with ruby,
Be generous to someone who has no gold.
Come, O sheikh, and from our pothouse,
Take a drink which is not found in Kauthar.
Wash out the pages of the book if you are our fellow-
student.
For the knowledge of love is not found in books.
Listen to me. Attach yourself to a beautiful one
Whose beauty is not dependent upon ornaments.
O Lord, grant me a wine without a hangover,
A wine that does not cause a headache.
I am Sultan Oways' slave with all my soul,
Even though he has forgotten this servant.
I swear by his world-adoring crown that
Even the sun is not so deserving of such a crown as he.
He who finds fault with Hafez's verse
Has nothing elegant in his nature.

CLXIII

The rose without the beloved's face is no good.
The spring without wine is no good.
The excursion in the meadow and around the orchard
Without a tulip-cheeked is no good.
The dancing of the cypress and the rejoicing of the rose
Without the song of the nightingale is no good.
Being with a sweetheart with lips like sugar and body like
rose
Without kissing and embracing is no good.
Every design that the hand of reason creates,
Except the design of love, is no good.
The soul is a trivial cash, Hafez.
As a sacrifice it is no good.

CLXIV

The breath of the zephyr musk-diffusing will be.
Once again the old world young will be.
The Judas-tree will give the cornelian cup to the lily.
The narcissus' eye anxious at the anemone will be.
The nightingale, who endured the aggression of the grief of
separation,
Up to the pavilion of the rose, shouting and dashing will be.
Blame me not if I went from the mosque to the tavern.
Long is the assembly of preaching and time expired will be.
O heart, if you postpone today's pleasure until tomorrow,
Who warrant for the sure capital of eternity will be?
In the month of Sha'ban, do not put the bowl down from
your hand.

For hidden from sight till the Festival of Ramazan this sun
will be.

The rose is precious. Appreciate its company.

For it came into the garden from one road and gone from
another will be.

O minstrel, this is the assembly of the intimates. Sing songs
and ghazals.

How long should you say that it is gone like this and gone
like that will be.

Hafez came into the realm of existence because of you.

Take a step for his farewell, for soon gone he will be.

CLXV

The love of the dark-eyed ones will never go out of my
heart.

This is the decree of Heaven and it will not change.

The enemy inflicted many injuries and left no room for
reconciliation.

Will the sighs of the dawn-risers not rise to heavens?

No other work but rendi was I given on the primordial day.

Whatever portion was given to me then will not increase.

Mohtaseb, for Heaven's sake, let us listen to the cry of
tambourine and reed-pipe.

For the music of religion will not be without zither because
of this act.

The only opportunity for me is to love her secretly.

As for kissing and embracing her, what should I say? These
do not happen.

Wine like ruby, a place secure, and the kind companion,
Saqi.

O heart, if you are not pleased now, when are you going to?

O my eyes, do not wash the imprint of sorrow from the
tablet of Hafez's breast.
For it is the wound of the beloved's sword and the color of
blood will not go away.

CLXVI

The day of separation and the night of distance from the
beloved ended.
I foretold this fortune, the star passed, and the struggle
ended.
All that pride and luxury, which the autumn was displaying,
Finally at the feet of the spring wind ended.
Thanks Heaven, as the corner of the rose's bonnet appeared,
The arrogance of the winter wind and the pomp of the thorn
ended.
Tell the morning of hope, which was retired behind an
invisible screen,
To come out, since the work of the dark night ended.
The agitation of the long nights and the sorrow of the heart,
All, in the shadow of the beloved's tress, ended.
Due to the infidelity of time, still I cannot believe that,
In the happy presence of the beloved, the story of grief
ended.
O Saqi, you are very kind. May your cup be full of wine.
For with your planning, the trouble of the hangover ended.
Although no one took Hafez into account,
Thanks Heaven, that excessive and extreme suffering ended.

CLXVII

A star shone, turned into the moon of the assembly, and
Became the friend and intimate of my disillusioned heart.

My beloved, who did not go to school, nor learned how to write,
Became the instructor of a hundred teachers by her lovely glance.
From her fragrance, like the zephyr's, the ailing hearts of lovers
Became sacrificed to the jonquil's face and the narcissus' eye.
My friend is now seating me in the seat of honor.
Look how the beggar of the town became the master of the assembly.
He desired the Khezr's water and the Alexander's cup.
So he became the drinker of the wine of Sultan Abul Favares.
The construction of the pleasure-house of love will be completed
Now that the arch of my beloved's eyebrow became its engineer.
For God's sake, wipe your lips from the wetness of wine.
For my heart became tempted with thousands of sins.
Your lovely look gave such a wine to the lovers
That knowledge fell unconscious and reason became benumbed.
Like gold, my verse is precious in the world.
But it was the elite's acceptance of it that became the alchemy of this copper.
Friends, turn your steeds away from the road of the tavern.
For Hafez went on this way and became bankrupt.

CLXVIII

My life melted down for the affair of the heart come to an end, but it did not.

I burned in this vain desire, but attain to it I did not.
Humorously said she: "I will become the princess of your
assembly one night."
I became her most humble slave as she wanted, yet she did
not.
She sent a message that she was going to sit with the rends.
I lost my reputation by rendi and dreg-draining, yet she did
not.
It is all right if the dove of my heart struggle in my breast.
For it saw the intricate mesh of the net on the way but
[venture] it did not.
The fancy of kissing her ruby lips while drunk
Filled my heart with blood like a cup of wine, but [kissing] I
did not.
Do not step into the street of love without a guide.
For I made a hundred efforts by myself, but [work] it did
not.
Oh, in order for the treasure-book of my goal to come to
my hand,
I became a notorious drunkard from complete sorrow, but it
did not.
Alas, alas, that in search of the treasure of presence,
Many times I went to beg before the generous ones, but
[find] I did not.
Hafez evoked a thousand tricks thoughtfully,
Hoping for that beloved to become tame, but she did not.

CLXIX

I do not see companionship in anyone. What happened to
the companions?
When did friendship end? What happened to the friends?

The water of life turned dark. Where is the auspicious
Khezzr?

Blood dripped from the rose-branch. What happened to the
spring wind?

No one is speaking about the right of friendship.

What came to the grateful ones and what happened to
companions?

No ruby has come out of the mine of generosity for years.

What happened to the radiance of the sun and the efforts of
the rain and wind.

This was the site of kings and of kind people.

When did kindness come to an end? What happened to the
kings?

The polo-ball of success and generosity is thrown in the
middle of the field.

No one is coming into the field. What happened to the
horse-riders?

A hundred thousand flowers bloomed, but no song rose
from a bird.

What came upon the nightingales and what happened to the
starlings?

Venus is not playing any happy music. Did its lute burn?

No one has the ecstasy of intoxication. What happened to
the toppers?

Silence, Hafez! The divine mysteries are not known to
anyone.

Whom are you asking, "What happened to the change of
eras?

CLXX

The hermit ascetic went to the tavern last night.

He broke his oath [of piety] and picked up a measure of wine.
The Sufi of the assembly, who was breaking the cups and bowls of wine,
Became wise and intelligent with one gulp of wine again.
The sweetheart of his youth had come to his dream.
He became a lover and mad in his old age again.
A Magian boy was passing by, the brigand of the heart and faith.
Following him, the acquaintance became a stranger to everyone.
The fire of the rose's cheek burned the nightingale's harvest.
The smiling face of the candle became the plight of the moth.
Thank God, the weeping at night and dawn was not wasted.
Our raindrop became a precious pearl.
The Saki's narcissus recited a verse of spell.
The ring of our incantations became the assembly of fables.
Now Hafez's home is the king's palace.
The heart went to the sweetheart and the soul to the beloved.

CLXXI

Last night the courier of glad tidings arrived from His Excellency Asaf
That an order for revelry from His Lordship Solomon came.
Turn the earth of our body into clay with the water of our eyes.
Since the time of construction for the ruined house of the heart came.
This endless story that was told of the beloved's tress
Is but one word out of a thousand which into expression came.

O wine-stained kherqe, cover my faults.
For that clean one with unstained skirt for a visit came.
Today the place of each fair one will be known.
For that assembly-brightening moon to the seat of honor
came.
Onto the throne of Jamshid, whose crown is the apogee of
the heaven,
A tiny ant with tremendous effort came.
O heart, protect your face from his charming eyes.
For that sorcerer archer intent upon plunder came.
You are impure, Hafez. Ask a favor from the king.
For that element of generosity for purification came.
His assembly is a sea. Use the opportunity, use!
Wake up, O loser! The time for commerce came.

CLXXII

Your love came as a sapling of amazement.
But union with you came as a perfect amazement.
We were so drowned in the state of ecstasy
That finally even in ecstasy came amazement.
Show me a heart in her way,
On whose face appeared no mole of amazement.
Neither the union nor the united remained
When came the thought of amazement.
From any direction that I listened
Came the sound of the question of amazement.
He became routed by the perfection of glory
When came to him the splendor of amazement.
In love, the whole body of Hafez, from head to foot,
Came to be the sapling of amazement.

CLXXIII

In my prayers, the curve of your eyebrow came to my mind.
Such a state occurred that the mehrab cried out.
Do not expect any patience, courage, and intelligence from
me now.

That endurance you saw was all gone with the wind.
The wine was purified and the birds of the meadow became
drunk.

The season of love and work became founded.
I smell the scent of improvement from the conditions of the
world.

The rose brought joy and the zephyr came joyously.
O bride of art, do not complain about your luck.
Decorate the cottage of beauty, for the groom is coming.
All the sweet heart-tempters attached ornaments to
themselves.

It was only our beloved who came in her natural beauty.
Trees that have attachments are under burden.
Happy is the cypress which is free from the burden of grief.
Minstrel, sing a fresh song with the words of Hafez.
So that I say who from my days of happiness came to my
mind.

CLXXIV

Glad tidings, O heart. The zephyr came again.
The hoopoe, bringing good news, from the side of Sheba
came again.

O morning bird, sing a Davidic song.
For the Solomon of the rose from the air came again.
Where is a Gnostic who can understand the lily's tongue,
And ask it why it went away and came again?
God's grace showed kindness and generosity to me

When that moon-faced idol faithfully came again.
The tulip smelled the scent of the wholesome wine from the
breath of the morning.
It had a burnt heart. Hoping for a remedy it came again.
My eyes anxiously gazed at the road of this caravan
As the toll of the bell to my heart's ear came again.
Although Hafez was offended and broke his promise,
How kind of her who through my door came again!

CLXXV

The zephyr came to greet the wine-seller Pir and say that
The season of joy, pleasure, drinking, and merry-making
came.
The breath of the air became like that of Messiah's and the
wind opened its musk-bag.
The trees turned green and the birds began to sing loudly.
The spring wind so blazed the oven of the tulip that
The bud drowned in its sweat and the rose began to boil.
Hear from me with your ear of intelligence: Endeavor for
pleasure.
For these words came from an angel to me at dawn.
Give up the thought of disunion so that you can have union.
For the reason that when the devil goes out the angel comes
in.
I wonder what the white lily heard from the morning bird
That it became silent in spite of having ten tongues!
What room is there for a stranger in the assembly of the
intimates?
Cover the top of the bowl, for a kherqe-wearing man
arrived.
Hafez is going from the monastery to the tavern.

For he sobered from the intoxication of hypocrisy and pretension.

CLXXVI

At dawn the awakened fortune came to my pillow,
And said, "Rise, for that sweet king came."
Bottom up a bowl of wine and strut to sightseeing
drunkenly
So that you may see in what style your beloved came.
Give me a gratuity, O solitudinarian, musk-bag-opener.
For the musky deer from Turkestan's desert came.
Weeping brought water to the cheeks of the burned ones
again.
And moaning to the aid of the poor lover came.
The bird of the heart is desiring the one with bow-like
eyebrows again.
Watch out, pigeon! For an eagle came.
O Saqi, give me wine and worry not about friends and foes.
For to my heart's desire, the latter went away and the
former came.
Since the spring cloud saw the inconstancy of time,
Its tears over the jasmine, hyacinth, and the jonquil came.
When the zephyr heard Hafez's words from the nightingale,
Amber-scattering, to watch the fragrant plants it came.

CLXXVII

Not everyone who glows on the cheeks knows how to
charm hearts.
Not everyone who makes mirrors knows how to be an
Alexander.

Not everyone who tilted the corner of his hat and sat
harshly
Knows the ways of lordship and nobility.
Do not serve [the friend] for wages like beggars.
For the friend himself knows how to treat his servants.
I am the slave of that rend who is thoughtless of future.
For in spite of being indigent, he knows alchemy.
Fidelity and faithfulness are good if you learn them.
Otherwise, anyone you see knows how to be cruel.
I lost my frenzied heart, not realizing
That a human child knows how to be a fairy.
A thousand points more delicate than a strand of hair are
here:
Not everyone who shaves his hair knows how to be a
qalandar.
The orbit of my vision's point is around your mole.
For a jeweler knows the value of a rare gem.
He who became the king of the lovely ones by [the beauty
of] his face and stature
Can conquer the world if he knows how to implement
justice.
He will understand Hafez's attractive poetry
Who has a delicate nature and knows how to speak Persian.

CLXXVIII

Whoever became his heart's confidant in his beloved's
sanctuary remained.
And whoever did not know this word in denial remained.
If my heart fell off the veil, do not blame me.
Thank God, not in the veil of illusion it remained.
The Sufis took all their clothes, which were pawned for
wine, back.

It was only my frock that in the vintner's house remained.
Mohtaseb became a sheikh and forgot his debauchery.
It was only my story that at the head of every bazaar
remained.

Any ruby wine I received from that crystal hand
Became tears of regret and in my pearl-shedding eyes
remained.

Except my heart that stayed a lover from the primordial
time till eternity,

I did not hear of anyone who forever at [this] work
remained.

The narcissus became drunk in order to look like your eyes.
It could not obtain your style and drunk remained.

A more beautiful remembrance than the sound of love
Never saw I that in this revolving dome remained.

I had a frock that used to cover a hundred defects of mine.
The frock became a pawn for wine and minstrel, but the
girdle remained.

The China's painter became so fascinated by your face
That his works on all doors and walls remained.

One day Hafez's heart went to watch her tress.
It wanted to return but there entangled forever remained.

CLXXIX

The glad tidings came that the days of sorrow will not
remain.

As they did not before, nor will they now remain.

Although I became lowered to dust in the eyes of the
beloved,

Nor my enemy will so respected remain.

Since the chamberlain strikes everyone with his sword,
No one in the sanctuary of the harem forever will remain.

What room is there for gratitude and complaint about the
 patterns of good and bad.
 For no pattern on the page of existence will remain.
 It is said that the carol of the Jamshid's assembly was this:
 "Bring the cup of wine. For not even Jamshid will remain."
 O candle, appreciate the presence of the moth.
 For nothing of this affair until morning will remain.
 O wealthy one, win the heart of your dervish.
 For neither the magazine of gold nor the treasury of
 drachmas will remain.
 It is written in gold on this azure arch that
 Nothing but the goodness of the generous will remain.
 Hafez, do not give up hope for the loving-kindness of the
 beloved.
 For neither the pattern of cruelty nor the sign of injustice
 will remain.

CLXXX

O you, whose pistachio has laughed at the story of sugar,
 Laugh a sweet laughter, for God's sake. I am eager [to see
 it].
 Tooba will not dare to boast of having a stature like yours.
 I will pass by this tale. For it is a long story.
 If you do not want a river of blood to flow from your eyes,
 Do not attach your heart to the constancy of the company
 of the youth.
 Whether you show yourself off or taunt others,
 I am not a believer in a self-conceited sheikh.
 When can he whose heart was not captured in this lasso
 Be aware of the distress of my condition?
 The market of longing grew brisk. Where is that cypress-
 statured one,

So that I throw my soul like the wild rue in her fire?
In a place where my beloved boasts of having a sweet smile,
Who are you, pistachio? Do not laugh at yourself, for
Heaven's sake.
Hafez, since you cannot forget about the Turks' amorous
glances,
Do you know where your place is? Kharazm or Khojand.

CLXXXI

From now on it will be my hand and the skirt of that tall
cypress,
Who plucked me from my roots with his strutting stature.
There is no need for wine and minstrel. Remove your veil,
And the fire of your face will make me dance like the wild
rue.
No face can become the mirror of the bridal chamber of
fortune,
Except the one which is rubbed on the [beloved's] dun's
hoof.
I revealed the secrets of your love's suffering. Let come
what may.
What should I do? How long and how much more could I
have patience?
Hunter, do not kill that musky deer of mine.
Have shame of those dark eyes. Fasten it not to your lasso.
I, a dust-sitter, who cannot rise to my feet at this door,
How will I be able to kiss the eaves of that lofty palace?
Hafez, do not take back your heart from that musky tress.
Because it is better for an insane to be locked up.

CLXXXII

Several days passed and you did not write anything about yourself.

Where is a confidante by whom I send a few messages to you?

I will never be able to reach that lofty destination,

Unless you be kind enough to take a few steps forward.

Since the wine was poured from the vat into the flagon and the rose dropped its veil,

Use this chance for pleasure and drink a few cups.

Sugar mixed with the rose is not the remedy to my heart.

Mix a few kisses with a few insults.

Ascetic, walk through the street of rends cautiously.

Lest the company of a few ill-reputed persons corrupt you.

Since you mentioned all the vices of wine, say its virtues, too.

Do not defy wisdom for the sake of pleasing a few common people.

O beggars of the tavern, God is your friend.

Do not expect gratuity from a few heads of cattle.

How well did the Pir of the tavern say to his dreg-drainer:

"Explain not the state of a consumed heart to a few raw people."

Hafez became consumed by longing for your face, which is radiant like the sun.

O successful one, cast a look toward a few failures.

CLXXXIII

Last night toward the dawn, salvation from sorrow I was given.

And in the dark of the night, the water of life I was given.

I was made unconscious by the radiance of the divine light.

And wine from the cup of the manifestation of attributes I
was given.

What a blessed dawn it was! And what a blissful night!
The night of Qadr when this glad tidings I was given.
From now on, I will gaze at the mirror that reflects the
beauty of His face.

For it was there where the knowledge of divine
manifestation I was given.

If I attained success and happiness, what wonder?
I was needy, and these in charity I was given.

That day *Hatef* gave me the news of this fortune
When patience and endurance for that hardship and cruelty I
was given.

All this honey and sugar, which is pouring from my words,
Is the reward of the patience which from that branch of
sugar-candy I was given.

It was because of Hafez's magnanimity and the early-risers'
breaths

That freedom from the fetters of time's sorrow I was given.

CLXXXIV

Last night I saw angels knock on the tavern's door.
They kneaded Adam's clay and molded it into a measuring
cup of wine.

The dwellers of the divine fold of modesty and chastity
Drank ecstatic wine with me, a mendicant.

The heavens could not carry the burden of trust.

The lot was cast in the name of me, the frenzied.

Excuse the wrangling of seventy-two nations.

Since they did not see the truth, they took to falsehood.

Thank God, peace fell between her and me.

The Sufis, dancing, bottomed up their cups thankfully.

That is not a fire whose flame makes the candle laugh.
That is a fire which was struck at the harvest of the moth.
Ever since the hair of speech was combed by the pen,
No one removed the veil from the mind's face like Hafez.

CLXXXV

Will it ever happen that they assay [people's] golds,
So that all the monasteries' inhabitants go after another
business?
What I deem advisable for my friends is
To quit all kinds of work and hold the curve of a beloved's
locks.
The rivals in drinking have well grasped the Saki's tress,
Only if Heaven allows them to have some peace.
Do not show off the strength of your virtue's arm to the
lovely ones.
For in this army, one cavalier can conquer a fort.
O Lord, how intrepid of blood are these Turkish youths
Who can momentarily shoot a game with the arrow of the
eyelash.
Dancing to the sound of a reed-pipe and a pleasant poem is
good,
Especially when one holds the hand of a sweetheart.
Hafez, the youth of our time do not care for the poor.
If possible, it is better for the poor to stay away from them.

CLXXXVI

If the vintner satisfies the need of the rends,
God will forgive his sins and keep calamities away from
him.
Saqi, give wine with the cup of justice so that the beggar

May not fill the world with disaster by his anger.
In truth, from these griefs will come the good news of safety
If a wayfarer on the Path keeps his promise of trust.
Whether pain comes forth or pleasure, O philosopher,
Do not attribute them to anyone. For these are done by
God.

In a place where wisdom and knowledge are not admitted,
Why should the meager understanding be forward in its
opinion?

Minstrel, compose a music [to the song] that no one died
before his prescribed time.

And he who does not sing this song makes a mistake.

We, whom the pain of love and the disaster of hangover
killed,

Can be cured by either union with the beloved or pure wine.

Life was lost over wine and Hafez burned in love.

Where is the one with Messiah's breath to revive us?

CLXXXVII

Burn, O heart! For your burning will do many things.
The midnight supplication will repel a hundred calamities.
Tolerate lovingly the harshness of the fairy-faced beloved.
For one amorous glance can compensate for a hundred
cruelties.

From earth to heaven, everything will be unveiled

For anyone who serves the world-viewing cup.

The physician of love has the Messiah's breath and is
friendly.

But if he does not see any pain in you, whom should he
cure?

Place your affairs in the hand of God and let your heart
rejoice.

For if the enemy does not show mercy, God will.
 I am annoyed with my sleeping fortune.
 Would that some awake one pray for me at the time of the
 morning prayers?
 Hafez burned but could not track a scent to the beloved's
 tress.
 Unless the zephyr guide him to this fortune.

CLXXXVIII

That meddler carps me for being a rend and a lover
 Who objects to the secrets of the knowledge of the Unseen.
 See the perfection of the mystery of love, not the
 imperfection of the sin.
 For he who happens to be without merits sees demerits
 only.
 That moment the perfume of the heavenly hoori emits its
 fragrance
 When she makes the dust of our tavern the ambergris of her
 collar.
 Saqi's amorous look so cut off the road of Islam that
 Only Saheeb may be able to resist the red wine.
 The key to the treasury of happiness is acceptance by the
 people of heart.
 Never have any doubt or hesitation about this matter.
 The shepherd of Canaan will attain his goal only when
 He has served Jethro with all his heart for several years.
 Hafez's story causes blood to drip from the eye
 When he remembers the days of his youth and old age.

CLXXXIX

If the bird of fortune passes over me again,

My beloved will return and we will be united again.
Although my eyes can no longer bring forth gems and
pearls,
They are drinking the blood of the heart and planning to
make an offering.
Last night I asked myself: "Will her ruby lips cure me?"
A voice from the Unseen called out: "Yes, they will."
No one dares mention our story before her.
Unless the zephyr whisper it in her ear.
I have given flight to my vision's hawk in search of a
pheasant.
Perhaps it will seek out the trace and make a hunt.
The town is devoid of lovers.
Will someone from somewhere come out of his ego and do
something?
Where is a generous person in whose pleasure party
A grief-stricken man may drink a gulp of wine and get rid of
his hangover?
Either fidelity, or the news of union with you, or the death
of the enemy--
Will the heaven possibly do one of these three things?
O Hafez, if you do not go away from her door,
One day she will pass by you from some direction or
another.

CXC

If your musky pen remembers me one day,
It will take the reward of freeing two hundred slaves.
What happens if the messenger of the house of Salma,
May he be safe, gladdens my heart with a greeting?
You will obtain many of your desired treasures
If you kindly mend a ruined person like me. Try it.

O Lord, put in the heart of that Khosrow of Shirin
That he may pass by Farhad's head compassionately.
For a king, an hour of granting justice is better
Than a hundred years of worship and renunciation.
For now the manner of your love-airs has destroyed my
foundation.
I wonder what other foundation it will wisely lay next.
Your pure essence is needless of our eulogy.
What can a beautician's thought do to a God-given beauty?
I did not attain to my goal in Shiraz.
Happy is the day Hafez takes to the road of Baghdad.

CXCI

Is there someone who can be kind to me through her own
generosity?
To be a benefactor, for a moment, to a malefactor like me?
First, with the music of the harp and the reed-pipe, bring her
message to my heart,
And then over one cup of wine be faithful to me?
I should not despair of the beloved who wore out my soul
But refused my heart's desire. Perhaps [one day] she will
win my heart.
I said: "I have not loosened a knot from your lock all my
life."
She said: "I myself have ordered it to steal away from you."
The hot-tempered wearer of the woolen cloak has not smelt
any scent of love.
Tell him one of the secrets of drunkenness, so that he give
up sobriety.
Such a friend [as her] can hardly stay with an anonymous
beggar like me.
Where does a king do secret revelry with a rend of bazaar?

It is all right if I see cruelty from those twisted and curled locks.

What fear does an ayyar have of chains and fetters?

The army of suffering grew countless. I want the help of a good luck,

So that Fakhr Din Abdossamad may sympathize with me.

Hafez, do not let her tricky eyes draw you toward her.

For her night-color lock can do a lot of stealing.

CXCII

Why does my strutting cypress not come to the meadow?
Why does she not sit in the company of the rose and recall the jasmine?

Yesterday I complained about her lock. Regretfully said she:

"This bent black one does not listen to me."

Since my wandering heart went into the curve of her tress,
It has no intention to return home from its long journey.

I am imploring before the bow of her eyebrow.

But she has covered her ears. That is why she cannot hear me.

With all that fragrance from your garment, I am surprised why

The zephyr does not turn the earth on which you walk into the musk of China!

As the breeze breaks the violet's tress into ringlets,

Oh, what memories that my heart brings forth from that promise-breaker.

The heart, hoping for her face, does not want to be the soul's companion.

The soul, aspiring for her street, does not serve the body.

If my Saki, who has legs like silver, serves only the dreg of wine,
Who is not going to turn his whole body into a mouth like a bowl of wine?
Do not expose to cruelty the water of my face.
For without the help of my tears, the bounty of clouds make no pearl of Eden.
Hafez, who did not listen to any advice, was killed by your lovely glance.
Whoever does not feel the impact of words [of wisdom] deserves a sword.

CXCIII

The unaware are amazed at my ogling.
I am as I appear to be. Let them think what they want to.
The wise are at the center of the compasses of being.
Yet love knows that they are wanderers in this circle.
It is not only my eye that is the place of manifestation for her face.
The sun and the moon are revolving mirrors that manifest the same face.
God made our covenant with the sweet-mouthed ones.
We are all slaves and they are our owners.
Though bankrupt, we are pining for wine and minstrel.
Oh, what if they do not take our woolen kherques as pawns?
Union with the sun is not possible for a blind owl.
For only people of perception are astonished at that mirror.
Bragging of love and complaining about the beloved?
What a false bragging! Such lovers deserve banishment.
Not everyone knows how to be drunk and pious.
Unless your dark eyes teach me this skill.

If the wind carries your scent to the pleasure-park of the spirit,
The mind and the soul will throw the pearl of existence as a present.
If the ascetic does not understand Hafez's *rendi*, so what?
The demon escapes from those who recite the Qur'an.
If the Magian youths become aware of our thoughts,
They will no longer take the Sufi's *kherqe* for a pawn.

CXCIV

When those who are fragrant like jasmines sit, they settle
the dust of sorrow.
When those who have faces like fairies quarrel, they disturb
the peace of the heart.
When they tie the hearts by the strap of cruelty, they bind
them up.
When they untie their fragrant-as-ambergris tresses, they
shake souls off from them.
If they ever sit with me for a minute in my whole life, they
soon stand up.
And as they stand up, they plant the sapling of longing in my
heart.
If they understand the recluses' tears, they will discover
pearls.
If they know the dawn-risers well, they will not turn love's
face away from them.
When they laugh, they make my eyes rain scarlet rubies.
When they look, they read my hidden secret from my face.
Who is that person who thinks that curing the pain of love is
easy?
The thoughts of those who are designing a remedy [for the
pain of love] are hopeless.

Those who have obtained the fruition of their goal are on the gallows like Mansur.

As they call Hafez to this gate, they drive him away.

When the lovers present their need at this presence, their request is denied.

For if they are thinking of a remedy for this pain, they cannot be helped.

CXCV

The slaves of your languishing narcissus are the crowned ones.

Drunk with the wine of your ruby are the sober ones.

For you the zephyr and for me my tears became our talebearers.

Otherwise, the lover and the beloved are keepers of secrets.

As you are walking, look around yourself from under your curved tress

And see how many mourners there are to your right and left.

Like the zephyr, pass through the violet garden and see
How restless they are because of the aggression of your tress.

Paradise is for us. Go away, theist.

For it is the sinners who deserve forgiveness.

I am not the only composer of songs for that rose of your face.

Thousands of nightingales are singing for you from every direction.

O auspicious Khezzr, hold my hand.

For I am walking on foot while my fellow-travellers are riding on the horses.

Come to the tavern and make your cheeks purple.

Do not go to the monastery. For the evildoers are there.
May Hafez never be released from that curved tress.
For those who are caught in your lasso are the redeemed
ones.

CXCVI

Would those who turn dust into gold by their look
Possibly look at me from the corner of the eye?
Better my pain be hidden from the pretentious physicians.
Perhaps my remedy will come from the Unseen Source.
Since the beloved is not removing the veil from her face,
Why do people fabricate stories from their imagination?
Since the happy end does not depend upon rendi or ascesis,
It is better that people leave their affairs to the will [of
God].
Do not be without gnosis. For in the transaction of love,
The people of perception do business with the acquaintance
only.
Many mischiefs are done behind the screen at this time.
What are they going to do when the screen falls off?
If the rock cries for this story, do not be surprised.
For the people of heart express their stories beautifully.
Drink wine. For a hundred sins hidden from the strangers
Are better than the worship which is done ostentatiously.
I am afraid the jealous brothers may rend
The shirt that carries the Joseph's scent.
Come to the street of the tavern
So that all the audience spend their time praying for you.
Call me toward yourself secretly from the jealous ones.
Because the benefactors give charity secretly for the sake of
God.
Hafez, a lasting union is seldom possible.

Kings rarely pay attention to the state of the beggar.

CXCVII

If the lovely ones evoke love in this way,
They will breach the faith of the ascetics.
Wherever that branch of narcissus blooms,
The ones with rosy cheeks make vases from their eyes for it.
O cypress-statured youth, win a polo-ball
Before they make a polo-stick from your figure.
Your lovers have no command over their own heads.
Whatever your command is, they will do that.
This Deluge [of Noah], about which stories are told,
Is less than a drop of water before my eyes.
When my beloved begins to sing,
The angels of heaven clap their hands.
The pupils of my eyes became drenched in blood.
Where [on earth] do they do such a cruelty to a human
being?
O heart, come out of suffering. For the owners of the secret
Have their joy in the crucible of separation.
Hafez, do not turn away from the midnight sighs
Until your mirror [of the heart] is polished like the morning.

CXCVIII

I said: "When will your mouth and lips gratify me?"
She said: "Upon my eyes. They will do as you say."
I said: "Your lips are demanding the tribute of Egypt [as
their price]."
She said: "There is hardly any loss in this trade."
I said: "Who found way to the point of your mouth?"
She said: "This is a story for the men of discretion only."

I said: "Don't worship an idol. Stay with the Eternal One."

She said: "In the street of love, they do both this and that."

I said: "The air of the tavern removes sorrow from the heart."

She said: "Blessed are those who can make a heart happy."

I said: "Wine and kherqe are not in the doctrine of religion."

She said: "This is done in the religion of the Magians' Pir."

I said: "What good are the sweet, ruby lips for an old man?"

She said: "With one sweet kiss, they make him young."

I said: "When will Khaja go to the bridal chamber?"

She said: "When the Jupiter and the Moon are in conjunction."

I said: "Prayer for your well-being is Hafez's incantation."

She said: "This prayer the angels of seven heavens do."

CXCIX

The preachers, who display a glory in the mehrab and
menbar,

Do that other work when they go into privacy.

I have a question. Ask it from the sage of the assembly:

"Why do those who commend repentance themselves
seldom do repent?"

It seems they do not believe in the Day of Judgment
Since they do so much cheating and deceiving in the work
of the Judge.

O Lord, put these parvenus together with their donkeys.

So much do they boast of their Turk slaves and mares.

O beggar of the monastery, jump to your feet. For in the
Magians' tavern,

They are giving some water that strengthens the heart.

So many lovers does His endless beauty kill;
Yet other groups raise their heads from the Unseen to love!
Angel, praise the Lord at the gate of the tavern of love.
For there the Adam's dough is being fermented.
At dawn, a roaring was heard from the heaven. Reason
said:
"Apparently the angels of heaven are reciting Hafez's
poetry."

CC

Do you know what the harp and the lute implicate?
"Drink wine secretly, because they are disciplining the
drinkers."
They are destroying the law of love and the splendor of
lovers.
They find fault with the young and blame the old.
The product of their work has been nothing but black metal.
Still they are wrongly imagining that they are making an
elixir.
They say, "Speak not and hear not the secret of love!"
It is a difficult task they are demanding.
Outside the door, we are deceived by a hundred deceptions.
I wonder what schemes they are plotting behind the door.
Again they are disturbing the life of the Magians' Pir.
Behold what these wayfarers are doing to the Pir!
A hundred kingdoms of the heart can be purchased with half
a glance.
Nevertheless, the lovely ones are negligent of this trade.
One group of people attributes the union with the beloved
to hard work.
Another group delegates it to destiny.
Anyway, trust not in the immutability of the world.

This is a factory where they do change things.
Drink wine! For if you look carefully,
Hafez, the sheikh, the mufti, and the mohtaseb are all
pretending to virtue.

CCI

The unadulterated wine and the beautiful Saqi are two
snares of the way,
From whose grip the clever ones of the world can not
escape.
Although I am a lover, a rend, a drunkard, and a
wrongdoer,
A thousand thanks that the lovely ones of the city are
innocent.
Cruelty is not the way of the dervish and the wayfarer.
Bring wine. For these wayfarers are not men of the Path.
Regard not the beggars of love unimportant.
For these people are princes without girdles and kings
without crowns.
Beware! When the wind of magnanimity blows,
A thousand harvests of virtue will not be worth half a
barley-corn.
Allow not the majesty of loveliness to be breached.
For then your slaves will run away and your servants will
disappear.
I am the slave of the magnanimity of the sincere dreg-
drainers,
Not of that group of people who wear blue clothes and have
black hearts.
Do not step into the tavern except in politeness.
Since its doorkeepers are the confidants of the king.
The threshold of love is high. Aim high, Hafez.

For lovers do not associate with those who aim low.

CCII

Will they possibly open the doors of the taverns
And untie the knot from our knotted affair?
If they closed [the doors] for the sake of the selfish ascetic,
Keep your heart strong, they will open for the sake of God.
Because of the purity of the hearts of the morning drinkers,
Many closed doors open with the key of prayer.
Write a condolence letter for the death of the daughter of
vine,
So that all the Magian youths open their folded tresses.
Cut the tress of the harp in the demise of the pure wine,
So that the friends open blood from their eyelashes.
They closed the door of the tavern.
O God, allow not that they open the door of pretence and
hypocrisy.
Tomorrow, Hafez, you will see what a girdle of deceit
They will open from under this kherqe you are wearing.

CCIII

For years my book had been pawned for the red wine,
And the briskness of the tavern was due to my teaching and
praying.
Behold the goodness of the Magians' Pir.
For whatever we, the dead drunks, did was beautiful in his
kind eyes.
Wash the whole book of my knowledge with wine.
For I have seen that the heaven was after the heart of the
learned.

O heart, seek that indescribable beauty in the lovely ones if
you are an esthetician.
This was told by someone who was clear-sighted in the
science of perception.
My heart was going around in every direction like
compasses,
But it was a steady wanderer within that circle.
The minstrel was playing a tune from the pain of love,
Which filled the philosophers' eyelashes with blood.
I am blossoming from joy. For I was like a rose on the bank
of a stream,
With the shade of that tall-statured cypress over my head.
My Pir Golrang did not give me a chance for [revealing] the
evil
Of the blue-attired ones. Otherwise, there were many
stories [to tell].
Hafez's gold-coated coin could not be spent before him.
For this dealer could see all the hidden defects.

CCIV

Remember that you had an eye on me secretly
And the imprint of your love was apparent on my face.
Remember that while your eyes were killing me with
reproach,
Your Messianic miracle was in your sugar-chewing lips.
Remember when we had drunk wine and sitting together
intimately.
It was only you, my love, and me. And God was with us.
Remember that your face was a gleaming candle of joy,
While my burning heart was a reckless moth.
Remember that in that banquet of politeness and manner,
The one who laughed intoxicatedly was the red wine.

Remember that when you smiled like the ruby of the bowl,
There were stories between your ruby and me.
Remember that when you, my love, fastened your girdle,
The new moon was accompanying you like a world-touring
courier.
Remember that I was a tavern dweller and a drunkard.
What I do not have in the mosque today, I had there.
Remember that by your correction was set aright
The order of any unpierced pearl which Hafez had.

CCV

As long as there is a name and address of a tavern,
My head will be the earth of the road of the Magians' Pir.
The ring of the Magians' Pir has been in my ear since the
beginning of time.
I am as I was, and I will be as I am.
As you pass over my grave, ask for a magnanimous spirit.
For this place will be the shrine of the world's rends.
Go away, O selfish ascetic! For the mystery behind this
curtain
Is hidden from the eyes of yours and mine, and will be so.
My lover-killing Turk went out drunk today.
I wonder whose else's blood will flow from the eye.
From the moment I lie down in the grave till the morning of
the Resurrection Day
My eyes will be anxiously longing to see you.
If Hafez's luck helps him in this way,
The beloved's tress will be in the hands of the others.

CCVI

Before, you used to think of your lovers more than this.

Your love for us was known throughout the world.
Let those nights be remembered when, in the company of
the sweet-lipped ones,
We discussed the secret of love and spoke of the ring of the
lovers.
Before this green ceiling and this azure arch were built,
The panorama of my eyes was the arch of my beloved's
eyebrow.
From the beginning of the primordial morning until the
evening of eternity,
Friendship and love were based on one promise and one
contract.
If the beloved's shadow fell on the lover, what happened?
We were in need of her and she was eager for us.
Although the beauty of the assembly's moon-faced ones was
stealing heart and faith,
Our discussion was about the graciousness of nature and the
goodness of character.
At the door of my king, a beggar made a good remark:
"At any table I sat, God was the provider."
If the thread of my rosary broke, I apologize.
My hand was on the lap of the silvery-legged Saqi.
If I have drunk wine on the night of Qadr, reproach me not.
My beloved came up rejoicing and a bowl of wine was on
the shelf.
When Adam was in the garden of Eden, Hafez's verse was
The adornment of the pages of the books of the jonquil and
the rose.

CCVII

Remember the time when I had made the corner of your
street my residence,

When the light to my eyes came from the dust at your door.
Because of the true relationship, as between a rose and a
lily,

What you had in your heart, I had on my tongue.

As the heart was narrating the graces of the Pir of wisdom,
Love was explaining that which was difficult for it.

Oh, what a cruelty and aggression there is in this captivity!

Oh, what an eagerness and need there was in that assembly!

It was my heart's wish never to be without my beloved.

What can be done? The efforts of my heart and mine were
in vain.

Last night, remembering my friends, I went to the tavern.

I saw the jar of wine with its feet in mud and its heart in
blood.

I wandered a lot to discover the cause of the pain of
separation.

The expounder of wisdom was injudicious on this problem.

Bu-Esshaq's turquoise signet shone beautifully indeed.

Nonetheless, it was a transient fortune.

Hafez, did you hear the roaring laughter of that strutting
partridge

That was negligent of the claws of the eagle of destiny?

CCVIII

When the wounded have desire but no strength,

Your cruelty to them is far from generosity.

We did not see any unkindness from you.

You yourself did not approve of what was not in the
doctrine of the Path.

Bold is the eye which is not flooded by the tears of love.

Dark is the heart which is not lit by the candle of love.

Seek your prosperity from the bird of happiness and its shadow.

For crows and kites have no majestic wings of fortune.

If I asked for help from the Magians' Pir, carp me not.

Our sheikh said : "There is no generosity in the monastery."

If there is no cleanliness, Kaaba and the idol-temple are one.

There is no goodness in a house where there is no chastity.

O Hafez, exercise knowledge and civility. For in the king's assembly,

Whoever has no civility does not deserve any converse.

CCIX

It was not destined that this wounded person be killed by your sword.

Otherwise your ruthless heart would not have failed on this matter at all.

As I, the lunatic, was letting go of your tress,

I knew I did not deserve anything better than the rings of chain.

O Lord, of what material is this mirror of beauty made

That my sigh had no power to leave any impression on it?

Regretfully, I headed to the doors of the taverns;

Since there was no Pir in the monastery who was acquainted with you.

Nothing more graceful than your figure has grown in the meadow of grace.

No picture more beautiful than yours has ever existed in the world of appearances.

Hoping to arrive at your street again like the zephyr,

All I did last night was to lament.

Because of you, O fire of separation, so much suffered I that,

Like a candle, I could not help but annihilate myself for your sake.

Without you, Hafez's sorrow was a [Qur'anic] verse of torment

Which did not need any interpretation for anyone.

CCX

Last night your tress was the subject of conversation in our assembly.

The word was of the chain of your hair till the heart of the night.

My heart, though roaming in the blood which was shed by the arrow of your eyelash,

Was still yearning for the bows of your eyebrows.

May God bless the zephyr that was giving us a message from you.

Otherwise, we did not meet anyone who came from your street.

The world was completely unaware of the fervor and sensation of love.

It was your magical glance that provoked riot in the world.

I, the wanderer, was also one of the people of safety.

It was the curve of your black lock that became the snare of my way.

Open the knot of your cloak so that my heart may rejoice.

For any rejoicing that I had was from beside you.

I depend on your loyalty that you will visit the tomb of Hafez.

For when he was going from this world, he was yearning for your face.

CCXI

Her face was glowing as she walked toward us last night.
I wonder where she had burned a sorrowful heart again.
The custom of lover-killing and city-disturbing
Was a costume which was tailored for her body.
She thought of the lovers' souls as the wild rue for her face.
That was why she had set aflame the fire of her face.
Although she said she was going to kill me in sorrow,
I could see that secretly she had an eye on me, the heart-
consumed.
The infidelity of her tress was waylaying the faith,
And behind that [brigand], that stony-hearted had lit a torch
with her face.
The heart obtained much blood but the eye shed it.
Good Heavens, who had saved and who wasted!
Do not sell your beloved for the world.
Since the one who sold Joseph for some impure gold did
not make much profit.
She said, and said it beautifully: "Go burn your kherqe,
Hafez!"
O Lord, from whom had she learned this cognizance of
counterfeit?

CCXII

Last night toward the dawn, I happened to have drunk one
or two cups of wine.
And it was from the lips of Saqi that wine had poured into
my mouth.
In a state of drunkenness, I wanted to return to the
sweetheart of my youth.
But the divorce had already been consummated.
In the stations of the Path, wherever we traveled,
A distance had fallen between ogling and salvation.

O Saqi, hand me the cup momentarily. For in travelling the
Path,
Whoever did not walk like a lover had fallen into hypocrisy.
O interpreter of dreams, tell me the good news. For last
night
In the sweet sleep of the morning, the sun had become my
roommate.
I was planning to stay away from her languishing eyes,
But patience and tolerance for her eyebrows had come to an
end.
If Shah Yahya had not helped the religion through his
generosity,
The affairs of the kingdom and religion would have fallen
into a chaos and disorder.
The hour when Hafez was writing this distressful verse,
The bird of his thought had fallen in the net of longing.

CCXIII

The pearl of the treasury of mysteries is the same as it used
to be.
The calyx of love is of the same seal and sign as it used to
be.
Lovers are a group who are trusted with valuables.
Therefore, their pearl-shedding eyes are the same as they
used to be.
Ask the zephyr how every night until morning,
The scent of your tress is the same companion of our souls
as it used to be.
There is no seeker of rubies and pearls, or else the sun
Is still in the act of making mines [of precious stones] as it
used to be.
Make a visit to the one whom you killed with a glance.

Since poor man is the same anxious person as he used to be.
Our blood's color, which you are hiding,
Is obvious on your ruby lips just the same as it used to be.
I said to myself, your black tress is not going to waylay
anymore.

Years passed, and it is of the same habit and custom as it
used to be.

O Hafez, describe the story of the bloody water of the eye,
Since the same water is flowing in this spring as it used to
be.

CCXIV

I saw in a happy dream that there was a bowl of wine in my
hand.

It was interpreted that things were going to be well.

I toiled and suffered for forty years, and in the end,

My fate was in the hand of the two-year-old wine.

That musk-bag of the goal, to which I wanted my luck to
lead me,

Was in the coil of the tress of that idol who had musk-
scented hair.

The hangover of grief was about to destroy me at dawn.

I was lucky there was some wine in the bowl.

I am continuously swallowing blood at the threshold of the
tavern.

This much was my allotted provision from the table of
destiny.

Whoever did not plant love nor picked any flower from
beauty

Stood guarding a tulip in the passage of the wind.

In the morning when the nightingale was crying and sighing,
I happened to go into a flower garden.

I heard a charming poem of Hafez in praise of the king,
A couplet of this elegy was better than a hundred theses.
That king attacked so fast that, compared to him,
The lion-capturing sun was less than a doe on the day of battle.

CCXV

O Lord, what was happening in the street of the tavern at dawn
That the beloved and Saqi, and the candle and torch were all ecstatic?
The story of love, which is needless of words and sounds,
Was roaring and clamoring with the wails of the tambourine and reed-pipe.
The discussions, which were going on in that assembly of craze,
Were beyond the ken of the school and the debates over the problems.
My heart was grateful for the amorous glance of Saqi,
But had a little complaint about its unfavorable luck.
I made a comparison and found those languishing and magical eyes
Had a thousand Samaritan sorcerers in their flock.
I said: "Let my lips have a kiss from you."
While laughing, she said: "When did you have such a trade with me?"
A happy look from my star is on the way. For last night,
There was a confrontation between the moon and my beloved's face.
The beloved's mouth, which had the remedy for Hafez's suffering,

Alas, how frugal it was when there was an occasion for generosity.

CCXVI

The beloved, because of whom our house was a fairyland,
Was faultless from head to foot like a fairy.

My heart said: "I will pull up in this town hoping to see her."

Poor thing did not know that its beloved was away on a trip.

It was not only from my heart's secret that the veil fell off.
Ever since this sky came into being, its business was tearing veils.

My wise choice was that moon who had
The way of people of perception together with politeness.
The unfavorable star took him out of my grasp.
What can I do? This was my fortune in the lunar cycle.
Make an excuse, O heart. For you are a dervish,
Whereas he has a crowned head in the kingdom of beauty.
Happy times were those which were spent with the beloved.
The rest was all futility and unawareness.

It was good to sit on the edge of water and be with roses,
verdure, and jonquils.

Alas, that transient treasure was a passer-by.

Kill yourself from jealousy, O nightingale!

For the rose was displaying its beauty to the zephyr at dawn.

Any treasury of happiness God gave to Hafez
Was because of his prayers at night and incantations at dawn.

CCXVII

Moslems, there was a time when I had a heart
To whom I spoke whenever I had a problem.
If I ever fell in a whirlpool by sorrow,
There was the hope of a shore through his wisdom.
It was a heart sympathetic and a friend full of guidance,
Who was the wish of every man of insight.
I lost this heart in the street of the beloved.
O Lord, what an engaging station it was!
No merit comes without the demerit of privation.
But what beggar was ever more deprived than I?
Show mercy to this agitated soul.
For it was perfectly ingenious at one time.
Since love taught me speech,
My story has been the subject of every assembly.
Do not say anymore that Hafez is knowledgeable.
For we saw that he was terribly ignorant.

CCXVIII

Whoever was given access to the gushing spring of fortune
in the beginning of time
Will eternally have the cup of his desire as a dear companion
of his soul.
The very hour I wanted to be repentant of drinking,
I said [to myself] if this branch bears any fruit, it will be [a
fruit of] regret.
Suppose I throw the prayer-carpet over my shoulders like a
lily.
Is the rose-like stain of wine on the kherqe proper to a
Moslem?
I cannot sit in seclusion without the light of the cup of wine,
For the private corner of the people of heart must be well-
lit.

Seek a lofty spirit and ignore the bejeweled bowl.
For a rend, grape juice is a pomegranate-color ruby.
Although our way of living looks chaotic, do not look down
at it.
For in this country, mendacity is the envy of the kings.
If you want good name, O heart, do not socialize with bad
people.
Selfishness, my dear, is the reason for ignorance.
To be in the assembly of the intimates in spring, while
discussing poetry,
And to refuse the cup of wine from the beloved is heavy-
spiritedness.
Yesterday a dear friend said: "Hafez drinks wine in hiding."
My dear, is it not good for a vice to be hidden?

CCXIX

Now that the rose in the meadow came into being from non-
being,
The violet laid its head at the rose's feet in prostration.
Drink of the morning draught with the cry of the tambourine
and the harp.
Kiss under the Saki's chin with the music of the reed-pipe
and the lute.
In the season of flowers, do not sit without wine, a
sweetheart, and a harp.
For such days of life last a few weeks only.
With the growth of fragrant plants, the earth, like the sky,
Became lustrous under the light of an auspicious star and
good fortune.
From the hand of a beloved with Jesus-like breath and a fair
complexion,
Drink wine and forget about the story of Ad and Thamud.

The world became like the highest paradise in the time of
the rose and the lily.

But, alas, it is not possible to be there forever.

As the rose rides on the air like Solomon

When the bird comes out with the melodies of David,

Renew in the garden the ritual of the religion of Zarathustra

Now that the tulip kindled the fire of Nimrud.

Ask for the morning drink to the memory of the Asaf of our
time—

The Vizier of the Solomon's kingdom, the Column of Faith:
Mahmood.

May the assembly of Hafez, under the auspices of his
[Mahmood's] nurturing,

Possess anything that it desires.

CCXX

From my eyes, my heart's blood runs onto my face.

How can I explain what happens to my face from my eyes?

I have a desire hidden inside my breast.

If my heart ever goes with the wind, it will be because of
this desire.

The Eastern sun will tear its garment from jealousy

If my love-nurturing moon puts on a robe.

I laid my face upon the earth of the beloved's path.

It is all right if the beloved walks on my face.

The eye's water is a flood, and whoever crosses it

Will be carried away even if his heart be of stone.

I quarrel with my tears day and night

That why they go into her street.

Hafez goes to the street of the tavern with an honest heart,

Like the monastic Sufis, in all sincerity.

CCXXI

If I touch the tip of her tress, she recoils.
And if I seek reconciliation, she reproves.
Like a new moon, with the corner of her eyebrow,
She waylays her poor watchers and then hides behind a veil.
The night of drinking, she makes me drunk while awake.
And if I complain [about it] during the day, she falls asleep.
The road of love is full of troubles and perils, O heart.
He who goes hastily on this road will fall down.
Do not trade beggary at the beloved's door for monarchy.
From the shade of this door one goes to the sun.
When the darkness of the black hair is done,
The whiteness will not decrease even if a hundred choices
are made.
When the bubble gets the wind of arrogance into its head,
It loses its crown as it rises to the surface of the wine.
Your own self is blocking the way, Hafez. Remove
yourself.
Blessed is the one who walks this road unobstructed.

CCXXII

Whoever leaves your street with annoyance
Will not do well and eventually will feel ashamed.
The caravan that has the protection of God as its farewell
Stations with luxury and moves with glory.
The wayfarer of the Path is led to his beloved by the guiding
light of God.
For he will not reach anywhere if he walks in the dark.
As your life nears the end, enjoy yourself with wine and
beloved.
It is a pity to spend all of the life in lethargy.
O guide of my lost heart, help for Heaven's sake.
For if a stranger does not find guidance, he will be gone.

Do not wash the black of my saddened eyes with tears.
For the image of your mole will never be wiped from my sight.
Like the zephyr, do not spare your scent from me.
For without your tress, my life cannot continue.
O heart, be not so vagrant and vagabond.
You will never accomplish anything in this way.
Do not look at me, a drunkard, contemptuously.
For the honor of religion will not go by such a trivial matter.
I, a beggar, have a fancy for a cypress-figured one
Who cannot be embraced except by [the help] of silver and gold.
You, who are beyond this world when it comes to good morals,
Will not forget to keep your promise to me.
I do not see anyone whose letter of deeds is blacker than mine.
How can the smoke of my heart not rise to my head as it happens for a pen?
Do not lead me astray by the crown of a hoopoe.
For a white eagle will not chase any small prey as a sparrow-hawk does.
Bring wine and hand it to Hafez first,
Provided that the word not leave the assembly.

CCXXV

Saqi, we hear the story of the cypress, the rose, and the tulip.
And this story is told while we are drinking three cups of wine.
Give wine, for the young bride of the meadow attained to the limits of beauty.

At present, it is the profession of procuress that is on the go.

All the parrots of India become sugar-chewing
With this Persian sugar that is going to Bengal.
See how space and time are traversed in the journey of poetry.
For this child is traveling one-year's distance in one night.
See those magical hermit-deceiving eyes
In whose wake there goes a caravan of sorcerers.
Do not be misled by the charm of this world.
For this haggard sits deceitfully and walks cunningly.
Spring wind is blowing from the rose garden of the king,
And wine is flowing from the dewdrop into the tulip's bowl.
Hafez, do not be negligent of longing for the assembly of
Sultan Ghiath Din,
For moaning will set your affair right.

CCXXVI

I fear that my tears may tear the veil of my love for you,
And open this sealed secret to the whole world.
They say a stone may turn into a ruby with patience.
Yes, it may, but not without the blood of the heart.
I would like to go to the tavern, crying and seeking justice.
Perhaps my freedom from the hand of grief will happen there.
I have dispatched the arrows of prayer from every angle.
Perhaps one of them will hit the target.
O soul, tell my story near the beloved.
But do not say in a way the zephyr might hear it.
By the elixir of your love, my face turned into [the color of]
gold.
Yes, blessed by your kindness, dust turns into gold.

I am awfully surprised at my rival's arrogance.
O God, allow not a beggar to become well-to-do.
Many merits in addition to beauty are needed
For a person to be accepted by men of perception.
With this proud loftiness that the palace of union has,
Many heads will turn into dust at its gate.
Hafez, while you have the musk-bag of her tress in your
hand,
Breathe quietly, or else the zephyr will find out about it.

CCXXVII

Although this word is not easy for the city's preacher to
accept, [I must say]:
He is not a Moslem as long as he is pretending to virtue and
practicing hypocrisy.
Learn to be a mendicant and generous. For it is not a great merit
To be an animal who does not drink wine and is not
humane.
Pure essence is required for becoming worthy of grace.
Otherwise, not every stone or clay becomes a pearl or a
coral.
The Greatest Name of God will do its work, O heart, be
happy.
For a devil will not become a Moslem by means of tricks
and imposture.
I am practicing love and hoping that this honorable art
Will not lead to privation like other arts.
Last night she was saying: "I will grant your heart's desire."
Please, God, do not let her change her mind.
I am asking God to grant you a good temper
So that I do not get hurt by you any more.
Hafez, if a particle has no great aspiration,

It will not desire the shining spring of the sun.

CCXXVIII

If I pick a fruit from your orchard, what happens?
If I see the front of my step under your light, what happens?
O Lord, in the shelter of the shade of that tall cypress,
If I, the burnt one, sit for a moment, what happens?
Anyway, O Jamshid's signet of great wonderworks,
If your picture falls on my signet, what happens?
The town's preacher chose the love of the king and the
magistrate.
If I choose the love of a beautiful one, what happens?
My reason left its home. And if wine is this,
I already saw in the house of my faith what happens.
My dear life was spent for the sweetheart and wine.
I wonder what comes from the former and through the
latter what happens.
Khaja knew that I was in love, so he said nothing.
If Hafez also knows that I am so, what happens?

CCXXIX

My luck is not giving me any sign from the beloved's mouth.
My fortune is not giving me any news from the hidden
mystery.
I am giving my life for a kiss from her lips.
She is taking this from me but not giving that to me.
I am dying of this separation, yet there is no opening in that
curtain.
Or perhaps there is, but the chamberlain is not showing it to
me.
The zephyr pulled at her tresses. Behold this lowly world

Which is not giving me the chance of a blowing wind!
Long have I whirled around her like compasses.
Yet the wheel of time is not giving me a way, like a point,
to the center.
Sugar is finally obtained through patience.
But the infidelity of time is not giving me any chance.
I said I will fall asleep in order to see the beloved's face.
But Hafez is not giving me any respite from sighing and
crying.

CCXXX

If my heart draws itself toward the musk-scented wine, it is
all right.
For no scent of goodness comes from hypocrisy and
dissimulation.
If all the people of the world forbid me from love,
I will still do that which is commanded by God.
Never give up hope in the plenitude of generosity of God.
For the generous creator forgives sins and pardons lovers.
My heart is residing in the ring of the recollection [of God],
Hoping that it may uncoil a ring from the tress of the
beloved.
For you who have a God-given beauty and the bridal
chamber of fortune,
What need is there to be adorned by a beautician?
The meadow is beautiful, the weather pleasant, and the wine
pure.
Now nothing is needed but a happy heart.
The bride of the world is a beauty but beware!
This veiled woman will not be wedded to anyone.
Imploringly I said: "What happens, O moon-face,
If an exhausted heart is relieved by some sugar from you?"

Laughingly she said: "Hafez, for Heaven's sake,
Do not let the face of the moon be tainted by your kiss."

CCXXXI

I said: "I am suffering because of you." She said: "Your suffering will end."
I said: "Be my moon." She said: "If it comes out."
I said: "Learn from lovers the way of fidelity."
She said: "Fair ones seldom do such a thing."
I said: "I will block the way of your image to my sight."
She said: "It is a night-traveler. It will come from a different route."
I said: "The scent of your hair led me astray in the world."
She said: "If you realize, it will also guide you."
I said: "Blessed is the air that rises from the morning wind."
She said: "Blessed is the breeze that comes from the beloved's street."
I said: "Desire for the nectar of your ruby killed me."
She said: "You be a devotee, for she will come as a devotee-lover."
I said: "When is your compassionate heart going to make peace?"
She said: "Do not tell anyone until the time comes."
I said: "Did you see how the time of rejoicing came to an end?"
She said: "Silence, Hafez, this suffering will come to an end, too."

CCXXXII

I have in mind, if possible,
To do something that can end my sorrow.

The private quarter of the heart is not a place for the opposites.
When the devil goes out, the angel comes in.
The company of dictators is the darkness of the Night of Yalda.
Seek light from the sun and be hopeful for its rise.
At the doors of the unmanly lords of the world,
How long are you going to sit, waiting for the master to come out?
Do not give up begging. For you can find a treasure
From the look of a wayfarer who happens to pass by.
The pious and the wicked showed their commodities.
It remains to be seen who will please the sight and who will be accepted.
Lover nightingale, pray for a long life.
For gardens will eventually turn green and a flower branch will be at your side.
Hafez's negligence in this little house is no wonder.
Whoever goes to a tavern comes back unawares.

CCXXXIII

I will not stop desiring until my wish is obeyed.
Either my body [must] attain to the beloved or my soul leave my body.
Open my grave after my death and see how
From the fire within me smoke rises from my shroud.
Show your face so that people become amazed and astonished.
Open your lips so that a cry come out from men and women.
I have my soul on my lips and regret in my heart

That before I achieve any pleasure from her lips, my soul
may out of my body.
My repressed desire for her mouth is pressing on my soul.
When will the desire of the poor be satisfied by that mouth.
Wherever Hafez's name comes up in an assembly,
It is mentioned with admiration among the crowd of lovers.

CCXXXIV

As the sun of wine rises from the east of the bowl,
A thousand tulips bloom in the garden of Saqi's face.
The breeze bends the hyacinth's forelock over the rose's
head
As the scent of [my beloved's] forelock spreads in the
meadow.
The tale of the night of separation is not a kind of story
Which can be told briefly in a hundred letters.
One should not expect to eat a loaf of bread
From the inverted table of the sky without the pain of a
hundred griefs.
One cannot obtain the pearl of one's desire by one's own
effort.
It is an illusion to think that it can be done without help.
If you have patience in storm like the prophet Noah,
The calamity will turn away and a thousand-year-old dream
will come true.
When the breeze from your tresses passes over the tomb of
Hafez,
A hundred thousand tulips will sprout from the ashes of his
body.

CCXXXV

Blessed is the time when my beloved will come back.

As desired by the grief-stricken, the grief-remover will come back.

I pulled my eye's piebald to the front of the army of his images,

Hoping that that majestic rider will come back.

If my head does not go into the curve of his polo-stick,

I will not speak of my head any more. What good is that head anyway?

Firm like earth, I am sitting on his path,

With a fancy that through this passage, he will come back.

To the heart that made a covenant with his tress,

Suspect not that peace will come back.

What cruelties the nightingales suffered from him

With the hope that once more the fresh spring will come back!

Hafez, I am expecting this of the designer of destiny

That the beloved, like a cypress, to my side will come back.

CCXXXVI

If that heavenly bird returns through my door,

My past life at my old age will come back.

I have hope in this rain-like tear that once more

That flash of fortune which went out of my sight will come back.

He whose dust-under-feet was my crown

I pray God that to my head will come back.

I want to go after him. And to my dear friends

If I do not return in person, my news will come back.

If I do not sacrifice my life at the feet of my dear beloved,

For what other good of mine the pearl of my soul will come back

I will beat the drum of the new fortune on the roof of
happiness
If I see that my newly-journeyed moon will come back.
What is obstructing him is the harp's commotion and the
sweet sleep of the morn.
Otherwise if he hears my sighs at dawn, he will come back.
I am desirous of the moon-like face of the king, Hafez.
Make an effort that safely through my door, he will come
back.

CCXXXVII

My life expired, though my wish from you is not granted
yet.
Alas, my luck is not waking up yet.
The zephyr threw into my eyes some dust from her street.
So I do not care for the fountain of youth any more.
Until I take your tall figure in my arms,
The tree of my desire and aspiration will not bear any fruit.
Unless I look at the charming face of my beloved,
By no other means things go smoothly to me.
My heart became a resident of your tress. And what a good
city it found
That no news is coming from that afflicted stranger!
From the thumb of sincerity, I released a thousand arrows
of prayer.
But what is the use? Not a single one has any effect.
I have many stories to tell the breeze of dawn about my
heart.
But with my luck, the dawn is not coming tonight.
The time of my life passed with this fancy,
And yet the suffering caused by your black tress is not
coming to an end.

So long was Hafez's heart scared of all the people
That now it is not coming out the ring of your tress.

CCXXXVIII

The world dyed the festival's eyebrow with the crescent
moon's woad.

One must see the crescent of the moon on the beloved's
eyebrow.

My stature became curved like the back of the crescent
moon

As the bow of my beloved's eyebrow applied woad again.
Did the breeze from your khat pass through meadow in the
daybreak

That the rose, feeling your scent, tore its garment like the
morning?

There was no harp, no rebeck, no wine, and no lute
When the flower of my body was soaked with rose-water
and wine.

Come, and let me tell you about the grief and pain of my
heart.

For without you I have no opportunity for conversation.
If the price of union with you is my life, I will buy it.

When an expert sees a good material, he will buy it at any
price.

When I was watching the moon of your face in the night of
your hair,

My night was brightening like a day by your face.

My soul came to my lips but my wish was not obeyed.

My hope came to an end, but my quest did not.

Longing for your face, Hafez wrote a few words.

Read from his verse and hang it from your ear like a pearl.

CCXXXIX

The tidings came that the spring arrived and fresh plants grew.

If my pension comes, it will be used for roses and wine.
The sound of the bird came, where is the bottle of wine?
The nightingale began to wail when the veil dropped from the rose.

What pleasure can the fruits of paradise give to the one
Who has not tasted the apple of a sweetheart's chin?
Do not complain of grief. For on the path of the quest,
He who did not take any trouble did not find any comfort.
Pick a flower from the face of the moon-like Saqi today,
Since violets bloomed around the orchard of his lips.
The amorous glance of Saqi so stole my heart
I have no strength to converse with anyone else.
I am going to burn this colorfully patched frock
Which the old vintner did not buy for a gulp of wine.
The spring is passing, O giver of justice, help!
For the season is gone, but Hafez has not tasted wine yet.

CCXL

The spring cloud came and the No-Rooz wind blew.
I want the fee for wine and a minstrel who says it came.
The lovely ones are displaying their beauty, but I am
ashamed of the purse.
Love and poverty make a heavy burden which must be
carried.
It is the famine of generosity, yet one should not sell one's
honor.
With the price of the kherqe, one must buy wine and roses.
Perhaps my fortune will improve and a door will open to
me.

For all night last night I was praying until the real morning began.

With a hundred thousand smiles on her lips, the rose came to the garden.

Apparently it caught the scent of a generous one somewhere or other.

If a skirt was torn in the world of *rendi*, what fear?

In virtue, too, a garment must be torn.

These delicate words I said about your ruby lips, who else did?

And this aggression I saw from your tress, who else did?

If the king's justice does not reach to those oppressed by love,

The recluse [lovers] must give up hope for any comfort.

I do not know who shot a lover-killing arrow at Hafez's heart.

This much I know that blood was dripping from his fresh verse.

CCXLI

Companions, your nightly friend recall!

Their humble and sincere services recall!

In times of pleasure, with the sound and song of the harp,

The lovers' sighs and cries, recall!

When the tenderness of wine displays itself on Saqi's face,

With songs and carols, the lovers, recall!

As you wrap the arm of hope around the waist of your desired one,

The times when we conversed together, recall!

If the horse of your fortune gallops for a while,

While whipping your horse, your fellow-travelers, recall!

You never care for the grief of the faithful.

The unfaithfulness of time, recall!
Kindly, O dwellers of the seat of glory,
Hafez's face and this threshold, recall!

CCXLII

Come! For the victory flag of the king arrived.
The happy news of triumph in the sun and moon arrived.
The beauty of fortune removed the veil from the face of
victory.
The perfection of justice to the call of the plaintiff arrived.
The firmament will revolve happily now that the moon
came.
The world will attain its wish now that the king arrived.
Now the caravans of feeling and knowledge can be secure
from highwaymen.
For the man of the road arrived.
The Darling of Egypt, against the wish of his jealous
brothers,
Came out of the bottom of the well and on the peak of the
moon arrived.
Where is the Sufi who acts like the Impostor and looks like
an unbeliever?
Tell him to burn himself. For Mahdi, the refuge of religion,
arrived.
Zephyr, recount what to my head in this grief of love
From the fire of my burning heart and the smoke of my
sighs arrived.
While longing for your face, O king, to this captive of
separation
The same thing happened as did to the straw when fire
arrived.

Do not go to sleep! For Hafez, into the palace of
acceptance,
Because of his midnight incantations and morning lessons,
arrived.

CCXLIII

Whoever sensed your pleasant scent from the zephyr
Heard a familiar word from a familiar friend.
O king of beauty, take a look at the condition of the pauper.
For my ears have heard many stories of the kings and
paupers.
With musky wine, I please the bowl's nostrils
Which sensed the smell of hypocrisy from the frock-wearer
of the monastery.
I wonder whence the vintner heard the secret of God
That the wayfarer Gnostic did not tell anyone.
O Lord, where is a confidante of secrets so that my heart
May describe for a while what it said and what it heard?
My grateful heart did not deserve to hear
Abusive words from the one who cared for me.
If I became deprived from her quarter, so what?
Who did ever sense a scent of fidelity from the rose-garden
of the world?
Come, Saqi! For love is calling aloud.
He who told our story heard it from us.
We are not the only ones who drink wine under the kherqe.
A hundred times, the Pir of the tavern has heard this
happen.
It is only today when we are drinking wine to the sound of
the harp.
Many times has the dome of the sky heard this sound.
The sage's advice is quite good and just right.

Blessed is the one who heard it with a willing ear.
 Hafez, your duty is to say prayers. That is all.
 Do not worry if she heard them or not.

CCXLIV

Companions, untie the knot of the beloved's tress.
 This is a pleasant night. Extend it with this story.
 It is a private gathering of intimates, and friends are
 together.
 Recite *Va in yakaad* and close the door.
 The rebeck and harp are saying in a loud sound:
 Listen carefully to the message of the people of mystery.
 I swear by the soul of the friend that sorrow will not show
 its face to you
 If you trust in the love and care of the Promoter of Affairs.
 There is a lot of difference between a lover and a beloved.
 If the beloved shows herself needless, you express your
 need [for her].
 The first preaching of the sage of the assembly is this:
 Avoid the company of an incompatible person.
 Whosoever is not alive by love in this assembly,
 I command you to perform his funeral prayers before he is
 dead.
 And if Hafez asks for a tip from you,
 Refer him to the lips of the charming beloved.

CCXLV

O parrot, the revealer of secrets,
 May your beak not be devoid of sugar.
 May your head be green and your heart joyous forever.
 You displayed a happy picture of the beloved's "khat".

You spoke vaguely with the friends.
For Heaven's sake, remove the veil from this puzzle.
Splash some rose-water from the bowl of wine to our faces.
For we are sleepy, O you whose fortune is awake.
What tune was this that the minstrel played in a scale
That the drunk and the sober are dancing together?
Because of the opium that Saqi dropped in the wine,
The companions are left with neither heads nor turbans.
Alexander was not given any water [of life].
Such a feat cannot be accomplished by force or gold.
Come and hear the state of the people of pain.
With less words but more meaning.
The Chinese idol is the enemy of faith and hearts.
O God, protect my faith and heart.
Do not tell the secrets of drunkenness with the pious.
Do not tell the story of the soul to the painting on the wall.
Blessed by the fortune of Mansur Shah
Hafez became well-known in composing poetry.
He performed his royal responsibilities to his subjects.
O God, protect him from any calamities.

CCXLVI

It is the Festival [of Ramazan], the end of the rose, and
friends are waiting.
Saqi, look at the face of the king after looking at the moon
and bring wine.
I had lost hope of enjoying the days of the rose,
But the effort of the fasting pious did its work.
Do not put your heart in the world; and while drunk,
Ask about the bounty of the bowl and the story of the
triumphant Jamshid.
Except the cash of life I have nothing in my hand.

Where is the wine so that I sacrifice my life for Saqi's
amorous glance?
It is a happy state and a generous king.
O Lord, protect him from the evil eye of time.
Drink wine to my poetry. For your jeweled bowl
Will give another adornment to this majestic pearl.
If the meal before dawn was missed, no problem. There is
the morning drink.
The seekers of the beloved break their fast with wine.
Since your kind forgiveness throws a veil over the faults,
Overlook our base coin which is a trivial cash.
I fear that on the Day of Resurrection will ride parallel:
The sheikh's rosary and the drinking rend's kherqe.
Hafez, since fasting is gone and so will the rose,
Make sure to drink wine before the chance is lost.

CCXLVII

Zephyr, a passing through the beloved's house, spare not.
And some news from her to her heart-lost lover, spare not.
In gratitude to your blossoming into a fortunate state, O
rose,
The breeze of union from the morning bird, spare not.
When you were a new moon, your love was my
companion.
Now that you are a full moon, a look at me spare not.

The world and all there is in it is a trifling and insignificant.
From the enlightened ones, this trifling spare not.
Now that your sweet ruby is the fountain of sugar,
Speak and sugar from the parrot, spare not.
The poet is proclaiming your virtues to the horizons of the
world.

From him pension and travel provisions, spare not.
If you are seeking a good name, this is the word:
In appreciation of words, silver and gold, spare not.
Hafez, the dust of sorrow will go away and everything will
be all right.
From this passage, your tears spare not.

CCXLVIII

O zephyr, from the street of a certain one a pleasant scent
bring me.
I am sick and tired of sorrow, some comfort to the soul
bring me.
Touch my heart with the elixir of attainment.
That is to say, from the earth at the door of the beloved, a
sign bring me.
In the ambush of sight, I am in battle with my own heart.
From her eyebrow and glance, a bow and an arrow bring
me.
I grew old in exile and separation and with the sorrow of
the heart.
A bowl of wine from the hand of a fresh youth bring me.
Let the defiers [of love] also taste a few cups of this wine.
And if they do not accept it, it soon bring me.
O Saqi, do not put off today's pleasure until tomorrow.
Or from the court of destiny a written quarter bring me.
Last night my heart deserted me as Hafez was saying:
O zephyr, from the street of a certain one a pleasant scent
bring me.

CCXLIX

O zephyr, a pleasant scent from the earth of the road of the
beloved bring.

Take away the sorrow of the heart and tidings from the
sweetheart bring.
Tell me a delightful story from the mouth of the friend.
A happy letter from the world of mysteries bring.
In order for me to perfume my sense of smell with the
fragrance of your breeze,
Some fragrant scents from the breath of the beloved bring.
For the sake of your fidelity, the dust of the path of that
dear love,
Without disturbing the strangers bring.
Some dust from the path of the beloved, in spite of the rival,
For the comfort of these blood-shedding eyes bring.
Naivete and simplicity is not the way of devotees.
Some news from the side of that clever beloved bring.
I am grateful that you are enjoying yourself, O bird of the
meadow.
To the captives of the cage, the tidings of a flower-garden
bring.
Patience without the beloved bittered my soul's palate.
A charming gesture from those sugar-pouring sweet lips
bring.
It has been some time since my heart regarded the face of
the one I seek.
O Saqi, that mirror-like bowl bring.
What is Hafez's frock worth? Stain it with wine!
Then him dead drunk from the bazaar bring.

CCL

Show your face and make me forget my own life.
Let the whole harvest of lovers blow away with the wind.
Since we committed our hearts and eyes to the storm of
calamity,

Let the flood of sorrow come and carry away our house
from foundation.

Oh, who is now smelling her tress which is like raw
ambergris?

O heart of naive desire, forget about this question.

Tell the breast to kill the flames of the fire-temple of Fars.

Tell the eye to put the Tigris of Baghdad to shame.

Let the state of the Magians' Pir exist. The rest is trivial.

Tell others to go away and forget my name.

You will not reach anywhere on this path without making
an effort.

If you want any remuneration, obey the master.

Promise to visit me for a moment on the day of my death,

Then carry me, free and released, up to my grave.

Last night, she was saying: "I will kill you with my long
eyelashes".

O Lord, take the thought of cruelty away from her mind.

Hafez, be considerate of the delicacy of the beloved's heart.

Go from her presence and take this moaning and crying
away.

CCLI

It is the night of union and the letter of separation is done.

There is well-being in it until the shining of the dawn.

O heart, be steadfast in love.

For no work is without reward in this path.

I will not repent of rendi

Even if you hurt me by prohibition or separation.

Come out, bright-hearted morning, for Heaven's sake!

For mighty dark see I the night of separation.

My heart left me, but I did not see the beloved's face.

Oh, what an aggression and what a torment!

Hafez, if you want faithfulness, bear the cruelty.
For verily there is gain and loss in trade.

CCLII

If there be life, I will reach the tavern once again.
And there I will do nothing but serve the rends.
Happy is the day when I go with tearful eyes,
And water the doorway of the tavern once again.
There is no cognition in these people, help me God
That I take my pearl to another buyer.
If the beloved left me and disregarded our old friendship
Far be it that I go after another love.
If this blue sphere's rotation be according to my wish,
I will get hold of her again with another compasses.
My mind is seeking peace
If her charming glance and heart-stealing locks let it happen
again.
Behold how our sealed secret was told openly
With the tambourine and reed-pipe each time in a different
bazaar.
Every moment I lament with pain. For heaven makes an
attempt
At my wounded heart with another injury every hour.
Again I say that Hafez is not alone in this adventure.
Many others, too, became lost in this desert.

CCLIII

O you, by whose face's radiance the tulip-field of life is
cheerful,
Come back, for without the rose of your face the spring of
life expired.

If tears drip from my eyes like rain, it is befitting.
For in your woe passed the days of life like lightening.
This one or two instants when a chance to meet is possible,
Inquire about our fate, for the fate of life is not evident.
How long the morning wine and sweet sleep of the
morning?
Sober up! For our control of life is done.
Yesterday she passed by without even looking at my
direction .
Poor heart! It did not gain anything from the passage of
life.
None whose life orbits around the central point of your
mouth
Will fear the circumference of non-being.
There is an army of mishaps ambushed in every direction.
Hence the steed of life runs bridle-broken.
I am alive without life. And this is not very strange.
Who counts the day of separation as part of life?
Express yourself, Hafez. For this impression of your pen
will remain
As a remembrance of your life on the page of the world.

CCLIV

Once again from the branches of the stately cypress, the
patient nightingale
Cried out sweetly: "Far be the evil eye from the rose's
face!"
O rose, in gratitude to the fact that you are the Queen of
Beauty,
Do not be arrogant with your frenzied heart-lost
nightingales.
I am not complaining of your absence.

Unless there be absence, there is no pleasure in presence.
If others are glad and happy with pleasure and joy,
For us sorrow from the beloved is the cause of happiness.
If the ascetic is hoping for hooris and palaces,
For us the tavern is a palace and the beloved a hoori.
Imbibe wine to the sound of the harp and drink not sorrow.
And if anyone tells you not to drink wine, say: "He is the
Forgiver."

Hafez, why are you complaining about the grief of
separation?

There is union in separation and light in darkness.

CCLV

Lost Joseph will return to Canaan, grieve not.
The cottage of sorrows will one day become the garden of
flowers, grieve not.
Grief-stricken heart, your state will mend, do not worry.
And your frenzied head will find its peace, grieve not.
If the spring of life comes, O sweet-singing bird, again on
the mead's dais,
You will spread the canopy of the rose over your head,
grieve not.
If the rotation of the sphere was not according to our wish
for a couple days,
The state of turning does not always remain the same,
grieve not.
Ho! Despair not! For you are not aware of the mystery of
the Unseen.
There are hidden games behind the curtain, grieve not.
O heart, should the flood of annihilation pluck up the
foundation of existence,
Since Noah is your captain, from deluge, grieve not.

Should you walk in the desert yearning for the Kaaba,
Though brambles rail at you, grieve not.
Although the station is perilous and the destination very far,
There is no road for which there is no end, grieve not.
Our state of being in the absence of the beloved and [in the
presence of] the importunity of the rival,
God, the changer of states, knows all, grieve not.
In the corner of poverty and in the seclusion of dark nights,
O Hafez,
As long as you are reciting prayers and lessons of the
Qur'an, grieve not.

CCLVI

Let me give you an advice. Listen to it and do not make
any excuse.
Whatever a sincere advisor tells you accept it.
"Take advantage of seeing youths' faces.
For the deceit of this old world is in ambush for life."
The possessions of both worlds are worth a barley-corn
before lovers.
The former is a trifling and the latter a dear gift for them.
I want a beautiful companion and a good musical instrument
So that I relate my suffering with high and low moaning.
I have in mind not to drink wine and not to sin
If predestination agrees with my decision.
Since our fate was primordially determined without our
presence,
If it is a little disagreeable, carp not.
Saqi, pour wine and musk in my cup like a tulip.
For the image of my beloved's mole does not go out of my
mind.
Bring the goblet of the lustrous pearl, Saqi.

Tell the jealous one to see the generosity of Asaf and die.
Determined to repent, a hundred times I laid the down the
cup from my hand.
But the Saki's glance never failed in its work.
Some two-year-old wine and one fourteen-year-old
sweetheart,
Are enough for me as young and old companions.
Who is going to block the way of our escaped heart ?
Inform the public of a lunatic who has broken the chains.
Speak not of repentance in this banquet, Hafez.
For the Sakis with bow-like eyebrows will shoot you with
arrows.

CCLVII

Show your face and tell me to take my heart off my life.
Before the candle, tell the fire to catch on the moth's soul.
Behold my thirsty lips and do not withhold water.
Come over to your own victim and lift him from the ground.
Do not desert the dervish if he does not have silver and
gold.
In his woe of you, consider his tears silver and his cheeks
gold.
Tune up the harp and play it, and worry not if there is no
incense.
Consider my love a fire, my heart an incense, and my body a
brazier.
Rise to *samaa'*, cast off your kherqe, and dance.
Else go to a corner and pull our kherqe over your head.
Take the woolen garment off your head and imbibe pure
wine.
Give up your silver, and with your gold take a silver body in
your arms.

Tell the beloved, "Be my friend and let both worlds be my enemies."

Tell the luck, "You don't turn your back to me and let the earth be full of [hostile] armies.

Do not start going, friend. Stay with us a moment.

Seek pleasure on the bank of the brook and hold a cup in your palm.

Suppose you have gone from my side. Then my heart's fire
Will make my cheeks yellow and my lips dry, and my eyes'
water will make my side wet.

Hafez, decorate the pleasure-house and tell the preacher
To see my assembly and leave the menbar.

CCLVIII

A thousand thanks that I saw your wish obeyed once more,
And that you became intimate to my heart in honesty and
purity.

The wayfarers of the Path are traveling a perilous road.
What fear has the love's friend from ups and downs?
Better keep love's sorrow hidden when speaking to the
enemy.

For the breast of the rancorous should not be confided with
the secret.

Although your beauty is needless of another's love
I am not the one to give up this love-making.

How can I tell you what I suffer from the fire within me?
Ask the tale from my tears. I am not a talebearer.

What was this riot that the destiny's beautician provoked
By darkening her languishing narcissus with the collyrium of
charm?

In gratitude to the fact that the assembly is brightened by
the friend,

If any cruelty befalls you as to a candle, endure and be patient.

The purpose is a glance from beauty.

Or else the face of Mahmood's fortune has no need for Ayaz's tress.

Venus' ode-composing will not avail

In a place where Hafez brings forth a song.

CCLIX

I am the one who opened his eyes to the friend's face.

How can I thank you, O promoter of affairs and caresser of servants?

Tell the one in need of tribulation not to wash his face from dust.

For the dust of the street of need is the elixir of achievement.

O heart, do not turn away from the difficulties of the Path.

For the man of road is not vexed by ups and downs.

If a lover does not make his ablutions with the blood of his liver,

According to the love's mufti, his prayers are not acceptable.

In this unreal stage of being, hold nothing but the bowl of wine.

In this little house of dolls, make nothing but love.

With one half a kiss buy a prayer from a person of perception

That will keep your body and soul away from your enemy's deceit.

The sound of the music of Hafez's ghazals from Shiraz

Threw the humming of love in Hejaz and Iraq.

CCLX

O graceful cypress of beauty, who are walking with
elegance and grace,
O you, for whose grace lovers have a hundred needs every
moment,
Auspicious be your beautiful countenance. For in the time
primordial,
The garment of grace was cut to fit your cypress figure.
He who aspires for the ambergris scent of your tress
Tell him to burn and endure like incense in the passion's fire.
The heart of the moth is consumed by the fire of the candle.
But my heart is in fire without the candle of your face.
The Sufi, who away from you had repented from wine last
night,
Broke his promise when he saw the tavern's door open.
My carat will not be altered by the rival's taunts,
Even though they take me like gold into the mouth of fire.
Since my heart came to know it could circumambulate the
Kaaba of your quarter,
Yearning for that sanctuary, it has no thought of Hejaz.
What need is there for ablution with the blood of the eye
every moment
Since my prayers are not accepted without your eyebrow's
arch?
When Hafez heard the secret from Saqi's lips last night,
He went to the top of the vat like foaming wine.

CCLXI

Come in and let strength come to the exhausted heart again.
Come and let the spirit enter into the dead body again.
Come, for your separation so closed my eyes
That the opening of your union's door may open them again.

Let the grief, which conquered the heart's realm like an
army of blacks,
Be wiped out by the army of the joy of your face' Rome
again.
Whateve I hold in front of the heart's mirror,
Nothing appears in it but an image of your beauty again.
Having in mind the proverb "The night is pregnant", far
from you,
I am counting the stars and wondering what the night will
bear again.
Come, for the pleasant nightingale of Hafez's mind,
Hoping for the scent of your union's rose, is singing again.

CCLXII

Who is going to relate the state of those with bleeding
hearts?
Who is going to avenge the vat's blood from the sky?
If the languishing narcissus grows again,
It should be ashamed of the wine-worshippers' eyes.
Except the Plato who resides in the vat of wine,
Who is going to explain the secret of wisdom to us?
Whoever passed the bowl around like the tulip
Will wash his face with blood because of this cruelty.
My heart will not blossom like a bud
As long as it has not smelt a cup of wine from her lips.
Too long did the harp moan behind the veil.
Cut its string so it may not wail any longer.
If Hafez stays alive,
He will go around the Kaaba of the vat with his head on the
ground.

CCLXIII

Come, and throw our ship in the river of wine.
Cast uproar and tumult in the souls of the old and young.
O Saki, throw me in the vessel of wine.
For it is said: "You do good and cast it in water."
By mistake, I have returned from the street of the tavern.
Be kind and cast me back in the right road.
Bring a glass of that rose-colored and musk-scented wine.
Cast the flame of jealousy and envy in the heart of the rose-
water.
Although I am dead drunk, you do me a favor please.
Cast a look at this bewildered and ruined heart.
If you must needs sunshine at midnight,
Cast the veil off the face of the vine's beautiful daughter.
On the day of my death, do not let them bury me in earth.
Take me to the tavern and cast me in the vat of wine.
Hafez, if your heart neared death because of the cruelty of
times,
Cast the arrow of meteor at the demon of sorrows.

CCLXIV

Before the head's bowl turn into a dustpan
Rise and cast the joyful water in the golden bowl
Eventually our residence will be in the vale of silence.
Now cast a tumult in the dome of the skies.
The eye with an unclean vision is far from the beloved's
face.
Cast a look at her face through a clear mirror.
I swear you by your pleasant freshness, O cypress,
That when I turn into ashes, quit your pride and cast a shade
on my dust.
Cast my heart, which was bitten by the snake of your tress,
Into the cure-house of the antidote of your lips.

You know that the real estate of this cropland has no permanence.

Cast a fire from the heart of the bowl on all real estates.

I washed myself ceremonially in my tears, for the people of the Path say:

"Clean yourself first, then cast a look at that clean one."

As for that self-conceited ascetic who saw nothing but faults,

O Lord, cast a smoke of sigh on the mirror of his understanding.

Hafez, rend your garment with her scent, like the rose,

And cast this rent garment in the path of that nimble stature.

CCLXV

My desire for your lip is not gratified yet.

Hoping for your ruby wine, I am still a dreg-drainer.

The first day I saw you, I lost my religion over your two tresses.

What will be the end of this business remains to be seen.

Saqi, [give me] a cup of that fiery water,

For I am still a novice among those who are experienced in her love.

By mistake, one night I called your tress the musk of Khotan.

Still every moment, my hair is pricking my body like thorns.

Since the sun saw the radiance of your countenance in my private quarter,

It is still passing over my door and roof like a shadow.

One day by error my name passed through my beloved's lips.

People of perception are still smelling the scent of life from my name.

In the beginning of time, the Saqi of your ruby lips gave me

A sip from a cup from which I am still intoxicated.
 O you who said: "Give your soul that you may have peace
 of the soul,"
 I have surrendered my soul to her sorrows but I am still
 without peace.
 Hafez put the story of her ruby lips into writing.
 Hence the water of life is still flowing from my pen.

CCLXVI

My heart is frightened by an exciting *Looli*-like one--
 A promise-breaker, killer-like, and deceitful.
 Let a thousand garments of virtue and kherqes of chastity
 Be sacrificed for the rent dresses of the moon-faced ones.
 I will take the fancy of your mole to my grave,
 That it may make my dust fragrant like ambergris.
 Saqi, an angel does not know what love is.
 Ask for wine and pour rose-water on Adam's earth.
 Fasten a bowl of wine to my shroud so that in the morn of
 Resurrection
 I wash the terror of the day from my heart with wine.
 I came to your gate, poor and tired. Have mercy!
 For I have no pretext but my love for you.
 Come, for the messenger of the tavern told me last night:
 "Stay in the station of contentment and do not escape from
 destiny."
 There is no obstacle between the lover and the beloved.
 You are your own obstacle, Hafez, rise from the midst.

CCLXVII

Zephyr, if you pass by the shore of the Aras River,
 Kiss the earth of that valley and make your breath musky.

There you will find the house of Salma, (a hundred
greetings to her from us momentarily),
Full of the camel-drivers' noise and toll of bells.
Kiss the beloved's camel and say humbly:
"I am consumed by your separation, O kind one, respond to
my call."
I, who considered the advisors' words the sound of a
rebeck,
Am now punished by banishment. This advice is enough for
me.
Have nocturnal pleasure. Drink wine. For on the path of
love
The night-travelers have acquaintances with the chief of the
police.
Love-making is not a play. Sacrifice your head, my dear.
For the ball of love cannot be struck with the polo-stick of
passion.
Although intelligent ones never gave their freedom to
anyone,
My heart is willingly giving its soul to the beloved's drunken
eyes.
While parrots are enjoying themselves in the sugar-field,
The poor fly is rubbing its head with its hands from
privation.
If Hafez's name comes to the tongue of the friend's pen,
This favor is enough for me from the threshold of His
Majesty, the Shah.

CCLXVIII

A rose-cheeked one is enough for us from the rose-garden
of the world.

The shade of that gliding cypress from this meadow is
enough for us.
I and the company of the hypocrites? Far be it.
Of all the heavy things of the world, a heavy measure of
wine is enough for us.
The palace of paradise is given as a reward to one's good
deeds.
Since we are rends and beggars, the Magians' house is
enough for us.
Sit on the bank of a brook and behold the passing of life.
This indication from the passing world is enough for us.
Look at the cash of the world's market and the suffering of
the world.
If this gain and loss is not sufficient for you, it is enough for
us.
The beloved is with us. What need is there to ask for more?
The wealth of the companionship of that soul's intimate is
enough for us.
For God's sake, do not send me from your gate to heaven.
Of all space and time, your street is enough for us.
Hafez, it is not fair to complain of one's predestined portion.
A talent like water and the ghazals flowing are enough for
us.

CCLXIX

O heart, your benevolent luck as the companion of the
journey is enough for you.
The breeze of the garden of Shiraz as a courier is enough
for you.
Dervish, do not travel from the beloved's home again.
For the spiritual journey and the corner of the monastery are
enough for you.

And if a grief takes ambush in the corner of your heart,
The sanctuary of the palace of the Magians' Pir as a refuge
is enough for you.

Sit on the honor position of the platform and drink from the
cup of wine.

For from the world this much acquisition of property and
luxury is enough for you.

Do not desire too much. Take it easy.

A decanter of ruby wine and a moon-like idol are enough
for you.

Heaven gives the control of affairs to ignorant people.

You are a person of knowledge and intellect. This very sin
is enough for you.

The air of your familiar dwelling and the promise of your
old friend,

As excuses before the travelling wayfarers are enough for
you.

Do not become accustomed to the obligation of others'
favors.

For in both worlds, God's satisfaction and the king's tip are
enough for you.

Hafez, there is no need for any other incantation.

The midnight prayer and the morning lesson are enough for
you.

CCLXX

What pain of love I have suffered, ask not.

What poison of separation I have tasted, ask not.

I have toured the world and finally

What a beloved I have chosen, ask not.

Yearning for the dust of her doorway,

What tears I have shed, ask not.

Last night, with my own ears from her mouth,
What words I have heard, ask not.
Why are you biting your lip at me that I should not speak?
What ruby lip I have bitten, ask not.
Without you in my beggarly cottage,
What pains I have suffered, ask not.
Like Hafez, a stranger on the path of love,
What position I have reached, ask not.

CCLXXI

I have so much complaint of her black tress that don't ask.
I have become so disrupted by it that don't ask.
May no one desert his heart and religion in hope of someone
else's fidelity.
For I so regret this action of mine that don't ask.
Because of one gulp of wine that hurts no one,
I am so much trouble from the ignorant people that don't
ask.
Ascetic, pass from us safely. For this ruby wine
So robs one's heart and faith that don't ask.
There are discourses in this path which inflame the soul.
Everyone raises such a commotion that don't see, that don't
ask.
I wished for chastity and safety,
But that youthful narcissus is displaying such a grace that
don't ask.
I asked the ball of the sky about its state of being.
It said, "I so suffer under the curve of that polo-stick that
don't ask."
I asked her: "Whose life have you targeted by curling up
your tress?"

She said: "Hafez, this is a long story. I swear you by the Qur'an that don't ask."

CCLXXII

Come back and be an intimate companion to my doleful heart.
And be the confidante of the hidden secrets of this consumed one.
From that wine which is sold in the tavern of love,
Give us a few bowls even if it be the month of Ramazan.
Now that you set fire at your kherqe, O Gnostic wayfarer,
Endeavor to be the chief of the world's rends.
To the beloved who said: "My heart is anxious for you,"
Say: "I am now arriving safely. Look forward to me."
My heart bled, deprived from that soul-bestowing ruby.
O affection's safe, remain with the same seal and sign.
In order not to let the dust of grief sit on her heart,
O tear's flood, flow in the wake of my letter.
To Hafez, who desires a world-viewing cup, say:
"Be in the view of Asaf, the Jamshid of this place."

CCLXXIII

If you are a compassionate friend, be firm in your promise.
Be a friend at home, in bath, and in the rose-garden.
Do not commit the curls of your scattered hair to the hand of the wind.
Do not say, "Let the lovers' minds be scattered."
If you desire to be in the company of Khezr,
Like the water of life be hidden from Alexander's eyes.
Singing the Psalms of love is not every bird's business.
Come, and be the fresh rose of this ode-singing nightingale.

For heaven's sake, you be the king
And leave the way of serving and the manner of servitude to
us.

Beware! Do not draw your sword at the sanctuary's game
again,

And be remorseful of what you have done to my heart.
You are the assembly's candle. Be of one tongue and one
heart.

Behold the fancy and strife of the moth, and be smiling.
The perfection of attractiveness and beauty is in ogling.
Be one of the rare ones of times by your way of looking.
Hafez, be silent. Do not wail of the beloved's cruelty.
Who told you to gaze with amazement on a beautiful face?

CCLXXIV

In the season of tulips, grab the cup of wine and put
hypocrisy aside.

Be the companion of the zephyr to the scent of the rose for
a moment.

I am not telling you to keep drinking all year around.
Three months drink wine, and nine months be abstemious.

If your wayfarer Pir of love directs you to wine,
Drink and wait for God's blessing.

If you desire like Jamshid to attain to the mystery of the
Unseen,

Come and be the intimate of the world-viewing cup.
Although the affair of the world is enfoldment like a bud,
You be a knot-opener like the spring-wind.
Seek not faithfulness from anyone. And if you do not heed
these words,

Be the seeker of Simorgh and alchemy in vain.
Do not obey the order of the strangers, Hafez.

But be the companion of the virtuous rends.

CCLXXV

Sufi, pick a rose and let the thorn have your patched frock.
And trade your dry renunciation for the wholesome wine.
Lay down your mantra and theosophical locutions in the
way of the harp's sound.

And give your rosary and *taylasan* for wine and wine-
drinker.

That boring asceticism that Saqi and the beloved would not
buy,

Commit to the spring breeze in the ring of the meadow.

The ruby wine waylaid me, O prince of lovers.

Trade my blood for the beloved's chin-pit.

O Lord, forgive my sin in the season of flower.

And forgive this adventure for the sake of the cypress on
the bank of the brook.

O you who have found your way to the fountainhead of
your desire

Grant me, the humble one, a drop from that sea.

In gratitude to the fact that your eyes did not see the idols'
faces,

Leave us to the compassion and forgiveness of the Lord
God.

When the Shah drinks the morning draught,

Tell him, Saqi, to give the golden bowl to Hafez, the
wakeful-at-night.

CCLXXVI

If a gardener desires the companionship of the rose for a
few days,

He must endure the pain of the thorn of separation like the nightingale.

O heart, while caught in her hair's chain do not lament of agitation.

A smart bird must have endurance when it falls in a cage.

What does a world-denying rend have to do with advisability?

It is the king who must deliberate and choose a policy.

Reliance upon piety and erudition is blasphemy in the Path.

The wayfarer, even if he has a hundred merits, must have trust in God.

With such a tress and face as hers, let ogling be forbidden for

Anyone who desires the face of the jasmine and the curl of the hyacinth.

One has to bear many love-airs from that languishing narcissus

If his frenzied heart needs to have that curled hair and forelock.

Saqi, how long are you going to hesitate in passing the cup around?

When the circle is that of the lovers, it must be a vicious one.

Who is Hafez to refuse drinking wine without the sound of the harp?

Why does a poor lover need so much luxury?

CCLXXVII

The nightingale's only thought is that the rose became his beloved.

While the thought of the rose is how to vainly display her charms to him.

Charm is not only in killing the lovers.
He is a master who cares for his servants.
It is befitting that the blood ripple in the ruby's heart
For being cheated by the earthenware that downs the ruby's
market.
The nightingale learned its eloquence from the bounty of the
rose.
Otherwise, all this talking and singing was not carved in its
beak.
You who pass through the street of our beloved,
Take heed, for its walls may break your head.
That journeyed one who is accompanied by a hundred
caravans of hearts,
O Lord, wherever she is keep her safe.
O heart, though you were pleased by being well,
Desert not the company of love, which is very precious.
The way the drunk Sufi tilted his turban,
Will have it dishevelled with a couple more drinks.
Hafez's heart, which had become accustomed to seeing you,
Is delicately nurtured by union. Seek not its annoyance.

CCLXXVIII

I want some bitter wine whose strength can knock a man
down,
That I may rest a moment from the world and its evils and
troubles.
The table of the lowly-breeding world has no honey of
comfort.
O heart, wash your mouth off greed and desire for its bitter
and salty [foods].
Bring wine. For one cannot be secure from the cunning of
the sky

Because of the play of the lutist Venus and the warrior
Mars.

Drop Bahram's hunting-lasso and pick up Jamshid's cup,
For I have traversed this plain and saw neither Bahram nor
his onager.

Come, let me show you the mystery of being in pure wine
Provided that you do not show it to those with perverted
talent and blind heart.

To look at dervishes is not inconsistent with greatness.
Solomon, all his pomp notwithstanding, paid a lot of
attention to an ant.

The bow of the beloved's eyebrow does not disobey Hafez.
Nevertheless, it laughs at his powerless arms.

CCLXXIX

Blessed be Shiraz and its peerless situation.

May God save it from destruction.

I ask a hundred safeguards from God for Rocknabad,
For its pure water bestows Khezzr's life.

Between Ja'far-abad and Mossalla,

The Northern wind blows fragrant with ambergris.

Come to Shiraz and seek the Holy Spirit's bounty
From its courteous people.

Who mentioned the name of the Egyptian sugar there

And was not put to shame by the city's sweet youth?

Zephyr, what news do you have from

That joyful, handsome youth, and how is he?

If that sweet boy sheds my blood,

O heart, let it be allowed to him like his mother's milk.

For Heaven's sake, do not wake me up from my sleep,

For I have a happy seclusion with his image.

Hafez, if you were afraid of separation,

Why did you not thank for the days of union?

CCLXXX

Since the Zephyr bent her ambergris-scattering tress,
Any bent one it visited, it refreshed his soul.
Where is an intimate friend to whom I can explain
How my heart is suffering on these days of separation?
The world created an image of your face with the petals of
the rose,
But hid it in the bud, being ashamed of you.
You are dreaming. No boundary has appeared for love.
Praised be God for this path which has no end.
Kaaba's beauty should offer an apology to wayfarers.
For the lives of the lovers were consumed in its desert.
Who is going to bring to this old man of the house of griefs
The sign of the Joseph of the heart from the pit of his chin?
I will grab the end of that tress and give it to Khaja.
For Hafez, the lover, was consumed by its cunning and
deceit.

CCLXXXI

Lord, this smiling, fresh rose that you trusted to me
I am giving back to you to protect it from the jealous eye of
the meadow.
Although she distanced herself a hundred stations from the
quarter of fidelity,
May the plight of the rotation of the sky be distant from her
soul and body.
Zephyr, if you arrive at Salma's home,
I expect of you to say a greeting from me to her.
Courteously open the musk-bag from that black hair.

For it is the place of many dear hearts. Do not disturb it.
Tell her: "Your cheek and mole owe my heart fidelity.
Treat it with respect in that tress whose curls are fragrant
with ambergris.

Whereas one drinks to the memory of her lips,
Mean is that drunkard who is aware of one's own self.
One cannot gain honor and wealth from the tavern's door.
Whoever drinks this water casts his luggage to the sea.
Whoever is afraid of being hurt does not deserve the woe of
her love.

Let either my head lay at her feet or my lip in her mouth.
Hafez's poetry is all composed of the best ghazals of gnosis.
Bravo to the charm of his breath and to the grace of his
words.

CCLXXXII

A stony-hearted and silvery-necked idol
Took from me peace, endurance, and intelligence.
A nimble and jolly sweetheart with a forelock,
A delicate and moon-like Turk dressed in a *qaba*.
From the heat of the fire of her love's frenzy,
I am in constant ebullition like a pot.
My mind will rest like a shirt
If I press her in my bosom like a robe.
Even though my bones rot,
Your love will not be forgotten from my soul.
My heart and faith, my heart and faith are robbed by
Her breast and shoulders, her breast and shoulders, breast
and shoulders.
Hafez, your remedy, your remedy is
Her sweet lip, her sweet lip, sweet lip.

CCLXXXIII

At dawn, the voice of an invisible one gave me the tidings:
"It is the era of Shah Shoja'. Drink wine fearlessly."

The time when men of perception walked aloof passed,
When their mouths held a thousand words but their lips
remained silent.

Now we can tell to the sound of the harp those stories
Which hiding them made the pot of the breast boil.
Let us drink that homemade wine which was scared of
Mohtaseb

To the beloved's face and to the sound of "Cheers!
Cheers!"

The city's Imam, who used to carry the prayer-mat on his
shoulders,

Was being carried from the street of the tavern on shoulders
last night.

O heart, let me give you a good lead to the path of
salvation:

Neither boast of your vice nor show off your piety.

The Shah's brilliant mind is where the light of manifestation
is.

If you are seeking proximity to him, endeavor to purify your
intention.

Allow not your heart to use any litany but the praise of his
glory.

For the ear of his heart is confidant to the angel's message.
It is the king who knows the secrets of the country's well-
being.

You are a recluse mendicant, Hafez, do not roar.

CCLXXXIV

Last night, a hatef from the corner of the tavern said:

"Drink wine. Sins will be forgiven."
God's kindness will do its work.
The messenger angel will bring the tidings of blessing.
Take this raw intellect to the tavern
That the ruby wine may bring its blood to ebullience.
Though union with the beloved is not obtained through
struggle,
Endeavor as much as you can, O heart.
God's kindness is more than our sins.
How do you know the sealed secret. Silence!
[From now on it will be] My ear and the ring of the
beloved's tress,
My face and the dust at the wine-dealer's door.
Hafez's rendi is not a severe guilt
Before the generosity of the fault-concealing king.
The religion's commander is Shah Shoja'
Whose ring of command Gabriel put on the ear.
O King of Heavens, grant him his wish,
And protect him from the danger of the evil eye.

CCLXXXV

In the era of the guilt-forgiving and fault-concealing king,
Hafez became a drinker from the flask and Mufti from the
cup.
The Sufi moved from the corner of the monastery to the
foot of the vat
When he saw Mohtaseb carrying a jug of wine on his
shoulder.
In the morning, I asked the wine-seller Pir about
The sheikh, the judge, and their Jewish way of drinking.
He said: "Although you are a confidant, this is not
something to speak about.

Pull in your tongue, keep the veil, and drink wine."
Saqi, spring is coming, but no money is left for wine.
Think of something, for the heart's blood began to boil from
grief.
It is love, poverty, youth, and fresh spring.
Accept my excuse and cover my sin with the skirt of
generosity.
How long are you going to be eloquent like a candle?
Your desired moth arrived. Silence, O lover.
O king of form and essence, whose like
No eye has seen and no ear has heard,
Stay alive until your youthful fortune
Accept a green kherqe from the ragged old sky.

CCLXXXVI

Last night an ingenious, intelligent person secretly told me:
"The wine-dealer's secret should not be hidden from you."
He said: "Take things easy, for by its nature,
"The world takes hard on those who strive hard."
Then he gave me a cup, from whose radiance
Venus began to dance, and while playing its lute, said,
"Drink!"
Though your heart may bleed, let your lips smile.
Do not start moaning like a harp as soon as you are struck.
Until you become an acquaintance, you will not hear any
secret from behind this curtain.
A stranger's ear is not a place for the angel's message.
Son, listen to my advice: "Do not grieve for the sake of the
world."
I gave you an advice [as precious] as a pearl if you can
understand.
In the sanctuary of love, one cannot indulge in argument.

For there every member of the body must be an eye and an ear.

In the assembly of those acquainted with Truth, ostentation is not allowed.

Wise man, either speak with erudition or be silent.

Saqi, give wine. For Hafez's rendis were understood
By Asaf, the fortunate, the forgiver, and fault-concealer.

CCLXXXVII

O you whose total form is pleasant and whose every part beautiful,

My heart is happy with the sweet gesture of your sugar-chewing lip.

Your body is delicate like a fresh rose-petal.

You are beautiful from head to foot like the cypress of the mead of paradise.

Sweet are your pride and grace, charming your khat and mole,

Beautiful are your eyes and eyebrows, and elegant your stature.

My imagination's rose-garden is rich in color and pattern because of you.

My heart is delighted with the scent of your jasmine-like hair.

On the path of love where no one can avoid the flood of tribulation,

I have made my heart happy with desire for you.

How can I thank your eyes that in spite of their [love] sickness

Make my pain from your beautiful face pleasant.

In the desert of quest, though there are dangers in every direction,

Hafez, the lover, is walking happy with your friendship.

CCLXXXVIII

The side of the water, the foot of a willow, a talent for poetry, and a beautiful companion;

A convivial sweetheart and a cheerful rosy-cheeked Saki--

O fortunate one who appreciate the value of time,

Wholesome be this pleasure to you, for you have a beautiful time.

Whosoever has a load of love for a lovely one in his heart,

Tell him to put some wild rue in fire, for things are going very well for him.

I am adorning my talent's bride with a virgin thought

That perhaps a beautiful beloved fall from the hand of time into my hands.

Appreciate the value of the night of companionship and use your right for happiness.

There is a delightful moonlight and a pleasant tulip-field.

There is such a wine in the Saki's eye--may it be far from the evil eye--

That intoxicates reason and entails a pleasant hangover.

Life passed in negligence, Hafez. Come to the tavern,

That the jolly drunkards may teach you a pleasant work.

CCLXXXIX

Her moon-like face is the meeting-place of beauty and grace.

But she has neither loving-kindness nor faithfulness. O

God, give these to her.

My beloved is a charmer and a child who will one day kill me playfully

And there will be no punishment for it in the religious law.

I had better guard my heart from her well,
For she has not seen any good or bad, nor will she observe
any.
The scent of milk is coming from her sugar-like lips
Even though blood is dripping from the peculiar style of her
black eyes.
I have a fourteen-year-old, agile and sweet idol
To whom the fortnight moon is a slave with all its soul.
Following that tender rose, O Lord, where did our heart go
That we have not seen it for a long time?
If my charming beloved breaks the heart [of the army] in
this manner,
The king will soon take her as his lifeguard.
I will spend my life in gratitude
If the shell of Hafez's breast be the resting place of that
pearl.

CCXC

My heart ran away from me and I, a dervish, wonder
What happened to that bewildered game.
I am trembling like a willow over my faith,
For my heart is in the hand of an unbeliever with bowed
eyebrows.
Oh, what things are there in the head of this impossible-
pondering drop
That it is playing with the thought of the expanse of ocean?
I would die for that charming, virtue-killing eyelash
Whose sting ripples with liquid honey.
From the sleeves of doctors, a thousand drops of blood will
drip
If they lay a hand on my heart in order to examine it.
I will go to the tavern's street weeping and crestfallen,
For I am ashamed of the result of my work.

Neither Khezr's life nor Alexander's kingdom will remain.
Dervish, do not fight over this lowly world.
Not every beggar's hand can touch that waist, Hafez.
Obtain a treasure larger than the Korah's.

CCXCI

We have tried our luck in this town.
We must pull our pack out of this whirlpool.
So many times have I bitten my hand and sighed
That my body, torn to pieces, has caught fire like a rose.
How beautifully a nightingale was singing last night
While the rose was attentive on its branch.
"O heart, rejoice, for that hot-tempered friend
Will sit sour for a long time because of his luck."
If you want to stay away from the harshness and softness of
the world,
Make no soft promises, nor use harsh words.
Having been separated from you and consumed at heart,
It is time to set fire to all my duds.
Hafez, if one's wishes had been obeyed all the time,
Jamshid would not have been deprived of his throne.

CCXCII

I swear by the splendor and glory and pomp of Shah Shoja'
That I have no quarrel with anyone over possessions and
luxury.
Enough with the homemade wine. Bring me the Magian
wine.
The drinking companion arrived. Farewell, O repentance
companion.
For God's sake, wash my kherqe with wine,

For I do not smell any scent of goodness from the present circumstances.

Look how he is walking while dancing to the music of the harp--

He who would not allow anyone to listen to music and dance!

Cast a look at the lovers in gratitude to the blessing that I am an obedient servant and you an obeyed king.

We are thirsty for the bounty of a sip from your cup.

But we do not show any boldness, nor do we give any headache.

May God never separate Hafez's brow and cheek

From the dust of the magnificent palace of Shah Shoja'.

CCXCIII

At dawn when from the private corner of the house of innovation,

The candle of the East casts its rays in all directions,

The sky pulls out a mirror from the horizon's breast

And in it displays the world's face in thousands of ways.

In the corners of the pleasure-house of the sky's Jamshid,

Venus plays its lyre to the sound of sama'a.

The harp raises a tumult, calling, "where did the denier go?"

The goblet laughs uproariously, asking, "where did the prohibitionist go?"

Behold the state of the world and pick up the goblet of pleasure,

For under any circumstances this is the best state of all.

The locks of the world's sweetheart are fetters and deception.

Gnostics do not seek a quarrel over this rope.

Ask a long life for the king if you want to prosper in the world,

For he is a person generous, kind, and benevolent.
The manifestation of the primordial kindness, the brightness
of the eye of hope,
The combiner of knowledge and practice, and the darling of
the world is Shah Shoja'.

CCXCIV

In faithfulness to your love, I am well-known among the
lovely ones like a candle.
In the quarters of the votaries and rends, I am a wakeful-at-
night like a candle.
Day and night, sleep avoids my grief-loving eyes,
So much that I weep in your separation's ailment like a
candle.
The string of my patience was severed by the scissors of
your sorrow.
As ever, I am burning in the fire of your love like a candle.
If my rosy tear's horse was not so swift-moving,
When would my hidden secret be revealed to the world like
a candle?
In the midst of water and fire, this poor, desperate, tear-
raining heart of mine
Is preoccupied with you as ever like a candle.
In the night of separation, send me a permit of union.
Or else I will burn a world from your pain like a candle.
Without your world-adorning beauty, my day is like a night.
With the perfection of your love, I am diminishing like a
candle.
My patience's mountain softened like wax in the hand of
your sorrow.
Now I am melting in the fire and liquid of your love like a
candle.
Like morning, one more breath remains till you come.

Show your face, my darling, so that I surrender my soul like
a candle.

Honor me with your union one night, my dear,
So that my house may brighten with your visit like a candle.
What a wonder that Hafez took the fire of your love to his
head.

When can I extinguish the heart's fire by the eye's water like
a candle?

CCXCV

At dawn, drawn by the scent of flowers, I went into the
garden

In order to cure my mind like the lover nightingale.

I was observing the glory of the red rose

Which in brightness was like a lamp in a dark night.

She was so conceited of her beauty and youth

That ignored the nightingale's heart in a thousand ways.

The elegant narcissus had let loose its tears in sorrow.

And the tulip had lain a hundred brands of love on its heart
and soul.

The lily had drawn its tongue to blame like a sword.

And the anemone had opened its mouth like a talebearer.

One had a cup of wine in hand like wine-worshippers.

The other had a bowl in hand like the Saqi of drunkards.

Appreciate joy, pleasure, and youth, like the rose.

For a messenger's duty, O Hafez, is but to announce his
message.

CCXCVI

If luck helps I will get hold of his skirt.

If he draws me toward himself, what a pleasure! And if he
kills me, what an honor!

This hopeful heart of mine saw no kindness from anyone,
Though words carry my story in every direction.
No relief came to me from the bend of your eyebrow.
Alas, my dear life wasted in this bent thought.
How can my imagination pull on my friend's eyebrow?
No one has ever hit his desired arrow at the target by this
bow.
How long should I tenderly nurture the love of these stony-
hearted idols?
These unworthy sons never think of their fathers.
Intent upon renunciation, I sit in a corner. Yet it is strange
that
From each direction a Magian youth is luring me with a
harp and a tambourine.
The ascetics are unaware. Sing a *naqsh*, not a *qoul*.
Mohtaseb is drunk with hypocrisy. Give wine and fear not.
Look how the Sufi of the city is eating the illegitimate
morsel.
Let that happy grass-eater have a long crupper.
Hafez, if you walk sincerely on the path of that family,
The strength of Najaf's magistrate will accompany you.

CCXCVII

My pen's tongue has no inclination to describe separation,
Otherwise I would explain to you the story of separation.
Alas, my life-span came to an end in the hope of union,
But never came to an end the time of separation.
My head that used to touch the sky from pride,
I have now laid with all sincerity at the threshold of
separation.
How can I spread my wings desiring for union?
For the bird of my heart shed its feathers in the nest of
separation.

What remedy is there now that my patience's boat
Fell in a whirlpool in the ocean of grief by the sail of
separation.
Not much time remained before my life's ship sink
By the wave of yearning for you in the boundless ocean of
separation.
If separation ever falls into my hand, I will kill him.
May the day of banishment be dark and so the house of
separation.
I am the friend of the army of imagination and the
companion of patience,
Close to the fire of banishment and intimate to separation.
How can I claim that you are united with my soul?
For my body has become a lawyer to and my heart a
warrant to separation.
Far from the beloved, my heart became roasted by the fire
of yearning.
I am always drinking heart-blood from the table of
separation.
When the sky saw my head caught in the loop of love,
It fastened my patience's neck to the rope of separation.
Hafez, if the feet of yearning were able to walk to the end of
this road,
No one would put in the hand of banishment the reins of
separation.

CCXCVIII

A secure position, some pure wine, and a kind friend--
If these be always available, what a success!
The world and all its affairs are nothing to nothing.
I have investigated this matter a thousand times.
Woe and alas, I did not know until now
That the elixir of happiness was the friend, the friend.

Go to a safe place and appreciate the chance given to you
by time.

For highwaymen are in ambush for your life.

Come, for repentance from the beloved's ruby and the
goblet's smile

Is a story of which reason does not approve.

Although your narrow waist is not accessible to a person
like me,

My mind is happy with the thought of this delicate fancy.

A thousand deep thoughts will not fathom the depth

Of the sweetness that lies in the pit of your chin.

If my tears turned the carnelian color, what wonder?

For the seal of your ruby's signet is like a carnelian.

Laughingly said she: "I am the slave of your talent, Hafez."

See to what extent she is ridiculing me!

CCXCIX

If you drink wine, throw a gulp on the ground.

Why fear a sin that benefits others?

Go spend whatever you have and do not regret.

For the world strikes its sword without any regret.

O my graceful cypress, I swear you by the dust under your
feet

Not to withhold your step from my dust when I die.

Whether the dwellers of hell or heaven, whether human or
fairy,

Thrift is rejection of the path in every religion.

The celestial engineer so closed the exits of this hexagonal
house

That there is no way out of this dungeon.

The vine's daughter's deceit waylays reason wonderfully.

May the palisade of vine not be destroyed till Resurrection.

Hafez, well deserted you this world on the way of the tavern.

May the prayers of the people of heart be your pure heart's companion.

CCC

If a thousand enemies are intent upon killing me,
If you are my friend, I have no fear of enemies.
The hope of union with you keeps me alive.
Or else I am momentarily afraid of dying from your separation.
If I do not smell her scent from the wind with every breath,
Time after time will I rend my collar from grief like a rose.
Far be it that my two eyes fall asleep with the thought of you.

Far be it that my heart rest patient in your separation.
Better you wound me than another cure me.
Better you give me poison than another antidote.
My death by your sword is eternal life.
My soul will be happy if sacrificed for you.
Do not swerve your steed, for if you strike me with your sword,
I will make a shield of my head and yet not take my hand off your halter.
How can every eye see you as you [really] are?
Each person's realization is to the extent of his knowledge.
Hafez will be the darling of the world in people's eyes
If he helplessly puts his face on the dust at your portal.

CCCI

O you whose lip has the right of salt with my wounded heart
Keep this right. For I am going. God be with you.
You are that pure pearl whose name

Is praised by the angels of the holy realm.
If you have any doubt about my sincerity, test it.
No one can tell the carat of real gold like a touchstone.
You had said you would become drunk and give me two
kisses.
You forgot your promise, and I saw neither two nor one.
Open your laughing pistachio and let your sugar pour.
Do not cast people in doubt about your mouth.
I will demolish this sphere if it turns against my will.
I am not the one to be humiliated by the wheel of the sky.
O rival, if you are not allowing Hafez to her side,
At least, move a few steps away from her side.

CCCII

Breeze of North, may you be with good news,
That the time of union is arriving for us.
The story of love is endless.
Wherein the tongue of speech is cut short.
How is Salma? And how is the one who lives in Zi-salam?
Where are the neighbors? And how are they doing?
The house was destroyed after it was built.
Now inquire about the house from its ruins.
In perfection of beauty you have attained to your desires.
May God turn the evil eye away from you.
O messenger of the beloved, may God protect you.
Welcome, welcome. Come, come.
The festivity field is left empty
Of the friends and the brimful cup.
Now the night of separation cast a shadow.
I wonder what the night-stalkers of imagination will play.
Our Turk is not looking at anyone.
What a pride, pomp, and glory!
Hafez, how long patience in love?

Joyful is the lovers' lament. Lament!

CCCIII

I smelled the scent of friendship and saw the lightening of union.

Come, O breeze of North. I will die for your scent.

O camel driver, who are driving the beloved's camels while singing, stop and come down,

For in yearning for the beloved's face, patience is bitter for me.

Better leave untold the story of the night of separation

In gratitude for the fact that the day of union dropped its veil.

Come, for I have adorned the gallery of my imagination

With the seven-fold rose-shedding curtain of my eye.

Since the beloved is intent upon peace and apologizing,

One can forget about the rival's cruelty in any case.

Except the fancy of your mouth there is nothing in my contracted heart.

May no one be after an impossible fancy like me.

Hafez, the stranger, became slain by your love.

Make a visit to my tomb, I forgive you my blood.

CCCIV

The owner of the world, the helper of religion, the perfect king--

Yahya Ben Mozaffar, the learned and just monarch.

O Gate of Islam, whose refuge has opened on earth

The window of the soul and the door of the heart.

Homage to you is a must and a necessity for the soul and intellect,

And your beneficence is abundant and pervasive in space
and time.

On the primordial day, a black drop from your pen
Fell on the face of the moon which became the solution to
problems.

When the sun saw that black mole, it said:

"I wish I were that favorite black."

O Shah, the sky is dancing and singing in your festivity.
Do not let this merry-making cease.

Drink wine and give to the world. For the lasso of your
tress

Put the malevolent person's neck in chains.

The revolution of the sky is along the path of justice.

Rejoice, for the unjust never reaches his destination.

Hafez, the pen of the world's monarch is the distributor of
provision.

Have no wrong thoughts about your livelihood.

CCCV

In the time of the rose, I became ashamed of my repentance
from wine.

May no one be ashamed of his wrongdoing.

Our virtue is only a trap on this road, and in this respect

I am not ashamed of the beloved and Saqi by any means.

Would that the beloved, having a generous character, will
not be offended by us.

For we are indisposed to the question and ashamed of the
answer.

So much blood flowed from our eyes last night

That we became ashamed of the wayfarers of sleep.

It was proper for the languishing narcissus to be crestfallen.

For it became ashamed of the manner of those reproofing
eyes.

It is you who are more beautiful than the sun. And thank
God,
I am not ashamed of the face of the sun because of you.
The water of Khezr hid itself behind the veil of darkness
Because it was ashamed of Hafez's poetry and fluent talent.

CCCVI

If I find a chance to reach your street,
By the blessing of your union, my affairs will fall into order.
Those two elegant narcissuses have robbed my peace.
Those two collyriumed sorcerers have stolen my comfort.
Since I --the poor, helpless and destitute one--
Have no way of entrance or exit through your door,
Where should I go? What should I do? Whence should I
seek help?
I am hurt by the woes and cruelties of time.
I, the broken and miserable one, will find life
When I am killed by the sword of your sorrow.
Your sorrow found no place more ruined than my heart,
For it built in my lonely heart a place for you to condescend.
Since my heart is adorned by the jewelry of your love,
It is momentarily polished from the rust of events.
What crime have I committed in your presence, O my soul
and heart,
That the obeisance of a lover like me is not accepted?
Hafez, bear the pain of love and be silent.
Do not reveal the secrets of love before the people of
reason.

CCCVII

Any remark I made in praise of those merits,
Whoever heard said: "Well said, may God reward him."

To obtain love and *rendi* seemed easy at first,
But later my life was consumed in acquiring these merits.
Hallaj beautifully expressed this point at the gallows:
Such problems should not be asked of a Shafei.
I asked, "When will you have compassion for my feeble
life?"
She replied: "When life is not an obstacle in between."
I have given my life to a charming, attractive, and beautiful
beloved
Who has delightful manners and praiseworthy qualities.
I was truly secluded like your languishing eyes.
Now I am attracted toward the drunk like your eyebrows.
I saw a hundred deluges of Noah made from my tears.
And yet your image was never wiped out of the tablet of my
breast.
Friend, Hafez's arms repels the evil eye.
Would that I see the day it is wrapped around your
shoulders.

CCCVIII

O you, whose face is like paradise and whose ruby like
Salsabil,
Your *Salsabil* has made the soul and heart its course.
The green-donned ones of your *khat* around your lip
Are like ants around your *Salsabil*.
The arrow of your look has
A hundred victims like me fallen in every corner.
O Lord, this fire which is in my soul,
Cool down the way you did for Abraham.
Friends, I do not find any opportunity,
Though he has a very beautiful countenance.
Our legs are limping and the station is very far.
Our arms are short and the date is on the palm.

In the palm of that beauty's love,
Hafez became like an ant fallen under an elephant's foot.
May the king of the world have long life, honor, and pride,
And every such other things.

CCCIX

Love-making, youth, and ruby-color wine,
An assembly of intimates, a compatible friend, and
continuous drinking,
A sugar-mouthed Saqi and a sweet-singing minstrel,
A companion with good conduct and an associate with
good name,
A sweetheart who is the envy of the fountain of youth in
purity,
A beloved who is the envy of the full moon in beauty and
elegance,
A feast-place pleasant like the highest paradise,
A rose garden whose surrounds are like the garden of
Darossalam,
Audience friendly, and guests of honor erudite,
Friends familiar with secrets, and peers benevolent,
Rosy, bitter, sharp, wholesome and light wine,
Its snack from the beloved's ruby, and its converse about
natural ruby,
Saqi's amorous glance, a sword drawn to demolish reason,
The beloved's tress, a net spread to capture the heart,
A humorous wit like sweet-spoken Hafez,
An example of generosity, and an enlightener of the world
like Haji Qavam,
Whoever does not desire this pleasure is deprived of
happiness.
And whoever does not seek this assembly is not worthy of
life.

CCCX

Welcome, O bird of auspicious feet and happy message.
Welcome. What is new? Where is the friend? Which way
is she?

O Lord, may your eternal favor keep company to this
caravan by whom

The enemy was captured and the beloved became available.
There is no end to the adventure between me and my
beloved.

Anything that has no beginning does not end.

The rose went too far in its pride, show your face a
moment.

The cypress is showing off its charm which is not good.
Strut for heaven's sake.

Since the beloved's tress commands us [to wear] a girdle,
Be gone, O sheikh! The kherqe is forbidden for us.

My spirit's bird who used to sing from the top of the *sadra*
Was finally snared by the seed of your mole.

Sleep does not suit my lovesick eyes.

How can a person who has a fatal sickness sleep?

"You are not showing any mercy to me, the sincere one ,"
said I.

"This is my complaint. That is how you are. And these are
the days."

If Hafez is inclined toward your eyebrow, it is all right.

For the people of the Word take position in the corner of
the mehrab.

CCCXI

I am in love with the face of a youthful and beautiful young
person.

And I have asked God for the fortune of this pain in my prayers.

I am a lover, a rend, an ogler. And I am saying these openly
So that you know with how many merits I am adorned.

I am ashamed of my contaminated kherqe

On which I have sown patches with a hundred tricks.

O candle, burn happily in her sorrow.

For I, too, have fastened my belt and stood for this task.

With such an amazement, I lost sight of my own interest.

I have added to my sorrow what I have deducted from my heart and soul.

Like Hafez I will go to the tavern with a rent garment.

Hoping that that youthful love will take me in her arms.

CCCXII

Good news! Security has descended upon Shiraz.

We recognize this great blessing and thank God for it.

Where is that harbinger of good news who gave us the tidings of this victory

So that I throw my soul like gold and silver at his feet?

With the return of the king to this beautiful city

His enemy is heading to the realm of nonexistence.

The promise-breaker will certainly be destroyed.

Verily those who have wisdom keep their promises.

[The enemy] was looking for favor from the cloud of hope,
But he saw no rain except the one that ran down from his eyes.

He fell in the Nile of grief and the heaven mockingly said to him:

"You are remorseful now, but remorse will no longer do you any good."

Since Saqi was a moon-faced sweetheart and of the people
of the secret,
Hafez drank wine, and so did the sheikh and the *faqih*.

CCCXIII

Come again, Saqi, for I desire to serve you.
I am eager to be your slave and pray for your fortune.
Since the bounty of the cup of happiness is your light,
Make an emergence from the darkness of my amazement.
Though I am drowned in the sea of sin from a hundred
directions,
Because I became acquainted with love, I am among the
blessed.
O sage, do not carp me for my rendi and ill-repute.
For this was my portion from the divan of destiny.
Drink wine, for being in love is not acquired or intentional.
This blessing came to me from my nature's inheritance.
I, who chose not to travel from my hometown all my life,
Am now desiring a foreign land for the love of seeing you.
The sea and mountain on the way, and I am tired and weak.
O Khezzr of blessed steps, help me in my determination.
I am far from the door of your palace in form,
But one of the residents at your presence in heart and soul.
Hafez will surrender his soul before your eye.
I am intent upon this if life gives me a chance.

CCCXIV

Last night the love-sickness of your eye was taking life from
me.
But the tenderness of your lip was giving life back to me.
My love with your musky khat is not of today only.

I have been drunk from that crescent-shaped cup for a long time.

I am pleased with my own stability, for in your street
I did not cease desiring you because of your unkindness.

Do not expect prosperity from me, a tavern-dweller,
For I have claimed serving rends as long as I have been
alive.

On the path of love, there are a hundred perils beyond
annihilation.

So do not say, "When my life ends, I will be free."

From now on, what do I care for the jealous one's wrongly-
directed arrow?

Because I have joined to my beloved who has eyebrows like
bows.

Kissing your carnelian box is legitimate for me.

For I have not broken the seal of faithfulness because of
your unkindness and cruelty.

A militant idol plundered my heart and left.

Oh, what if the king's kindness does not give me a hand?

The level of Hafez's knowledge had reached the sky.

But suffering from your tall *shemshad* brought me down.

CCCXV

Except that I lost my faith and knowledge,

Come and tell me what I gained from your love?

Although your sorrow committed my life's harvest to the
wind,

I swear by the precious dust under your feet that I never
broke my promise.

Though I am small like a mote, behold how by the fortune
of love

I have reached the sun by aspiring for your countenance?

Bring wine, for it has been a lifetime since I sat securely
In a safe corner for the purpose of enjoying myself.
If you are one of the sober ones, O admonisher,
Do not throw your words on the ground. I am drunk.
How can I raise my head from shame in front of the friend?
For I could not serve him as he deserved.
Hafez was consumed. Yet that heart-cherishing friend did
not say:
"Let me send him some balm, for I have wounded his
heart."

CCCXVI

Don't commit your hair to the wind lest I too go with the
wind.
Don't lay a foundation for pride lest you dig up my
foundation.
Don't drink wine with everybody lest I drink my heart's
blood.
Don't rebel lest my cry reach to heavens.
Don't loop your tress lest you throw me in a loop.
Don't swing your locks lest you throw me to the wind.
Don't befriend a stranger lest you estrange me from myself.
Don't worry for the strangers lest you make me unhappy.
Let your face shine that I become needless of the rose.
Let your stature rise that I become free from the cypress.
Don't be the candle of every assembly, or else you will burn
us.
Don't bring all the people to your mind so that you don't go
out of my mind.
Don't become the well-known of the city lest I head for the
mountain.
Don't show the charm of Shirin lest you make me a Farhad.

Have mercy on me, the helpless, and listen to my call.
Lest my call reach to the dust at Asaf's door.
Far be it that Hafez turn his face away from your cruelty.
Since the day I became your captive, I have been free.

CCCXVII

I am saying this quite openly and rejoice at what I am
saying:
"I am the slave of love and free from both worlds."
I am the bird of the heaven's garden. How can I explain my
banishment?
And how I fell into this net of phenomena?
I was an angel and the highest paradise was my place.
Adam brought me into this desolate place.
The Tooba's shade, the hoori's charm, and the Fountain's
brink
Went out of my memory in my desire for your street.
Nothing but the *alef* of my beloved's stature is written on
my heart's tablet.
What can I do? My master taught me no other letter.
No astrologer recognized my star of fortune.
O Lord, under what star was I born from the Mother Earth?
Since I became a slave at the door of the tavern of love,
Every moment a new sorrow comes to congratulate me.
The pupil of my eye drinks the blood of my heart, and it is
deserving.
For why did I give my heart to the darling of people?
Wipe the tears from Hafez's face with your tress.
Otherwise, this continuous flood will carry my foundation
away.

CCCXVIII

As you look at me, you increase my pain momentarily.
As I look at you, my desire increases momentarily.
You do not ask about me. I do not know what you have in
mind.
You make no effort to cure me. Do you not know my pain?
This is not good that you leave me in the dust and run away.
Pass my way and ask about me so that I become the dust of
your path.
I will not take my hand off your skirt until I die.
And even then as you pass over my grave, my dust will hold
on to your skirt.
My breath sank down from the grief of your love. How
long are you going to fool me?
You took complete vengeance of me but you do not confess
that you did it.
One night in the dark I was looking for my heart among
your locks.
Meanwhile I was looking at your face and drinking on from
a crescent-shaped cup.
Suddenly I pulled you to my arms and your tresses swung.
I laid my lips on yours and gave up my soul and heart.
You be happy with Hafez and let the enemy give up the
ghost.
When I feel your warmth, what fear do I have of the enemy
who has a cold breath?

CCCXIX

For years I followed the creed of the rends
Until I, by the judgment of reason, put my greed in prison.
I did not find my way to the Simorgh's nest by myself.
I traversed this road with Solomon's bird.

Cast a shade over my wounded heart, O you walking
treasure.
For I ruined this house for the love of you.
I repented of kissing Saqi's lip, and now
I am biting my lip why I listened to an ignoramus.
Seek your luck under anomalous conditions,
For I acquired peace of mind from that dishevelled tress.
Piety and drunkenness are not decided by you or me.
I did what the Primordial King told me to do.
I expect the garden of paradise from the Primordial One's
favor,
Though I was the doorkeeper of the tavern for a long time.
This being favored by Joseph's company in my old age
Is the reward of the patience that I had in the cottage of
sorrows.
Early-rising and health-seeking, like Hafez,
Whatever I did was due to the blessing of the Qur'an.
If I have the seat of honor in the palace of ghazal, what
wonder?
For years I have served the owner of the palace.

CCCXX

Last night I was waylaying my sleep with the torrent of my
tears,
Remembering your khat, I was painting on water.
The beloved's eyebrow in the mind and the kherqe burnt,
I was drinking a cup of wine to the memory of the corner of
the mehrab.
Any bird of thought that leaped from the branch of speech,
I was capturing again from your locks.
As the beloved's face displayed its beauty in my sight,
I was kissing the face of the moon from the distance.

My eyes on Saqi's face and my ears to the sound of the
harp,
I was seeking my fortune with my eyes and ears.
I was drawing the imprint of your face's image
In the studio of my sleepless eyes till daybreak.
Saqi was holding a bowl of wine to the sound of this ghazal
of mine.
I was composing this song and drinking pure wine.
Hafez had a good time while I was seeking fortune
In the name of life and the friends' prosperity.

CCCXXI

Although I grew old, infirm, and wounded at heart,
I became young whenever I remembered your face.
Thank Heaven that whatever I asked of God
I was granted to the best of my determination.
O young rose-bush, enjoy the fruition of your fortune,
For under your shade I became the nightingale of the
world's garden.
At first, I had no knowledge of the ups and downs of my
being.
In the school of your sorrow, I became so erudite.
Destiny is pointing me toward the tavern.
No matter if I became like this or like that.
That day the door of meaning opened to my heart
When I became one of the dwellers at the threshold of the
Magians' Pir.
On the highway of eternal prosperity and on the throne of
fortune,
I became successful with a cup of wine, as my friends had
wished.
From the time your eye's riot reached me,

I became secure from the evil of the riot of the apocalypse.
I am not old because of months and years. My beloved is
not faithful.

She passes to me like life. Hence I became old.
Last night God's favor gave me the good news:
"Hafez, come back. For I became the guarantor for the
forgiveness of your sins."

CCCXXII

I drew an image of your form in the gallery of the eye.
I neither saw nor heard of any picture like yours.
Although I am racing with the North wind in quest of you,
I have not caught up with the dust of the gliding cypress of
your stature.
I have not entertained any hope for the day of life in the
night of your tress.
I gave up the hope of gratifying the desire of my heart by
your mouth.
What tears that I shed, yearning for the wholesome spring
of yours!
What coquetries that I bought from the wine-dealing ruby of
yours!
What arrows that you hurled at my wounded heart with
your glance!
What burdens that I carried in your street from grief!
O morning breeze, bring some dust from the street of the
beloved,
For I smelled the scent of a wounded heart's blood from that
soil.
It was the fault of your dark eyes and charming neck
That I ran away from humans like a wild deer.
A breeze from her street passed over my head

That I, like a bud, tore the veil of my bloody heart with her
scent.

I swear by the dust under your feet and the eyesight of
Hafez

That without your countenance I saw no light from the lamp
of the eye.

CCCXXIII

Having no access to you, I am under the burden,
And ashamed of the tall-statured ones.

Unless the chain of some tress holds my hand,
I might head toward insanity.

Ask about the state of the firmament from my eyes.
For I count stars from dusk to dawn.

I am kissing the lip of the bowl in gratitude for the fact that
It made me aware of the secret of times.

If I prayed for the tavern-keepers, so what?
I am being grateful for their blessing.

I am very grateful of my arm,
For I do not have the power to hurt people.

I have a head intoxicated like Hafez,
But I am hopeful for the kindness of that great one.

CCCXXIV

Though a knot fell in my work from her tress,
I still have an open eye for his kindness.

Do not consider the redness of my cheek as a sign of joy,
For the heart's blood is exhibiting its picture on my cheek
like the bowl of wine.

My minstrel's music is going to carry me away.

Oh, what if I am not allowed behind the curtain [of love].

All night I am guarding the sanctuary of my heart
Lest any thought but hers enter into its boundaries.
I am that magician poet who with the magic of words
Makes the reed of pen rain sugar and comfit.
The eye of fortune fell into sleep by her fairy tale.
Where is a breeze of [God's] grace that can wake it up?
Since I cannot see you, my love, on the street,
Whom should I ask to say a word with my beloved?
Last night she was saying that Hafez is all pretence and
hypocrisy.
Who else but the dust of her doorway do I deal with?

CCCXXV

If I find access to the dust under my beloved's feet,
I will draw a line with that dust on the tablet of my eye.
Aspiring for your embrace, I am drowning.
Yet hope there is that the wave of my tears will carry me
ashore.
If her command to take my soul reaches me,
I will instantly surrender my soul with one breath like a
candle.
Rebel not from my faithfulness today.
And fear the night when I raise, from sorrow, my hands in
prayer.
Your two black tresses gave peace to lovers,
Rejoicing their hearts but taking my peace away.
O wind, bring a scent from that wine to me.
For that healing scent is the remover of my hangover.
If my friend does not put any value on my heart's coin,
I will instantly pay cash from my eyes.
Do not let this humble one down. For after I die,

The wind will not be able to carry my dust away from this door.

Hafez, since her ruby lip is my dear soul,
That moment will be my life when I bring the soul to the lip.

CCCXXVI

I have a pretty idol in my pleasure hideout
From whose tress and face I have a horseshoe in fire.
I am a lover, a rend, and a loud drinker.
And all these high ranks have I because of that fairy-like
hoori.
If you throw my life into chaos like this,
I will disrupt your tresses with my morning sigh.
If the friend's rubiginous khat displays itself thus,
I will paint my pale face with bloodstained tears.
If you wish to step into the cottage of rends,
I have sugary comfit of poetry and unadulterated wine.
Bring the arrow of glance and the rope of tress.
For I have quarrels with my wounded and afflicted heart.
Hafez, since the joy and sorrow of the world are transient,
It is better for me to keep my spirit joyful.

CCCXXVII

I have promised to my beloved that as long as I have soul in
my body
I will treat the votaries of her street like my own soul.
I seek the pleasance of my mind's seclusion from that candle
of Chegel.
I have my eyes' light and my heart's radiance from that
moon of Khotan.
If I can have privacy with my heart as it wishes and desires,

Why should I worry about the malice of the evil-speakers of the assembly?

I have a cypress in my house under whose stature's shade
I am needless of the cypress of the orchard and the
shemshad of the meadow.

If a hundred armies of lovely ones set ambush for my heart,
Thank and praise to God that I have an army-defeating idol.
If I boast of being a Solomon for having her ruby signet, it
is deserving.

What fear do I have of Ahriman when I possess Esme
Aazam?

O wise old man, carp me not for [going to] the tavern,
For I have a promise-breaking heart in renouncing the cup.
For Heaven's sake, O rival, close your eyes a while tonight,
Since I have a hundred words with her silent ruby privately.
Since I am stalking in the rose-garden of her fortune, thank
God,

I have no interest in tulips, jonquils, or in the eglantine.
Hafez became reputed for *rendi* among his colleagues,
But why worry? For I have Qavamoddin Hassan in the
world.

CCCXXVIII

Who am I to occur to that noble mind?

Many favors do you show, O you whose door's dust is my
crown.

My love, who taught you the way of caring for the servants?
I will never suspect that it was the work of your rivals.

O heavenly bird, let my will accompany me along the way,
For the way to the destination is long and I am a novice in
travelling.

O morning breeze, relate my servitude to her,

And ask her not to forget me in her prayers at dawn.
Happy is the day when I pack my luggage from this station,
And then the friends ask about me in your street.
Hafez, it is worth if in quest of the pearl of union,
I turn my eye into a sea of tear and plunge into it.
The rank of verse is high and world-conquering.
So tell the king of the sea to fill my mouth with pearls.

CCCXXIX

The Gemini laid down its baldric before me at dawn.
Meaning, I am the servant of the Shah, I swear.
Come, Saqi, for with the help of good luck,
The wish I sought of God was granted.
Give me a cup, for to the joy of the Shah's face,
There is a fancy in my old head to become young again.
Do not waylay me with the praise of Khezr's pure water,
For I am a drinker from the Fountain of Kauthar with the
Shah's cup.
O Shah, if I raise my throne of knowledge to heaven,
I am [still] the slave of this threshold and a mendicant at
your door.
I was a drinker at your feast for a thousand years.
How can my accustomed nature give up its provision?
And if you do not believe this story from me,
I will bring a proof from Kamal's words:
"If I pluck my heart from you and lift my love from you,
On whom should I throw that love and where should I take
that heart?"
Mansur Ben Mozaffar Qazi is my baldric.
And by this blessed name, I am victorious over enemies.
My eternal pact was all with the love of the Shah.
And I will traverse life's highway with this pact.

Since the firmament ordered Pleaides by the name of the
Shah,
Why should I not give an order to pearls? Than whom am I
less?
Since I tasted food from the hand of the Shah like an falcon,
How can I be interested in hunting a pigeon.
O lion-capturing king, what do you lose
If I find some comfort in your shade?
My poetry, blessed by your praise, opened a hundred
kingdoms of heart.
My eloquent tongue is like your sword.
If I walked through a flower garden like the morning wind,
I was not in love with the cypress nor fond of the spruce-fir.
I was smelling your scent, and to the memory of your
countenance,
The Saqis of joy gave me a few cups of wine.
Intoxication by the juice of a few grapes is not for me.
I, the aged one, have grown up in the tavern.
Many a complaint have I from the motion of my star in the
sky.
May the Shah's justice be my help in this matter.
Thank God, at the peak of this palace again,
The empyrean peacock is hearing the sound of my wings.
Let my name vanish from the gallery of lovers
If my business be anything but your love.
The lion cub charged to hunt my heart.
And I, whether thin or not, am the game of Ghazanfar.
O you whose face's lovers are more numerous than the
motes [of the world],
How can I, being less than a mote, attain to your union?
Show me the one who denies the beauty of your
countenance
So that I pluck his eyes with the knife of anger?

Upon me fell the shade of the sun of the kingdom.
Now I am needless of the sun of the East.
The purpose of this trade is market-briskness.
I am neither selling glory nor buying pride.

CCCXXX

You are like a morning and I am like a candle in the privacy
of the dawn.
Smile, and see how I surrender my soul.
So is the brand of your riotous tress on my heart that
When I pass away, my tomb will become a bed of violets.
I have opened the door of my eye to the threshold of your
desire,
Hoping that you cast a look at me. Instead, you cast me
from your eye.
How can I thank you, O army of grief? May God forgive
you.
For on the day when all have deserted me you do not leave
me alone.
I am the slave of my eye's pupil who, though black in heart,
Will rain a thousand drops [of tear] if I recount the pains of
my heart.
Our idol displays its beauty to every eye,
But no one sees her amorous glance the way I do.
If the beloved passes by Hafez's tomb like the wind,
I will tear up my shroud from excitement in the heart of that
narrow pass.

CCCXXXI

Should he kill me with sword, I will not stop his hand.

And should he shoot me with an arrow, I will be much obliged.
 Tell the bow of your eyebrow shoot an arrow
 So that I die before your hands and arms.
 If the sorrow of the world breaks me down,
 Who is going to hold my hand except the cup of wine.
 Come out, O sun of the morning of hope,
 For I am a captive in the hand of the night of separation.
 O Pir of the tavern, come to my rescue.
 Make me young with a sip, for I am old.
 Last night I swore by your tress
 That I will not raise my head from your feet.
 Burn this kherqe of abstinence, Hafez,
 So that if I become fire, I do not catch on it.

CCCXXXII

Strike not my heart with the arrow of your glance's tip,
 Lest I die before your love-sick eyes.
 The *nesab* of your beauty has reached its limits of perfection.
 Give your *zakat* to me, for I am poor and destitute.
 Ascetic, how long are you going to deceive me like children
 With the orchard apples, honey, and milk?
 The space of my breast so filled with the beloved
 That the thought of my own self was lost from my mind.
 Fill the cup. For I, though old,
 Am young of fortune in the state of love.
 I have made a pact with the wine-dealers
 That on the days of suffering I take nothing but the cup of wine.
 If the book-keeper enters any figures for me.
 Let there be no account but that of the minstrel and wine

In this state of commotion where no one asks about anyone,
I am much obliged to the Magians' Pir.
Blessed is the moment when, in the magnanimity of
intoxication,
I am free from the king and the minister.
I am that bird whose song is heard
From the roof of heaven every dawn and dusk.
Like Hafez, I have her treasure in my breast,
Though the enemy regards me with despise.

CCCXXXIII

As I start crying with the prayers of the Night of the
Forlorn,
I compose a story with lonely cries.
Remembering my beloved and my home, so sadly do I cry
That the custom of travelling from the world do I abolish.
I am from the friend's town, not from a foreign country.
O True Witness, take me back to my friends.
For heaven's sake, O my fellow-traveller, help me
So that I can hoist my flag in the tavern's street again.
How can reason respect my old age?
Since I have fallen in love with a child idol again.
No one knows me but the zephyr and the northern wind, my
darling.
There is no companion for me except the wind.
The air of the beloved's home is our water of life.
Zephyr, bring me a breeze from the land of Shiraz.
My tear came out and told my fault face to face.
Who should I blame? For my talebearer is in my own
house.
I heard from the lute of Venus that was saying at dawn:

"I am the slave of the sweet-spoken and sweet-singing
Hafez."

CCCXXXIV

If I ever again find access to your twin tresses,
Many a head will I lose to your polo-stick like a ball.
Your tress is long life to me,
But not a strand of hair is in my hand from that long life.
O my candle, allow me to rest.
For I am burning from the fire of the heart like a candle
before you tonight.
That instant when I yield my soul with a smile like a
decanter of wine,
I want your drunkards to perform [funeral] prayers for me.
Since the prayer of a contaminated one like me is not a
[true] prayer,
My burning and consuming do not decrease in the tavern.
If your thought occurs to me in the mosque and the tavern,
I will make a mehrab and a *kamanche* from your two
eyebrows.
If you brighten our seclusion with your face one night,
I will raise my head over the horizons like morning.
Praiseworthy is the end result of work along this path
Even if I lose my head for the love of my beloved.
Hafez, whom should I tell the suffering of my heart?
For in this era, none but the cup of wine deserves to be my
confidante.

CCCXXXV

If I happen to be in the Magians' tavern again,
Easily will I give up my kherqe and prayer-mat altogether.

If I knock the door of repentance like ascetics today,
The treasurer of the tavern will not open the door to me
tomorrow.

And if I am given free wings like a moth,
My flight will be to nothing but that candle-like face.
I do not want the hooris' company, for it will be a real
shortcoming

If I attend to someone else with your thought.
The secret of your love would have remained hidden in my
breast

If my tear-shedding eyes had not made it public.
I took to the air like a bird from the cage of the earth,
Desiring to be hunted by a royal falcon.
If you are not granting my wish by embracing me like a
harp,

Play me with your lips like a reed-pipe for a moment.
I cannot tell the adventure of my bleeding heart with
anyone.

Since no one but the sword of your sorrow is intimate to
me.

If there was a head in the place of each hair in Hafez's body,
I would throw them all at your feet like your tresses.

CCCXXXVI

Where is the happy news of union with you so that I give up
my soul?

I am a bird of heaven and from the net of this world will
rise.

I swear by your friendship that if you call me your slave,
From the mastery of the universe I will rise.

O Lord, send forth a rain from the cloud of your grace
Before I from the sight like a mote rise.

Sit on my grave with wine and minstrel
So that to your scent, dancing from the dust I rise.
Stand up and show me your stature, O idol with sweet
manners,
So that dancing from life and the universe I rise.
Though I am old, hold me tightly in your embrace one night
So that young from your arms at daybreak I rise.
On the day of my death, give me a chance for a moment to
see you
So that , like Hafez, from life and the world I rise.

CCCXXXVII

Why should I not be heading toward my homeland?
Why should I not be the dust of my beloved's street?
Since I cannot tolerate the grief of alienation in a foreign
land,
I will go to my own town and be my own prince.
I will be one of the confidants in the tent of union.
I will be one of the slaves of my own master.
Since the state of life is uncertain, it is better that
I be near my beloved on the day of my death.
If I have any complaint about my heavily-sleeping fortune
and my troubled life,
I will be my own confidant.
My business had always been rendi and loving.
I will try to attend to my business again.
May God's primordial grace be your guide, Hafez.
Otherwise I will be ashamed of myself for all eternity.

CCCXXXVIII

I am fond of beautiful faces and charming hairs.

I am intoxicated by languishing eyes and unadulterated pure wine.

You told me to say a word about the secret of the primordial covenant.

I will tell you when I have drunk two cups of wine.

I am a heavenly man. But in this journey,

I am the captive of the love of the moon-like youth.

Patience and suffering are inevitable in love.

I am standing like a candle. Do not frighten me from fire.

Shiraz is the quarry of ruby lips and the mine of beauty.

I am a bankrupt jeweller. Hence I am agitated.

So many languishing eyes have I seen in this city

That now I am drunk without drinking wine.

This is a city full of the amorous glances of hooris from six directions.

I have nothing, or else I would buy all the six.

If my luck helps me to draw my baggage near the friend,

The hooris' tresses will dust off my traveling-bag.

Hafez, my talent's bride is aspiring for a display of glory.

I have no mirror. That is why I am sighing.

CCCXXXIX

When the image of your countenance enters the rose garden of the eye,

The heart comes toward the window of the eye to see the view.

I do not see any scenic point worth your seating.

Of all the world, I have this corner of the eye for you.

Come, for I am pulling pearls and rubies from the heart's treasury

Into the eye's window in order to offer them at your feet.

At dawn, the torrent of my tears was about to reek a havoc

If my heart's blood had not appealed to the eye to stop it.
The first day I saw your face, my heart said:
"If anything happens to me, your eyes are liable for my
blood."

Hoping for the tidings of your union, last night till dawn,
I held the lighted lamp of the eye on the path of the wind.
For the sake of humanity, aim not at Hafez's heart
With the heart-piercing and valiant arrow of your eye.

CCCXL

I, who am boiling like a vat of wine from my heart's fire,
Have sealed my lips, am drinking blood, and am silent.
It is an attempt at one's own life to desire the beloved's lips.
Look at me how I am striving to do this with all my heart.
How can I ever be free from the grief of the heart
If every moment an idol's black hair puts a ring in my ear.
God forbid that I be not a believer in obedience [to God].
It is just that once in a while I drink a glass of wine.
I have hope that, contrary to my enemy, on the Day of
Judgment,
The bounty of His forgiveness will not lay the burden of sin
on my shoulder.
My father sold the garden of heaven to two grains of wheat.
Why should I not sell the kingdom of the world for a barley-
corn?
My kherqe-wearing is not because of utmost religiousness.
I am putting a veil over a hundred concealed faults.
What should I who do not wish to drink except the clear
[wine] of the vat,
What should I do but listen to the Magians' Pir?
If the minstrel of the assembly plays the music of love in this
manner,

Hafez's poem will carry me away at the time of the sama'.

CCCXLI

If I worry about the enemies' reproof,
Drunkenness and rendi will never be my style of living.
The renunciation of the novice rends is a road to a village.
Why should I who am the ill-reputed of the world worry
about propriety?
Call me, the homeless one, the king of the frenzied of love.
Because I am the foremost in having the least reason.
Paint a mole on your forehead with my heart's blood
So that people may know I am the victim of an unbeliever
like you.
Just show some belief in me and pass from me for Heaven's
sake
So that you may not know how undervish I am under this
kherqe.
O wind, carry my bleeding poem to that beloved
Who lanced my soul's vein with her black eyelash.
Whether I drink wine or not, why should I be concerned
about anyone?
I am the Hafez of my secret and the Gnostic of my time.

CCCXLII

My body, like dust, is covering the complexion of my soul.
Blessed is the moment when I drop the veil from this face.
Such a cage is not worthy of a sweet-singing bird like me.
I must go to the flower-garden of paradise, for I am the bird
of that meadow.
It did not become clear why I came and where I went.
Alas, alas. I am negligent of my own affair.

How can I soar in the space of the divine world
While I am tied to the board of the body in this little house
of compounds?
If the scent of yearning is coming from the blood of my
heart's blood,
Do not be surprised. For I am the fellow-sufferer of
Khotan's navel.
Do not look at the golden embroidery of my shirt, like the
one around a candle.
For many flames are hidden inside my shirt.
Come and take Hafez's existence from before him.
For while you have existence, no one will hear me say "I
exist."

CCCXLIII

For more than forty years I have been bragging that
Of all the servants of the Magians' Pir I am the least.
Blessed by the kindness of the wine-selling Pir,
Never did my cup become depleted of pure and clear wine.
Because of the glory of love and the wealth of the *pakbaz*
rends,
My place has always been in the honor-seats of the inns.
Do not be suspicious of me because I am a dreg-drainer.
My garment became stained, but I myself am clean.
I am the royal falcon of the king's hand.
What is this state in which they have forgotten my desire for
my seat?
It is a pity that a nightingale like me, with such a sweet
tongue,
Be silent like a lily in this cage now.
What a knave-breeding climate Fars has!

Where is a fellow-traveller so that I pack off my tent from this land?

Hafez, how long are you going to carry the cup of wine under your kherqe?

I am going to drop the veil from your affair in the feast of Khaja:

Of great bounty is blessed Tooran Shah,

Indebtedness to whose generosity placed a yoke on my neck.

CCCXLIV

For a lifetime I have taken a step in quest everyday
And I have always appealed to someone with a good name
for intercession.

Away from my love-invoking moon, I spend my days
Laying a snare on a road or capturing a bird in a net.

Where is Orang? Where is Golchehr? Where is the pattern
of love and fidelity?

It is now I who claim to be perfect in being a lover.

Hoping to find some news of the shade of that tall cypress,
I sing a beautiful love-song to any swaggering youth from
any direction.

Although I know that peace-of-heart will not grant my wish,
I am painting an image and foretelling its endurance.

This blood-spewing sigh, which I utter every morning and
evening,

Will certainly end my sorrow and will make a colorful story.

Although I am absent from her and repentant of wine,

Once in while I drink a cup in the assembly of the spirituals.

CCCXLV

Without you, O gliding cypress, with roses and rose garden,
what should I do?
Why should I pull the hyacinth's tress? With the lily's cheek,
what should I do?
Alas, I did not see your face because of the taunts of the
malevolent one.
My face is not from iron like a [Damascus] mirror. What
should I do?
Go away, O admonisher, carp not at dreg-drainers.
Destiny issues the command, what should I do?
Since the lightening of zeal jumps from the ambush of the
Unseen,
You tell me, the harvest-burnt, what should I do?
If the king of Turks saw it fit to throw me in the well,
If Rostam's favor does not hold my hand, what should I do?
If the Fire of Mount Sinai does not help me with some light,
In order to remove the darkness of the Valley of Canaan,
what should I do?
Hafez, the highest heaven is my inherited home.
With dwelling in this ruined house, what should I do?

CCCXLVI

I am not that rend who would leave the beloved and the cup
of wine.
Mohtaseb knows that I seldom do such things.
I, who have disapproved of the repentant many times,
Would be mad if I repented of wine at the time of the rose.
Love is a pearl, I am a diver, and the sea is a tavern.
I sank my head in there and wonder where it will emerge.
The tulip holds the cup, the narcissus is drunk, but the bad
name is for us.

I have a lot of complaint, O Lord, who should I make a judge?

Pull up your bridle, O my city-disturbing Turk,
So that I make your path full of gold and pearl by my face
and tear.

I, who have treasures of carnelian and ruby tears,
When would I ever look at the bounty of the lofty sun?
Since the zephyr washed the bouquet of flowers with the
water of tenderness,

Call me ill-natured if I look at the page of a book.
There is not much credibility to the pact and promise of the
world.

I will make a promise with the cup and make a pact with the
bowl of wine.

How can I, who possess a royal treasury in my beggary,
Expect anything from the revolution of this knave-breeding
sphere?

Although soiled with the dust of poverty, shame be to my
magnanimity

If I wet my skirt with the water of the sun's spring.
If the friend's kindness likes to see the lovers in fire,
I am a narrow-visioned person if I look at the spring of
Kauthar.

Last night her ruby was displaying its glory to Hafez.
But I am not the one who believes such fables from her.

CCCXLVII

My idol, what should I do with the sorrow of your love?
How long should I have nocturnal cries in your sorrow?
My mad heart has passed the stage of listening to any
advice.

Unless I chain it with your tresses' ends.

It is impossible to write in one letter
What I have suffered during the separation from you.
Where is the chance to describe thoroughly
All of my agitations to your tress?
Whenever I desire to see my soul,
I draw the image of your beautiful face on my eye.
I would give up my faith and heart happily
If I knew I could thus attain to your union.
Preacher, get away from me and don't talk nonsense.
I am not the one who will listen to hypocrisy any longer.
There is no hope for Hafez's redemption from vice.
Since such is the destiny, what should I devise?

CCCXLVIII

I will make an ocean from my eyes and throw patience into
the desert.
And while doing this, I will throw my heart into the ocean.
From my sinful and doleful heart, I will pull out a sigh
That will throw fire at the sin of Adam and Eve.
The source of happiness is where the beloved is.
I am endeavoring to throw myself there.
Untie the cord of your cloak, O you moon whose hat is the
sun,
So that I throw my frenzied head at your feet like your
tress.
I am hit by the arrow of the heaven. Give me wine
So that, drunken, I throw a knot at the cord of the Gemini's
quiver.
I will splash a gulp of wine on this palanquin,
And throw the ebullition of the harp in this azure dome.
Hafez, since it is wrong and a mistake to depend on time,
Why should I throw today's pleasure at tomorrow?

CCCXLIX

Last night I said I would put her face's love out of my head.
She said: "Where is a chain with which I tie this madman?"
I likened her stature to a cypress. She walked away from
me.

Friends, truth hurts my beloved. What should I do?
I did not express myself appropriately, my love. Excuse me.
Display a coquetry so that I harmonize my talent.
Though innocent, my face has turned yellow because of her
delicate nature.

O Saqi, give me a bowl of wine so that I make my cheeks
rosy.

O breeze of Leila's quarters, for Heaven's sake, how long
am I going to

Demolish houses [with my sighs] and flood their ruins with
my tears?

I, who found a way to the endless treasure of the friend's
beauty,

Can turn a hundred beggars like myself into Korahs from
now on.

O fortunate moon, remember Hafez, your servant,
So that I pray for the prosperity of your ever-increasing
beauty.

CCCL

At dawn I told myself I should consult God about
repentance.

The repentance-breaking spring is coming, what should I
do?

To tell the truth, I cannot stand and watch
While my friends are drinking wine.

Like a bud with smiling lips, to the memory of the Shah's
assembly,
I will take a cup of wine and rend my garment from ecstasy.
If in the season of tulips I stay away
From the feast of joy, cure my head.
Since my desire's rose bloomed with the friend's face,
I will let a granite rock take care of the enemy's head.
I am the beggar of the tavern, but watch me when I am
drunk.
For then I display my pride to heavens and command the
stars.
Since it is not my custom to abstain from unlawful food,
Why should I blame the wine-drinking rend?
I will seat an idol on the rose's throne like a sultan,
And will make for her a necklace and a bracelet from the
hyacinth and jasmine.
Hafez became annoyed from secret drinking.
I will reveal his secret with the sound of the harp and the
reed.

CCCLI

Far be it that I quit drinking in the season of the rose.
I brag of wisdom, how would I do this thing?
Where is the minstrel that I lose the whole product of my
asceticism and knowledge
Over the affair of the harp and the lyre, and the sound of the
reed?
I grew tired of the commotions and arguments of the
school.
For a while, I want to serve my beloved and wine.
When did time ever have any stability? Bring the bowl of
wine

So that I relate the stories of Jamshid and Kay-Kawoos.
I am not afraid of a black letter. For on the Day of
Resurrection,
I can ignore a hundred such letters through the bounty of
His kindness.
Where is the morning courier that I may relate
The complaints of the night of separation to that fortunate
and blessed one?
This borrowed soul that the beloved committed to Hafez,
One day I will see her face and surrender to her.

CCCLII

I have been serving in the tavern for quite some time now.
I have been doing the work of the wealthy in the garment of
the poor.
In order to capture a strutting pheasant in the net of union,
I am sitting in ambush and waiting for an opportunity.
Listen to these words: Our admonisher has not smelled the
scent of the Truth.
I am not backbiting. I will speak these words in his
presence, too.
Falling and rising with the zephyr, I am going to the friend's
street.
And I am asking my fellow-travellers to help me in my
effort.
Your street's dust cannot stand to be troubled by us more
than this.
My idol, you did me many favors. I now stop the trouble.
The beloved's tress is a snare on the road and her glance an
arrow of tribulation.
My heart, remember how much advice I am giving you.
Cover your pessimistic eye, O fault-covering generous one,

From these intrepidities that I do in the corner of seclusion.
I am Hafez in one assembly, a dreg-drainer in another.
Behold this sleight-of-hand and see how I play tricks with
people!

CCCLIII

I will not quit the love of my sweetheart and the cup of
wine.
I have repented a hundred times, but will not do so any
more.
The garden of paradise, the shade of the Tooba, the palace
and hooris,
I will not equate with the dust of the beloved's street.
The suggestion and instruction of the people of perception
is an indication.
I mentioned this as a metaphor and I will not repeat.
I am never aware of my own head
Until I raise it in the middle of a tavern.
The admonisher said tauntingly, "Go, quit loving."
No need for quarreling, brother. I am not going to.
This much piety is enough for me that I am not making love
gestures
To the lovely ones of the city from the top of the menbar.
Hafez, the threshold of the Magians' Pir is the place of
fortune.
I am not going to stop kissing the dust of this door.

CCCLIV

With your black eyelashes you made a thousand
penetrations in my faith.

Come, let me remove a thousand sicknesses from your love-sick eyes.

O my heart's companion who forgot your friends,
May the day never come when I sit without your memory
for a moment.

The world is old and baseless. Alas of this Farhad-killer
Whose magic and deceit made me fed up with my sweet life.
From the heat of the fire of separation, I drowned in sweat
like a rose.

O nocturnal wind, bring a breeze from that sweat-wiper of
mine.

Let both the ephemeral and eternal worlds be sacrificed for
the beloved and Saqi,

For I see the sultanate of the world a plaything in the hand
of love.

If the friend chooses someone else in my place, he is the
commander.

But God forbid that I choose my soul in place of the friend.
The nightingale called "Good morning". Where are you,
Saqi? Rise.

For the memory of last-night's dream is raising an uproar in
my head.

On the night of death, I will go straight from my bed to the
palace of Hoorolayn

If you be the candle next to my pillow when I am
surrendering my soul.

The story of longing which became recorded in this book
Was, without doubt, inspired by Hafez.

CCCLV

In my view, the best thing for me to do at present is:
To take my belongings to the tavern and sit happily,

To hold the cup of wine and stay away from hypocrites,
That is to say, to choose a pure-hearted one from the people
of the world;
And to have no friend or companion except a book and a
goblet,
So that I see little of my deceitful colleagues.
If it ever becomes possible that I gather up my skirt from
this world,
I will free myself from people and rise like a cypress.
So many times have I boasted of piety inside my
contaminated kherqe
That I am ashamed of Saki's face and of the colorful wine.
My feeble breast and the burden of her sorrow? Impossible.
My poor heart is not the man of this heavy burden.
If I am a tavern's rend or the city's ascetic,
I am this thing that you see or even less.
I am the slave of the Asaf of our time. Do not mislead my
heart.
For if I breathe a word, he will take my revenge from the
heaven.
My heart has the dust of many cruelties. O God do not
allow
That the mirror of my heart, which is accustomed to love, to
be tarnished.

CCCLVI

If I succeed in being with the beloved,
I will drink wine from the cup of union and pick flowers
from the garden of pleasure.
The bitter, Sufi-consuming wine will carry my foundation
away.
Put your lips on mine, Saki, and take my sweet soul.

I may lose my sanity through this passion. For day and night,
I am speaking to the moon and dreaming of fairies.
Your lips gave sugar to the intoxicated ones and your eyes
wine to the drinkers.
It is only I who is utterly deprived and has neither this nor
that.
Since any dust the wind brought benefitted from your
generosity,
Remember me, too, for I am your old-time servant.
Not everyone can compose a verse that appeals to the heart.
It is I who catch the best pheasant, for my royal falcon is
nimble.
If you do not believe me, go ask the Chinese painter.
For Mani is asking for a copy of the work of my musky
pen's tip.
Faithfulness and truth-speaking is not for everyone.
I am the slave of the Second Asaf, the Glory of Truth and
Faith.
Hear from me the secrets of drunkenness and rendi, not
from the preacher.
For every moment I am the Moon's and Pleiades' companion
with a cup and a bowl.

CCCLVII

The light of God in the Magians' tavern I see.
O wonder, what a light from what place I see!
Do not display glory to me, O Mecca's pilgrim.
For whereas you see the House, the God of the House I see.
I would like to open the musk-bag from the idols' tresses.
It is a remote thought which is, in fact, a mistake as I see.

The heart ablaze, tears flowing, laments at night, and sighs
at dawn--
All this from the view of your kindness I see.
Every moment the way of my thought is cut off by an image
of your countenance.
Whom should I tell what things on this screen I see?
No one has seen from the musk of Khotan and the musk-
bag of China
That which from the zephyr every morning I see.
Friends, do not criticize Hafez for his ogling.
For as one of your lovers him do I see.

CCCLVIII

For the suffering of the world, of which I see no boundaries
at all,
I do not see any remedy except the wine of the color of the
Judas-tree.
I will not leave the presence of the Magians' Pir.
For I do not see my advisability in it.
Let your pleasure rise with the sun of the bowl.
For I do not see the fortune of this time so great.
The sign of the people of God is being in love. Mark this.
For in the sheikhs of the city I do not see this sign.
A thousand "alas"es to these two amazed eyes of mine.
For I cannot see her face evident with two mirrors.
Since your stature left the stream of my eye,
I see nothing but flowing tears in place of the cypress.
No one is giving me a sip of wine in this hangover.
Behold, I do not see any lover in here.
Ask me not the sign of her narrow middle to which I
attached my heart.
For I do not see myself present in middle.

[From now on it will be] I and Hafez's vessel, for I do not
see
Any pearl-scattering wealth of speech except in this sea.

CCCLIX

Blissful is the day when I go from this house in ruins
And seek my soul's comfort and go after my beloved.
Although I know a stranger may not reach anywhere,
I will follow the scent of that dishevelled tress.
My heart grew depressed with the horror of Alexander's
prison.
I will pack up and go to Solomon's kingdom.
Like the zephyr, with ailing body and impatient heart,
I will go yearning for that strutting cypress.
Even if I have to walk on my head, like a pen, on the road
to her,
I will go with wounded heart and weeping eyes.
I vowed if one day I come out of this sorrow,
I will go singing and merry-making up to the door of the
tavern.
Yearning for her, like a mote,
Dancing will I go up to the edge of the spring of the sun.
The gallopers have no concern for the heavily-burdened
ones.
O pious ones, help me that I go easily and happily.
And if I do not find my way out of the desert like Hafez,
I will go in the company of the star of the Asaf of our time.

CCCLX

If I ever go home from this desolate station,
I will go there wise and learned this time.

If I safely arrive at my home country from this journey,
I have vowed to go to the tavern right away.
In order to announce what I discovered from this
exploration,
I will go to the gate of the monastery with a lyre and a cup
of wine.
If the acquaintances of the path of love make me drink
blood,
I am not a man if I go to a stranger for complaint.
From now on, [it will be] my hand and the chain-like tresses
of the beloved.
I will pursue the wish of my crazy heart time and again.
If I see the curve of her mehrab-like eyebrow again,
I will prostrate in gratitude and follow the object of
gratitude.
Joyful is the moment when, like Hafez, having the Vizier's
friendship,
Happily with my beloved I go home from the tavern.

CCCLXI

I am now kissing the ground and apologizing at the feet of
The one who cruelly trampled me like the dust of the road.
Far be it that I moan because of your cruelty.
I am your faithful slave and well-wishing servant.
I have attached a great hope to the curve of your tress.
May the hand of my quest never cut short.
I am a particle of dust, happily settled in your street.
I fear, my friend, that the wind may suddenly blow me
away.
The tavern's Pir gave me a world-viewing cup at dawn.
And in that mirror made me aware of your beauty.
I am the Sufi of the monastery of the heavenly world.

However, for the time being, I am appointed to this
Magians' house.

Rise and come with me, a beggar, to the tavern
That you may see how much pomp I have in that ring!
Intoxicated, you passed by, without any thought of Hafez.
Woe if my sigh ever catches on the skirt of your beauty!
I liked the way the King of the East (sun) was saying at
dawn:
In spite of being a king, I am the slave of Tooranshah.

CCCLXII

Visiting became possible. Kissing and embracing, too.

I am thankful to my luck, and to the world, too.

Go away, ascetic. For if the luck is my luck

I will have in my hand the cup of wine, and the beloved's
tress, too.

We do not carp anyone for drunkenness and rendi.

Delicious is the idols' rubies, and the wholesome wine, too.

O heart, let me give the glad tidings that the Mohtaseb is no
longer here.

The world is full of wine, and the wine-drinking idols, too.

It is not clever to commit one's mind to the hand of
dispersion.

Ask for the peace of mind, and for the goblet of wine, too.

Spray a sip [of wine] from her lip over the ones turned to
dust by love

So that the earth may become ruby-colored, and musky,
too.

The time when the evil eye stared from the ambush passed.
Gone is the enemy from our midst, and tears from our side,
too.

Since the whole universe is alive with your scent,
O Sun, spread your favor over us, too.

Since the elegance of the tulip and rose is from the bounty
of your beauty,

O cloud of kindness, rain upon me, the humble one, too.

Hafez became the captive of your tress, fear God

And the justice of Asaf, who has the power of Jamshid, too.

Asaf is the leader of the country and religion, through
whose ministration

The mines became plentiful, and the sea, too.

The firmament, happily remembering him, surrenders its
soul

To the morning, and so do the stars, too.

The ball of the Earth is stolen by his polo-stick,

And this elevated dome with its blue fences, too.

Your light-hearted intention brings to motion

This sphere which has a stable center, and a lofty orbit, too.

It is because of the activity of the heaven and his (Asaf's)
era

That months and years change, and autumns and springs,
too.

May his palace of glory be not empty of great ones,
And from the cypress-statured and rosy-cheeked Saqis, too.

CCCLXIII

My pain is from the beloved, and my remedy, too.
My heart is devoted to her, and my soul, too.
They say that that one is better than beauty.
My beloved has this one, and that one, too.
Let be remembered the one who, intent upon our blood,
Broke her agreement, and her promise, too.
Friends, I am speaking in veil,
But my words will be spoken openly, too.
Just as the wealth of the nights of union ended,
The days of banishment will pass, too.
Both worlds are a radiance from her face,
I have told you openly, and hidden, too.
The affair of the world is undependable.
The turning wheel is undependable, too.
Bring wine. A lover is unafraid of the judge.
And of the prohibitions of the law, too.
Mohtaseb knows that Hafez is a lover.
And Asaf of Solomon's Kingdom knows, too.

CCCLXIV

We are lovers, drunk and without worries,
Confidants of love and companions of the cup of wine.
Many a bow of blame have been drawn at us
Until we have opened [the knot of] our affair by the
beloved's eyebrow.

O flower, you received the brand of morning wine last night.

We are those anemones that are born with brands.

If the Magians' Pir was annoyed by our repentance,

Tell him purify the wine, for we have risen to apology.

You are the key to our progress. Help, O guide of the path.

We are confessing that we cannot walk any longer.

Behold not the wine-cup which is like a tulip.

Behold the brand which we have placed on our bleeding hearts.

You asked, "Hafez, what is all this paint and affectation?"

"Observe not a wrong pattern. We are the same plain tablet."

CCCLXV

It has been a lifetime since we have laid our face on the path of your love

And have laid aside hypocrisy and pretence of people.

The arch and veranda of the school, and the disputations of learning---

We have laid on the path of the moon-faced Saqi and the cup of wine.

We have given our soul for those two magical narcissi.

We have also laid down our heart for those black hyacinths.

A lifetime passed while, hoping for a sign,

We have laid our eyes on those two corners of the eyebrow.

We have not conquered the kingdom of prosperity by an army.

We have not laid the royal throne down with our arms.

Wondering what the beloved's eyes' magic will play,

We have laid our foundation on the magical glance again.

Without her rebellious tresses, like a violet,

We have laid our lovelorn head on our knee from grief.
In the corner of hope, like moon watchers,
We have laid our eye of desire on that curve of the
eyebrow.
You asked, "Hafez, where is your wandering heart?"
"We have laid it in the ringlets of that curved tress."

CCCLXVI

We have not come to this door in search of pomp and glory.
We have taken refuge here from an ill-turn of events.
Heading for the house of love, we have come all the way
From the frontiers of non-existence to the clime of
existence.
We saw the freshness of your khat and came
From the garden of paradise to ask for that mandrake.
In spite of having such a treasure whose treasurer is Gabriel,
We have come to beg at the king's door.
Where is your anchor of patience, O bark of grace?
For we have come drenched in sin in this sea of forgiveness.
The water of the face is drying. Rain, O guilt-covering
cloud!
For we have come to the court of deed with a black report.
Hafez, cast off this woolen kherqe!
For we have come with a fire of sigh in the wake of the
caravan.

CCCLXVII

I have the Magians' Pir's judgment, which is also an old
saying:
"Wine is forbidden where the beloved is not present."
I am going to rend this robe of pretence. What should I do?

The converse of the incompatible is a painful torment to the soul.

Hoping for a sip of wine to be splashed on me from the beloved's lip,

For years I have been residing at the tavern's door.

Should she happen to forget my past services,

O breeze of morning, remind her of our old promise.

Should you pass over my grave a hundred years later,

My rotten bones will rise dancing from the dust.

The beloved took my heart with a hundred promises.

Apparently a kind-natured person does not forget her promise.

Tell the bud not to be sad about the closed affair,

For you will receive help from the morning and from the breeze's breath.

O heart, seek your remedy from another door.

A lover's pain will not be cured by a doctor's medicine.

Obtain the pearl of gnosis that you may take with you.

For the possessions of gold and silver will go to others.

This is a difficult snare. Unless God's favor accompanies us,

It is hard to prevail over the driven-out Satan.

Hafez, if you do not have gold or silver, so what? Be thankful!

What is better than the wealth of an eloquent language and a beautiful talent?

CCCLXVIII

Rise, and let us ask for an opening from the tavern's door.

Let us sit on the friend's path and ask for our desire.

We have no provisions for the road of the sanctuary of union.

Like beggars, we must ask for provisions from the tavern's door.

Though our impure tears are flowing,

We will ask from her for purity through an envoy.

Let the pleasure of your sorrow's brand be denied to us

If we ever ask for justice from the hardship of your love's woe.

The point of your mole cannot be drawn on the tablet of the eye

Unless we ask for some ink from the pupil of the eye.

The heart sought a favor from your sweet lip, offering the soul as a price.

With a sugary smile, your lip said: "We ask for more."

In order to have a prescription of a perfume for our frenzied heart,

We will ask for a writing from your fragrant khat.

Since your sorrow cannot be found except in a happy heart,

We will ask for a happy heart hoping for your sorrow.

How long are you going to sit at the door of the school,

Hafez?

Rise, and let us ask for an opening from the tavern's door.

CCCLXIX

We expected companionship from companions.

What we imagined was wrong.

Hoping that the tree of friendship may some day bear fruit,

We went and planted a seed.

Argument was not the way of dervishes.

Otherwise we could have had many adventures with you.

The way of your glance was a gimmick for war.

We made a mistake and thought it was peace.

The rose-bush of your beauty did not become heart-brightening by itself.

We appointed the breath of determination onto it.

Many things happened and not one of us complained.

We never failed in our respectfulness.

She said: "You yourself gave your heart to us, Hafez?

"We never sent any collector to anyone."

CCCLXX

How can you look for advisability in me who welcomed the drunk

And bade farewell to safety around your intoxicated narcissus?

Open the tavern's door for me since nothing opened from the monastery.

Whether you believe or not, this is the truth and I said it.

Intoxicated by your eyes, I have fallen down, O Saqi.

Yet, I said a thousand welcomes to the tribulation that comes from the beloved.

If you do not forgive me, you will eventually regret it.

Remember where I pointed this out at your presence?

I said, "your stature is a spruce-fur." The result was a lot of shame

That why I made this comparison and why I said this lie.

My liver bled like a deer's navel and I do not deserve any lesser retribution

For the fact that I spoke with your tress about China by mistake.

You became fire, Hafez, but it did not catch on the beloved.

As it were, I spoke to the zephyr of the infidelity of the rose.

CCCLXXI

We laid the morning lesson on the road of the tavern.
We laid the result of our prayer on the road of the beloved.
This brand which we laid on our frenzied heart
Will set fire to the harvest of a hundred wise ascetics.
The primordial King gave us the treasure of love's sorrow
Since we headed toward this ruined station.
From now on I will not let the love of idols into my heart.
We have laid the seal of her lips on our door.
One cannot be a hypocrite in a kherqe more than this.
Hence I laid the foundation of the way of rendi.
How will this wandering ship go
Now that we laid our life over that peerless pearl?
Thank God, the one whom we called wise and intelligent
Had lost his faith and heart like us.
Like Hafez, we were content with your fancy only.
O Lord, how low was our goal and how strange our nature!

CCCLXXII

Let us pass through the street of the tavern,
We are all in need of this door for a gulp of wine.
Since the First Day we boasted of rendi and love,
In all fairness, we must not adopt any other way.
In a place where the throne and the dais of Jamshid go with
the wind,
Better that we drink wine than sorrow.
Would that I be able to put my hand around her waist,
I am drenched in my heart's blood like a red carnelian.
Preacher, give no advice to the frenzied ones.
For we do not care for paradise while we have the beloved's
street.

Since Sufis are leaders in dance and trance,
 We, too, must take steps to do some jugglery.
 A sip of your wine produced pearls and rubies in the dust.
 Poor us who are less than dust before you.
 Hafez, since we have no access to the pinnacle of the palace
 of union,
 We will put up with the dust of the threshold of this door.

CCCLXXIII

Rise and let us take the Sufi's kherqe to the tavern.
 Let us take *shat'h* and *tamat* to the bazaar of superstitions.
 As a gift [brought] from our journey for the qalandar rends,
 Let us take Bastami's frock and the prayer-mat of *tamat*.
 In order for all the secluded ones to take the cup of the
 morning wine,
 Let us take the morning harp to the door of the Pir of
monajat.
 The covenant we made with you in the land of Canaan,
 Let us take it to the meeting-place while singing "Show me
 yourself."
 We will beat the drum of your law from the pinnacle of the
 empyrean.
 Let us take the flag of your love to the roof of the heavens.
 Tomorrow in the desert of Resurrection,
 Let us all proudly carry the dust of your street on our heads.
 And if the ascetic lays the thorn of blame on our way,
 Let us take him from his garden to the prison of retribution.
 If we use the word *karamat* for this art and knowledge
 [which we have],
 Let us be ashamed of our contaminated woolen garb.
 If the heart does not appreciate the value of time and does
 nothing,

Let us feel ashamed of the product of days.
Rise, for disaster is raining from this vaulted ceiling.
Let us take refuge in the tavern from all disasters.
How long are we going to be lost in the desert of non-being?
Let us ask how we may find our way to important things.
Hafez, do not humble yourself at the door of every mean person.
Let us take our request to The Satisfier of Needs.

CCCLXXIV

Come, let us scatter flowers and cast wine in the bowl.
Let us cleave the vault of the heaven and cast a new design.
If sorrow raises an army in order to shed the lovers' blood,
Let Saqi and I attack him together and cast away its foundation.
Let us pour rose-water into the bowl of the red wine.
Let us cast sugar in the perfume-scattering brazier of the breeze.
While you have a pleasant instrument in your hand, play a pleasant song, minstrel,
So that hands waving sing songs and dancing cast our heads.
Zephyr, throw the dust of our existence into that lofty threshold,
So that we may cast a look at the face of that queen of beauties.
One is bragging of reason, another is weaving tamat.
Come, let us cast these judgments in front of the judge.
If you want an eternal paradise, come with us to the tavern
So that one day we cast you from the side of the vat into the pool of Kauthar.

Eloquence and beautiful singing are not practiced in Shiraz.
Come, Hafez, let us cast ourselves into another land.

CCCLXXV

Come, Sufi, let us pull off this kherqe of hypocrisy.
Let us obliterate this pattern of pretension.
Let us pawn the vows and charities of the monastery for the
price of wine.
Let us wash the frock of pretence with the tavern's water.
If we are not allowed into the garden of paradise tomorrow,
Let us pull out *ghelmans* from the garden and hooris from
the paradise.
Let us jump out drunken, and plunder wine from the Sufis'
banquet,
And take the beloved into our arms.
Let us have joy, or else we will be dragged with sorrow
The day when we drag this bundle of soul to the next world.
Let us intoxicatedly pull down the veil from the face of the
divine secret
Which is secluded in the tent of the Unseen.
Where is a display of her eyebrows' glory that like a new
moon
We bring the heaven's ball inside the bend of the golden
polo-stick?
Hafez, such exaggerations are out of line for us.
Why should we stretch our legs out of our mat?

CCCLXXVI

Friends, it is better to endeavor for joy in the season of the
rose.

These are the words of the people of heart. Let us hear them with all our heart.

No one has any generosity and the time for enjoyment is passing.

What we should do is to sell our prayer-mat for wine.

It is a pleasant and exhilarating weather. O God, send us a charming person

So that we drink the rose-colored wine to [the health of] her face.

The organ-player of the sky is the highway robber of the people of art.

How can we not lament from this grief and why not scream?

The rose boiled, yet we did not spray any water of wine on it.

No doubt we, too, are boiling from privation and passion.

We are drinking imaginary wine from the tulip's cup.

Far be the evil eye, for we are intoxicated without wine and minstrel.

Hafez, to whom should we explain this strange state that

We are nightingales but silent in the season of the rose?

CCCLXXVII

One night we will raise our hands and pray

So that we may find some solution to the pain of separation.

My ailing heart went out of my hand. Help me friends

That we may bring a doctor over and treat it.

The one who was hurt for no reason and who struck me with a sword and left,

Bring her back, for Heaven's sake, so that we can have a pleasant time.

The root of joy dried, where is the road to the tavern?

We may grow and flourish in that clime.

Seek help from the rends' minds, O heart!
Or else this is a hard job. We may make a mistake.
The shade of an impatient bird will do no good.
Let us ask for the blessed shade of a homa.
My heart became impatient. Where is the sweet-speaking
Hafez
That we may tune a song to his words and ghazals.

CCCLXXVIII

We do not do any evil nor tend toward any untruth.
We blacken no one's garment nor do we make our own
blue.
To carp the poor and the rich for having less and more is
bad.
It is advisable that we avoid evil absolutely.
We do not write any falsehood in our book of knowledge.
We do not attach the divine mystery to the page of
legerdemain.
If the monarch does not drink the rends' wine with respect,
We do not direct his attention to pure and clear wine.
We are passing through this world like wayfarers.
We do not think of a black horse and a bejeweled saddle.
The firmament breaks the ship of the people of art.
Better that we do not lean on this suspended ocean.
If a jealous person spoke evil and a friend was hurt,
Tell that friend to be happy, for we do not listen to the fool.
Hafez, if the enemy spoke wrongly, we do not charge him.
And if he spoke rightly, we do not dispute the truth.

CCCLXXIX

I am drunk and I am saying in a loud voice

That I am seeking the scent of life from the bowl of wine.
The scowl of asceticism does not sit on the drinker's face.
I am the adept of the kherqe of the good-tempered dreg-
drainers.

I became a legend in wandering, and the friend's eyebrow
Drew me into the curve of her polo-stick like a ball.

If the Magians' Pir does not open a door for me,
What door should I knock and from where should I seek
help?

Blame me not for self-growth in this meadow.

I am growing as I am being nurtured.

Regard not the monastery and the tavern in between.

God is my witness, wherever she is I am with her.

The dust of the road of quest is the elixir of happiness.

I am the slave of the wealth of that ambergris-scented dust.

Yearning for the languishing narcissus of a tall-statured one,

I have fallen with a cup like a tulip on the edge of a brook.

Bring wine so that I wash the dust of hypocrisy

By Hafez's verdict in the spring of the bowl.

CCCLXXX

Many a time have I said and am saying again

That I, a lover, am not walking on this road by my own will.

They have kept me behind a mirror like a parrot.

I am saying whatever the Primordial Master told me to.

Whether I be a thorn or a rose, there is a meadow-adorned.

For I am growing in the same way as He is drawing me.

Friends, do not blame me, an amazed lover.

I have a jewel and I am looking for a person of perception.

Although it is wrong to have rose-colored wine on a
patched frock,

Blame me not, for I am washing the color of hypocrisy from it.

The lovers' laughter and tears are from somewhere else.

I sing at night and cry at dawn.

Hafez told me not to smell the dust at the tavern's door.

Tell him not to blame me, for I am smelling the musk of Khotan.

CCCLXXXI

Though we are the servants of the monarch,

We are the monarch of the land of morning-tide.

The sleeve full of treasure but the purse empty,

We are a world-viewing cup, yet the dust of the road.

Sober in presence and drunk with pride,

We are the ocean of unity and drowned in sin.

When the witness of fortune looks amorously,

We are the mirror of her moon-like face.

Every night we are the guards of the crown and hat

Of the king who has a wakeful fortune.

Tell him to appreciate our company,

For we are awake while he is asleep.

Shah Mansur knows that

Wherever we put our determination,

We make shrouds of blood for enemies

And robes of victory for friends.

There is no color of pretence with us.

We are red lions and black cobras.

Tell them to give back Hafez's loan.

You have confessed and we are witnesses.

CCCLXXXII

Since you have come to visit a wounded person, recite a fateha.

Open your lips, for the ruby of your lips gives life to the dead.

She who came to ask about me, recited a fateha, and is now going away--

Tell her to wait a moment so that I can send my soul after her.

O you who are the doctor of the wounded, look at my tongue.

For this fume and smoke of my bosom is my heart's load on my tongue.

Although fever made my bones hotter than the sun and was gone,

The fire of love is not going from my bones as my fever did.

Now my heart has its home in fire because of your mole.

And my eyes are tired and feeble because of those two eyes of yours.

Extinguish my fire with your eyes' water

And see if my pulse is showing any sign of life?

She who has always given me a glass for my pleasure,

I wonder why she is now repeatedly taking my glass to the doctor?

Hafez, your verse gave me a drink from the water of life.

Let the doctor go. Come, read the prescription of my medicinal draught.

CCCLXXXIII

Much as I explained my pain to doctors,

They could not cure it. Helpless strangers!

That rose which is in the hand of a [different] wind each moment,

Tell her to have shame of nightingales.
O Lord, give a chance to the lovers' eyes
To see their loved ones again.
The jewel-box of love has not retained its seal.
O Lord, allow not the rivals to have their desire.
O blessed one, how long are we going to be
Among the deprived at your table of generosity?
Hafez, you would not have become the frenzied one of the
world
If you had listened to the advice of the learned ones.

CCCLXXXIV

I am being consumed in your separation. Turn away from
cruelty.
Separation became our calamity. O Lord, turn away the
calamity.
The moon is showing off her glory on the green steed of the
firmament.
You mount your steed and let her fall down on her head.
Shake your locks and, in competition with the hyacinth,
Scatter perfume around the meadow like the zephyr.
Let that plunderer of reason and faith strut out intoxicated.
Tilt the hat on the head and throw the cloak on your
shoulders.
O light-of-the-eye of the drunkards, I am anxiously waiting.
Either play a soft tune on the harp or pass around a cup of
wine.
Time is writing a beautiful script on his cheeks.
O Lord, turn away a bad script from our friend.
Your luck with the lovely ones is not but this little, Hafez.
If you are not content, change the command of destiny.

CCCLXXXV

O God, bring that musky deer back to Khotan.
And bring that strutting tall cypress back to the meadow.
Caress my afflicted heart with a breeze.
That is, bring the soul that has left me back to my body.
Since the sun and the moon reach their destination by your
command,
Bring my moon-faced beloved also back to me.
Many eyes filled with blood in search of that ruby of
Yemen.
O God, bring that shining star back to Yemen.
Go, O blessed bird of majestic traits,
Take the words of crows and kites back to that eagle.
These are my words: "I do not want life without you."
Hear, O message-carrying courier, and take these words
back to her.
O God, bring the one whose home-country was Hafez's eye
From the foreign land back to the homeland willingly.

CCCLXXXVI

For Heaven's sake, do not sit with the kherqe-wearers,
And do not hide your face from the homeless rends.
There is a great deal of impurity in this kherqe,
Blessed are the robes of wine-dealers.
I did not see any pain [of love] in these Sufi-like people.
May the joy of the dreg-drainers be a pure one.
You are of delicate nature and cannot tolerate
The roughness of a handful frock-wearers.
Now that you have made me intoxicated, do not sit covered.
Now that you have given me honey, do not make me drink
poison.

Come and see how, because of the deception of these
pretenders,
The decanter is full of blood and the lyre crying.
Beware of Hafez's warm-heartedness,
For he has a bosom like a boiling pot.

CCCLXXXVII

The monarch of the straight-statured and the king of the
sweet-mouthed,
Who can break the hearts of warriors with his eyelashes,
Passed by and cast a look at me, a dervish, and said:
"O sight and light of all the sweet-worded ones,
"How long is your purse going to be empty of gold and
silver?
"Become my slave and have the fruit of all the silver-bodied
ones.
"You are not less than a mote. Do not debase yourself. Fall
in love
"So that you can rise dancing to the private quarter of the
sun.
"Do not lean on the world, and if you have a bowl of wine,
"Drink to the joy of those with Venus-like brows and
delicate bodies."
My Pir who measures out wine, blessed be his soul, said:
"Avoid the company of those who break their promises.
"Get hold of the skirt of a friend and let go of the enemy.
"Be a man of God and free yourself of Ahrimans."
I was asking the zephyr in the field of tulips at dawn:
"Whose martyrs are all these bloody-shrouded ones?"
It replied: "Hafez, you and I are confidants to this secret.
"Speak of the ruby wine and of the sweet-mouthed ones."

CCCLXXXVIII

The spring and the rose became pleasure-invoking and
repentance-breaking.

Uproot sadness from your heart to the joy of the rose's
cheek.

The zephyr arrived and the rose-bud in its excitement
Went out of itself and tore open its shirt.

Learn the way of sincerity from the pure-hearted water.

Seek liberality rightly from the meadow's cypress.

From the zephyr's aggression, see how the locks have fallen
on the rose's face,

And see how the hyacinth's tress has curved on the jasmine's
face.

The bride of the rosebud came from the harem with a good
luck.

She is just stealing the heart and faith with a beautiful face.

The song of the frenzied nightingale and the cry of the
starling

Came out of the house of sadness to join the rose.

Speak of the society of the lovely ones and the cup of wine

To the words of Hafez and to the command of the artful Pir.

CCCLXXXIX

Every moment to your scent, like a rose,

I rend my garment on my body from collar to skirt.

It was as if the rose saw your body that in the garden

It tore its garment on its body like drunkards.

I can hardly save my life from the hand of your woe,

But you easily took my heart from me.

With the words of the enemies, you turned away from your
friend.

No one becomes the enemy of his friend.
Your body within your garment is like wine in a cup.
Your heart within your bosom is like iron in silver.
Rain tears, O candle, from your bleeding eye!
For your heart's fire became known to public.
Allow not that a heart-consuming sigh
Come out of my bosom like smoke from a chimney.
Do not break my heart and throw it at your feet,
For it has its dwelling at the tip of your tress.
Since Hafez has attached his heart to your tress,
Do not throw his fate at your feet like this.

CCCXC

The royal crown of the rose appeared from the side of the
meadow.
O Lord, let its arrival be a blessing to the cypress and the
jasmine.
This royal sitting [on the throne] was quite appropriate.
Now everyone must sit at his own place.
Give the tidings of a happy ending to Solomon's signet,
For the divine name cut short the devil's hand from it.
May this house last forever, from whose door's dust
momently blows
The wind of Yemen carrying the scent of the Merciful.
The pomp of the Son of Pashang and his world-conquering
sword
Became a popular story in all the Books of Kings.
The polo-horse of the sky became tame under your saddle.
O king, now that you entered the field, strike a ball.
Your sword is the water of the country's stream.
Plant the tree of justice and uproot the malevolent.

From now on, it is not a surprise if because of your good
nature
The scent of Khotan's musk rises from the desert of Ezaj.
Hermits are looking forward to see your beautiful glory.
Tilt your hat and drop the veil from your face.
I consulted reason. It said, "Drink wine, Hafez!"
O Saqi, give wine by the order of the trustworthy advisor.
Zephyr, ask the Saqi of Ataback's banquet
To offer me a sip of wine from that gold-scattering bowl.

CCCXCI

What can be better than the thought of wine and cup
Until I find out what will happen at the end?
How long can one take the heart's grief? Days are gone.
Let there be neither heart nor days. What is going to
happen?
Tell the impatient bird to worry about itself.
What the pity of the one who lays a net for it is going to be?
Drink wine, not grief! And do not listen to the advice of an
imitator.
How much credit can one give to the words of common
people?
Better the product of your labor be spent for your
enjoyment.
You know what will happen to the deprived at the end?
Last night the tavern's Pir decoded a riddle
From the inscription on the bowl [which showed] what will
happen at the end?
I led Hafez's heart astray by the tambourine, the harp, and
the ghazal.
I wonder what the punishment will be for me, the ill-reputed
one?

CCCXCII

Do you know what the way of obtaining the wealth of
seeing the beloved is?
To prefer begging in her street to kingship.
It is easy to cut off from desire to live,
But hard to cut off from the bosom friends.
I will go to the orchard like a bud with a serried heart.
And there I will tear a shirt for good name.
Sometimes I want to tell the rose the hidden secret.
Other times I want to hear the secret of love from
nightingales.
Do not lose the chance to kiss the beloved's lip the first
time.
For later you will bite your hand and lip with remorse.
Appreciate companionship. For when we pass from this
two-way station,
We will never meet again.
Apparently Hafez is forgotten by Shah Yahya.
O Lord, remind him to nurture the dervishes.

CCCXCIII

It is I who am famous in town for love-making.
It is I who have not contaminated my sight by seeing bad.
Let us be faithful, be blamed, but be happy.
Because in our path to take offence is disbelief.
I asked the tavern's Pir what the road to salvation was.
He asked for the cup of wine and replied: "Fault-covering."
What is the heart's purpose of sightseeing the world's
garden?
To pick flowers from your face by the hand of the eye's
pupil.

The reason I destroyed myself through drinking was:
To destroy the pattern of selfishness.
I am confident of the kindness of your tress.
Otherwise, what is the use of striving if there is no
attraction from that side?
We will gallop toward the tavern from this assembly,
For it is a must not to listen to the preaching of the
unpracticing.
Learn love for a beautiful face from the friend's khat,
For it is good to turn around the face of the lovely ones.
Hafez, do not kiss anything but the Saqi's lip and the cup of
wine,
For it is a mistake to kiss the hands of the hypocrites.

CCCXCIV

O you whose moon-like face is the fresh spring of beauty.
Your mole the center and your khat the orbit of beauty.
Hidden in your languishing eyes is the charm of magic.
Evident in your restless tress is the stability of beauty.
No moon ever shone from the constellation of beauty like
you.
No cypress ever rose from the stream of beauty like your
stature.
The era of heart-stealing became delightful because of your
charm.
The days of beauty became blessed by your elegance.
From the net of your hair and the seed of your mole,
Not one bird of heart remained in the world uncaptured by
beauty.
Nature's nurse is constantly and wholeheartedly
Nurturing you with grace in the arms of beauty.
The reason why the violet around your lips is wet and fresh

Is that it drinks the water of life from the stream of beauty.
Hafez gave up the hope of finding someone like you.
Except your face, there is no dweller in the city of beauty.

CCCXCV

Veil the rose with the musky hyacinth.
That is to say, cover your face and destroy the whole world.
Scatter sweat from your face and make the surrounds of the
garden
Full of rose-water like the glasses of our eyes.
The days of the rose hastened their departure like life.
Saqi, hasten to pass the rosy wine around.
Open with grace your sleepy, languishing narcissus.
And put the eye of the elegant narcissus to sleep from
jealousy.
Catch the scent of the violet and hold the beloved's tress.
Regard the color of the tulip and head toward wine.
Since your habit and custom is to kill your lovers,
Drink wine with our enemies and be harsh to us.
Open your eyes like a bubble to the face of the wine in the
bowl.
And compare the foundation of this house to a bubble.
Hafez is seeking union through prayer.
O Lord, grant the prayers of the ones who have wounded
hearts.

CCCXCVI

O Saqi, it is morning. Fill a bowl with wine.
The sphere delays not in its rotation, make haste!
Before this transient world is destroyed,
Destroy us by a glass of rose-colored wine.

The sun of wine rose from the east of the bowl.
 If you want the provision of pleasure, abandon sleeping.
 The day when the wheel [of the sky] makes jugs from our
 clay,
 Make sure to fill the bowl of my skull with wine.
 We are not men of asceticism, repentance, and tamat.
 Address us with a bowl of pure wine.
 O Hafez, to worship wine is a virtuous deed.
 Rise, and be strong in your determination to do a virtuous
 deed!

CCCXCVII

Come in from the door and brighten our sanctuary.
 And make the air of our spiritual assembly fragrant.
 If the faqih advises you not to make love,
 Give him a bowl of wine and let him moisten his brain.
 I have committed my heart and soul to the beloved's eyes
 and eyebrows.
 Come, come, behold the arch and veranda.
 The star of the night of separation is not casting any light.
 Come up to the roof of the palace and kindle the light of the
 moon.
 Tell the heaven's treasurer to take the dust of this assembly
 As a gift to paradise and make it the incense of a brazier.
 I am sick and tired of this Sufic cap and kherqe.
 With one Sufi-killing glance, turn me into a qalandar.
 Since the beauties of the meadow are subject to your
 beauty,
 Glance at the jasmine and show your glory to the spruce-fir.
 Saqi, the meddling self tells too many tales.
 You do not give up your work. Pour wine into the cup.
 The radiance of your beauty veiled the eye of realization.

Come and illuminate the tent of the sun.
Desire for the sugar of your union is not within our limits.
Promise me your sugar-like ruby lips.
Kiss the lip of the cup and then give it to the drunks.
By this delicate means, moisten the brains of your
associates.
After attending to the pleasure and love of the moon-faced
ones,
One of the things for you to do is to memorize Hafez's
poems.

CCCXCVIII

O light of my eyes, there is a saying that you should hear:
"When your glass is full, drink from it, and let others drink,
too."
There are many temptations of Ahriman on the path of love.
Come forward, and let your heart hear the angel's message.
The accouterments of well-being was destroyed and the
instrument of joy vanished.
Lament, O harp! And roar, O tambourine!
The rosary and kherqe will not give you the pleasure of
intoxication.
For this purpose, seek help from the wine-dealer.
I told you that the aged speak from experience.
Wake up, my son! Listen to my advice. May you live till
old age.
The hand of love never chained a man of reason.
If you want to hold the beloved's tress, let go of reason.
There is no sparing of life and property from the friends.
Sacrifice a hundred lives to the friend who listens to advice.
Saqi, may your cup never be depleted of pure wine.
Cast a favorable look at me, the dreg-drainer.

As you pass by, wearing your brocaded robe and drunk,
Vow a kiss for the woolen-robed Hafez.

CCCXCIX

Cast a glance of love and break the bazaar of sorcery.
With one wink, break the Samaritan's honor and briskness.
Tilt the tip of your hat in the manner of a chief,
And cast the whole world to the wind.
Tell your tress to leave the custom of heart-stealing.
Tell your glance to break the heart of cruelty.
Strut out and win the ball of elegance from everyone.
Pay the hoori her due and break the success of the fairy.
With the deer of your look, capture the lion of the sun.
With your bowed eyebrows, break the bow of Jupiter.
When the hyacinth's tress becomes fragrant with the breath
of the wind,
You break its worth with your ambergris-scented tress.
O Hafez, if the nightingale shows off eloquence,
You break its merit with your Persian speaking.

CD

My tall-statured, coquettish, and smart beloved
Made my long story of asceticism short.
Did you see, my dear, what my love-seeking eyes did to me
After all that living, asceticism, and learning?
I am afraid of losing my faith. For the mehrab of your
eyebrow
Is taking away the presence of my prayers.
I thought I could cover the sign of love with my
ostentatious frock.
My tear was a talebearer and disclosed my secret.

The beloved is drunk and does not remember the friends.
Blessed be the memory of my Saqi who cares for the poor.
O Lord, when is that zephyr going to blow,
Whose breeze straightens my affairs with its scent of
kindness?
For the present, I am drawing a picture on the water with
my tears,
And wondering when this unreal figure will become real.
Like a candle, I am crying for myself while laughing,
Wondering what my patience and fortitude will avail from
you, the stony-hearted.
Ascetic, since your prayers are not going to work,
My night-time intoxication and my supplications are at least
better.
Hafez became consumed by weeping. O zephyr, relate his
condition
To the king who nurtures friends and destroys enemies.

CDI

If I become the dust of her path, she will shake me off her
skirt.
And if I tell her to turn her heart [to me], she will turn her
face away from me.
She shows her colorful face, like a rose, to everyone.
And if I tell her to cover it, she will cover it from me.
I told my eye, "At least, take a full look at her once!"
It said, "Do you want a stream of blood to run from me?"
She is thirsty for my blood and I for her lip. What is going
to happen?
Either I will obtain my wish or she will take revenge of me.
If my soul leaves my body bitterly like Farhad's, no fear.
Many Shirin stories will remain from me.

If I die before her like a candle, she will laugh at my grief.
And if I be hurt, her sensitive heart will become hurt from
me.

Friends, I have given my life for her mouth.
Yet, look how she is sparing that little thing from me.
Be patient, Hafez! For if the lesson of suffering be like this,
Love will read a fable from me in every corner.

CDII

Let me speak about a charming delicate matter: Behold the
mole of that moon-faced one,
And see how the mind and soul are fastened by the chain of
that tress.

I reproached my heart not to be wild-mannered and
gadabout.

It said: "See that deer's lion-capturing eyes and their lovely
look."

The ring of her tress is the zephyr's place for sightseeing.
See the souls of a hundred men of heart tied to one strand
of her hair.

The worshippers of the sun are unaware of our beloved.
O reproacher, for Heaven's sake, see no face but that one.
Her heart-stealing tress fettered the zephyr on the neck.
See the Hindu's trick with her wayfaring votaries.
The like of her, in whose quest I became free from my ego,
No one has seen or will ever see. Look at any direction
[you wish].

If Hafez is moaning at the corner of the mehrab, he has
reason to do so.

O admonisher, for God's sake, see that eyebrow's curve.
O Heaven, do not disobey Shah Mansur's wish.

Behold the sharpness of his sword and see the power of his arm.

CDIII

Imbibe the ruby wine and see the faces of the moon-browed.
Against those ones' (Sufis') religion, see these ones' beauty.
They (the Sufis) have lassos under colorfully-patched frocks.

See the long-handedness of these short-sleeved ones.
They (the dervishes) will not bow to the harvest of both worlds.

See the pride and arrogance of the beggars and gleaners.
For the price of a half-a-glance, they ask a thousand lives.
See the need of the men of heart and the pride of the lovely ones.

She committed to the wind the rights of our companionship.
See the stability of the friendship of the friends and companions.

To become the captive of love is the key to my freedom.
See the prudent mind of the foreseers.
The friend's converse removed offence from Hafez's heart.
See the sincerity of the endeavor of the pious and truly religious.

CDIV

At the line of rends, cast a better look than this.
By the door of the tavern, make a better passing than this.
The favor your lips show to me is quite good,
But [please] a little better than this.
Tell the one, whose thought unties the knot of the world's affair,

To give to this matter a better consideration than this.
My advisor asked: What merit except grief does love have?
Go away, wise master! What merit is better than this?
How can I avoid giving my heart to that darling boy?
Mother Earth has no son better than this.
When I say drink wine and kiss the Saki's lip,
Listen to me, for no other person will say anything better
than this.
Hafez's pen is a plant with sweet fruit. Pick from it.
For in this garden you will not see a better fruit than this.

CDV

I swear by the Pir of the tavern and the honor of his
company
That I have nothing in my mind except the desire to be at
his presence.
Although heaven is not a place for sinners;
Bring wine, for I am supported by His magnanimity.
May the light of the lightening of that cloud be on,
Whose fire of love struck to our harvest.
If you see a head on the threshold of a tavern,
Do not kick it, for his intention is not known.
Come, for last night while we were drunk, the angel of the
Unseen world
Gave the tidings that the bounty of His blessing is for all.
Do not look at me, a drunkard, with despise.
Virtue and vice are not done without His will.
My heart does not tend toward renunciation and repentance,
But I will try in the name of Khaja and the glory of his state.
Hafez's kherqe is always pawned for wine.
I wonder if he was created from the earth of the tavern.

CDVI

She said: "You came out to watch the new moon.
"Go! Have shame of the crescent of my eyebrow.
"For a lifetime your heart has been a captive of my hair.
"Be not negligent of observing the rights of your friends.
"Do not show off the perfume of reason in the darkness of
my hair.
"There a thousand musk-bags are not worth a half-a-barley-
corn.
"In this old plantation, the seeds of love and fidelity
"Become visible only when it is the harvest season."
Saqi bring wine and let me tell you a secret--
The secret of the stars of ancient revolutions and of the new
moon.
The shape of the moon's crescent in the beginning of every
month
Indicates the Syamak's crown and Zu's helmet.
Hafez, the threshold of the Magians' Pir is a haven of
fidelity.
Read the lesson of love's tradition to him and hear it from
him.

CDVII

I saw the green field of the sky and the sickle of the new
moon
And remembered what I had sown and the time of reaping.
I said, "O fortune, you slept and the sun rose."
It said, "Nonetheless, despair not of the past."
If you go to heaven pure and free like Messiah,
A hundred rays will reach the sun from your light.

Do not rely on the night-stealing star (the sun), for this impostor

Stole the crown of Kawoos and the girdle of Kay Khosrow.

Though the gold and ruby ring endears the ear,

The period of beauty is fleeting, hear this advice.

Far be the evil eye from your mole. For on the chessboard of beauty,

It moved a pawn that won the stake from the moon and the sun.

Tell the sky not to show off such a majesty. For in love

The moon's harvest is worth one barley-corn and the cluster of Pleiades worth two.

The fire of hypocrisy and imposture will burn the harvest of faith.

Hafez, cast off this woolen kherqe and go!

CDVIII

O you, for whose beautiful face the sun is a mirror-holder
And for whose mole the black musk a censer-revolver,
I washed the courtyard of my eye's house, but what is the use?

This corner is not suitable for the army of your thought.

You are at the peak of endearment and affluence, O monarch of beauty.

May you never decline till the Day of Resurrection.

The scribe of your black eyebrows

Never drew a picture more pleasant than your features.

O poor heart, how are you doing in the ring of her tress?

The zephyr explained your condition distressed.

There rose the scent of the roses, come through the door of reconciliation,

O you whose auspicious face is our fresh spring.

Where is an amorous gesture from your crescent-like
eyebrow
So that the sky become one of our bondsmen?
Where is the tidings of the arrival of your union's festival
So that I go greeting before the fortune again?
This black point (pupil) which became the orbit of light
Is a reflection of your mole in the garden of my sight.
Which hardship should I explain before the monarch?
Should I explain my need for you or your umbrage from
me?
Hafez, many a rebellious head are there in this lasso.
Have no vain hope that you will escape from it.

CDIX

O you whose road dust is worth the blood-money of China's
musk-bag,
O you under whose hat's edge's shade the sun is tenderly
nurtured,
O you for whose eyes' amorous gesture may I be sacrificed
Strut out, for the narcissus' pride is getting out of line.
Drink my blood, for no angel seeing such a beauty as you
Will have the heart to write any sin for you.
You are the cause of the rest and comfort of the world's
people.
That is why you rest beside my heart and eyes.
Deprived of the light of your moon-like face,
I am having an affair with every star every night.
Close friends separated from each other.
But we are still in the happy-refuge of your threshold.
Hafez, do not lose hope of [God's] favor, for in the end
The fume of your sigh will set fire to the harvest of grief.

CDX

O you to whose stature fits well the robe of royalty
And whose great nature is the adornment of the crown and
signet,
Your moon-like face from beneath the royal crown
Makes the sun of victory rise every moment.
Anywhere the homa of your sky-high canopy casts a shade,
There becomes the landscape of the bird of happiness.
Not a single point of religion and philosophy was lost from
your learned heart
In spite of thousands of differences among them.
The water of life is dripping from the eloquent beak
Of your sweet-speaking parrot, which is your sugar-
chewing pen.
Although the sun of the sky is the light and sight of the
world,
The dust beneath your feet is the brightener of its sight.
What Alexander sought but time did not give it to him
Was a sip from the pure wine of your reviving cup.
There is no need to express a wish in the sanctuary of your
presence.
No one's secret remains hidden in the light of your
understanding.
O king, Hafez is feeling young in his old age,
Hoping for your life-giving and guilt-removing forgiveness.

CDXI

Your musk-rubbing lock is twisting the violet [from
jealousy].
Your heart-opening laughter is tearing the veil of the
rosebud.

O my sweet-smelling rose, do not burn your nightingale.
For every night till dawn he is sincerely praying for you.
I, whom the breath of angels would hurt,
Am now bearing a world of quarrel because of you.
Behold the wealth of love that how your beggar in his
poverty and honor
Is snapping the corner of the royal crown.
Although the kherqe of renunciation and the cup of wine do
not go together,
I am devising all these plans in order to please you.
The ecstasy of your love's wine that moment will go out of
my head
When this passionate head becomes the dust at your house's
door.
The throne of my eye is the resting-place of your thought.
My king, a prayer is appropriate here: May your place
never be without you.
A pleasant mead is your countenance, especially since Hafez
of sweet words
Became your singing bird in the spring of beauty.

CDXII

I have blood-shedding eyes because of that bow-like
eyebrow.
The world will see many a disaster from that eye and
eyebrow.
I am the slave of the eye of that Turk whose face is a
beautiful rose-garden
And whose canopy in her pleasant sleep of drunkenness is
her eyebrow.
My body became a crescent from this grief that whereas her
eyebrow exists

How can the moon from the vault of heaven display an eyebrow?

The rivals are unaware that momentarily from that eye and brow

Thousands of kinds of messages reach us through that eyebrow.

To the recluses' souls, her brow is a wonderful flower-garden,

Around whose jasmine-field struts her eyebrow.

With such a beauty, none will speak of any hoori or fairy any longer

That this one has such an eye and that one such an eyebrow.

You, infidel in heart, are not tying your headdress.

I am afraid my mehrab may change by the curve of that attractive eyebrow.

Although Hafez was a clever bird in taking to the air,

He was hunted by a glance from the eye of the one who has a bow-like eyebrow.

CDXIII

The beloved's face's khat that eclipsed the moon,

Is a beautiful ring, but there is no way out of it.

The friend's eyebrow is the corner of the mehrab of prosperity.

Rub your face there and ask your wish from it.

O drinker in Jamshid's assembly, keep your breast clean.

A wonderful mirror is this world-viewing cup!

The conduct of the people of the monastery made me a wine-worshipper.

Behold this fume by which my letter turned black!

Tell the sultan of grief to do whatever he can.

I have taken refuge from him with the wine-dealers.

Saqi, hold the light of wine on the sun's way
 And let it kindle the torch of the morning with it.
 Splash some water on our journal of deeds
 So that the letters of [the word] sin may wash away from it.
 Hafez, who tuned the instrument of the minstrel of lovers,
 May the field of this feasting-place not be devoid of him.
 With such a dream that the town's beggar has,
 Will he ever be remembered by the king one day?

CDXIV

The rose-bush of love is blooming. Where is the rose-
 cheeked Saqi?
 The spring wind is blowing. Where is the wholesome wine?
 Every fresh rose reminds us of a rose-cheeked person.
 But where is the listening ear and where the seeing eye?
 The banquet of life has no *ghaliah* of attainment.
 O sweet-breathing morning, where is the beloved's tress's
 musk-bag?
 O zephyr, I cannot tolerate the rose's display of beauty.
 I stained my hand with my heart's blood. For Heaven's
 sake, where is my beloved?
 If the dawn's candle bragged of having a cheek like yours,
 It turned into a long-tongued enemy. Where is the sharp
 sword?
 She asked: "Do you not desire a kiss from my ruby?"
 I am dying of this desire, but where is the strength and
 determination?
 Although in speech Hafez is the treasurer of the treasury of
 wisdom,
 In the grief of this base world, where is the talent of a
 speaker?

CDXV

O courier of the righteous, tell us about our beloved.
Tell the singing nightingale about the rose.
We are confidants to the intimates' seclusion.
Do not worry. Tell intimate words to the intimate friends.
As she was dishevelled those two musk-shedding tresses,
What was she going to do to us? Tell us for Heaven's sake.
Whoever said the dust of the friend's doorway is collyrium,
Tell him to look at our eyes and say it.
He who prohibits us from the tavern,
Tell him to make this protest in the presence of my Pir.
If you pass by that door of wealth again,
After discharging your service and offering prayers say:
"Although we are bad, do not take us to task for this
reason.
"Like a king, overlook the beggar's adventure of guilt."
Read the story of that wealthy one to this poor one.
Tell the story of that king to this beggar.
As she was shaking lives off her hair to the ground,
O zephyr, tell us what happened to that forlorn of ours.
The story of the enlightened ones is soul-nourishing.
Go ask a hint, and come tell us a story.
Hafez, if they ever allow you to her assembly,
For God's sake, drink wine and quit hypocrisy.

CDXVI

Wholesome is the pleasant-smelling and fragrant breeze
That rose aspiring for you in the early morning.
O bird of happy visitation, be my road guide.
For my eyes flooded from yearning for the dust of that
door.

With the memory of this feeble person who is drowned in
his heart's blood,
Observe the crescent of the moon from the side of the
horizon.
It is I who am still breathing without you. What a shame!
I hope you forgive, or else what excuse is there for my sin?
In the path of love, the zephyr learned from your lovers
To tear its black garment at daybreak.
When I go from this world with the love of your face,
Instead of grass, a red rose will bloom from my dust.
Allow not your sensitive heart to be easily hurt by me.
For this very moment, your Hafez said, "By the name of
God."

CDXVII

My joy is continuous because of that pleasant ruby.
Thank God, my affair is according to my wish.
O rebellious fortune, firmly hold on
Sometimes to the golden cup, sometimes to the pleasant
ruby.
The ignorant old ones and the astray sheikhs
Made us a legend in rendi.
We repented from asceticism
And asked God's forgiveness from the deeds of the devout
worshipper.
How should I explain your separation, my love?
An eye with a hundred tears and a soul with a hundred
sighs.
Not even an unbeliever may experience this grief that the
cypress does
Because of your stature and the moon because of your face.
Yearning for your lip wiped from Hafez's memory

The night's lesson and the dawn's incantation.

CDXVIII

If it rains swords in that moon's street,
We have laid our necks down, the command belongs to
God.

We, too, know the way of piety.
However, what can be done with the astray fortune?
We have little to do with sheikhs and preachers.
Either give the cup of wine or make the story short.
I am a rend and a lover in the season of the rose.
Repentance now? May God forgive me.
Your sun did not throw any reflection upon us.
O mirror-faced one, alas from your heart, alas.
Patience is bitter and life is transient.
I wish I knew how to find her.
Why do you moan Hafez? If you want union
You must drink blood now and then.

CDXIX

Than eternal life, union with her is better.
O God, give me that, for that is better.
She struck me with a sword. I did not tell anyone.
The friend's secret hidden from the enemy is better.
To die at this door with the brand of slavery,
I swear by her life, than the kingdom of the world is better.
For God's sake, ask my doctor:
"Will the time ever come when this invalid is better?"
The ash of the rose, which was trampled by our cypress,
Than the blood of the Judas-tree is better.
O ascetic, do not invite me to the paradise.

For this apple of the chin than that orchard is better.
O heart, be a permanent beggar in her street.
For wealth to be permanent is better.
Young man, do not turn away from the advice of the aged.
For the wisdom of the old than the fortune of the young is better.
One night she was saying: "No one's eye has seen
Anything in the world which than the pearl of my ear is better."
Although Zenderud is the water of life,
Than Isfahan our Shiraz is better.
Speech in the friend's mouth is sugar.
However, Hafez's speech than that is better.

CDXX

Suddenly you have dropped the veil. What does it mean?
Intoxicated you have rushed out the house. What does it mean?
Your tress in the zephyr's hand and ear to the rival's command,
Thus have you joined with all. What does it mean?
You are the monarch of the beauties and have become the goal of the beggars.
You have been heedless to your rank. What does it mean?
Was it not that you yourself put the tip of your tress in my hand?
You have knocked me down again. What does it mean?
Your words told the secret of your mouth and your belt that of your waist.
From your waist you have drawn your sword at us. What does it mean?
Each person is busy with a certain pattern of your love's die.

You have finally played the deuce with everyone. What does it mean?

Hafez, though the beloved condescended to your lonely heart,

You have not emptied the house from strangers. What does it mean?

CDXXI

The doorway of the Magians' house was swept and watered
While the Pir sat welcoming the young and the old.

The drinkers had all fastened their belts for his service.

But the Pir's hat was like a canopy above the clouds.

The radiance of the wine-bowls and cups had covered the
light of the moon.

The countenance of the Magian youths had waylaid the light
of the sun.

The fortune's bride, sitting in that bridal chamber with a
thousand charms,

Had curved her forelock and sprayed rose-water over the
rose-petal.

The angel of blessing had picked up the wine of bliss
And sprayed it on the faces of hooris and fairies like rose-
water.

From the frenzy of the revelry of the graceful beauties,
The sugar had scattered, the jasmine (perfume) had spilt,
and the rebeck had been played.

I greeted the Pir who told me with a smiling face:

"O you broke, who have drunk to break your hangover,

"Who does what you did by your weak determination and
will:

"To leave the treasure-house and pitch a tent in the ruins?

"I fear you may not be united with the wakeful fortune,

"For you have slept in the arms of the sleeping fortune."
Come to the tavern, Hafez, so that I present to you
A thousand lines of answered prayers.
The sky is the groom leading the horse of Shah
Nosratoddin.
Come and see how an angel is holding his stirrup.
Reason, which is inspired from the Unseen to us for the
sake of acquiring dignity,
Has given a hundred kisses from the roof of the heaven on
his threshold.

CDXXII

O you who have come with long chains of tresses,
May you have a chance. For you have come to attend to
the mad ones.
For an hour, put your pride aside and change your habit.
Because you have come to ask about the needy.
I would die before your figure whether in peace or in war.
For in either case you have come worthy of grace.
You have mixed fire with water in your ruby lips.
Far be the evil eye, for you have come as a good wizard.
Praised be your soft heart. For in order to do a pious act,
You have come to pray for the victim of your glance.
What can my renunciation do with you who, drunk and
dishevelled,
Have come to my seclusion of secrets to plunder my heart?
She said: "Hafez, you have stained your kherqe with wine
again.
"Have you come out of the religion of your tribe?"

CDXXIII

Last night I went to the tavern's door sleepy--
My kherqe wet of skirt and prayer-mat stained with wine.
A wine-dealer Magian boy repeating "alas" came up and
said:

"Wake up, you sleepy wayfarer!

"Wash yourself first and then strut into the tavern

"So that this place may not become contaminated by you.

"In desire for the youths' sweet lips, how long are you going
to

"Stain your spirit's pearl with the molten ruby?

"Spend the period of your old age in piety and make not

"The honor-robe of the old age stained like the garment of
the youth.

"Clean and purify yourself, and come out of the well of
nature.

"For there is no pleasance in the water mixed with mud."

I said: "O Life of the world, there is nothing wrong if

"The book of the rose be stained with pure wine in spring.

"The acquaintances of the way of love drowned in this deep
ocean

"But were not tainted with water."

He said: "Hafez, do not show off your jest and subtlety to
your friends!"

Oh, what a kindness tainted with various reproofs!

CDXXIV

Do not separate from me, for you are the light of my eyes.
You are the peace of my soul and the intimate of my heart.
Lovers will not take their hands off your skirt.
You have torn their garment of patience.
May no harm reach you from the eye of [the jealous for]
your luck!

For you have reached to the extreme of excellence in
ravishing hearts.
O mufti of our time, forbid me not from her love.
You are excused by me, for you have not seen her.
O Hafez, [remember] the reproof of your friend who said:
"Have you stretched your legs beyond your mat?"

CDXXV

As she strutted proudly and lovably in her embroidered linen
garment,
A hundred moon-faced ones tore the collars of their shirts
from jealousy.
From the heat of the fire of wine, around her cheeks,
Sweat had appeared like dewdrops on rose-petals.
The speech eloquent and sweet, the stature tall and nimble.
The face delicate and fair, the eyes beautiful and elegant.
Her soul-nourishing ruby born from a wholesome water.
Her beautifully gliding cypress nurtured with grace.
Look at her charming ruby and that heart-ravishing
laughter.
And look at her lovely way of walking and her slow gait.
That dark-eye deer escaped from my snare.
Friends, what can I do now with my distressed heart?
Beware of offending the people of perception as much as
possible.
The world has no constancy, O light of my eyes.
How should I tolerate the reproof of your charming eyes?
Give me a glance of love one day, O my chosen beloved.
If your noble heart was offended by Hafez,
Come back. For I repent of what I said or heard.
Many thanks I will give in servitude of Khaja
If that ripe fruit falls into my hand.

CDXXVI

With my heart's blood I wrote a letter to my friend:
"Verily the world has been like doomsday to me in
separation from you."
I have a hundred signs of his separation in my eyes.
The tears in my eyes are not the only signs.
However I tried him, I did not avail anything from him.
He who tries the tried ones becomes immersed in regret.
I asked a doctor about the state of the friend. He said:
"There is pain in his absence and pleasure in his presence."
I said, "My approach to the friend brings me reproach."
[He said], "By God, we never saw any love without
reproach."
Since Hafez came to request a cup of wine for his sweet life,
Kindly give him a bowl so that he can sip from it.

CDXXVII

Before the light of your face, the candle became a moth.
The state you have put me in has made me heedless to my
own.
Reason, who used to order the confinement of the lunatics
of love,
Became a lunatic himself by the scent of the hyacinth of
your tress.
If in desire for your tress my life blew with the wind, so
what?
A thousand dear lives are sacrificed for the beloved.
Disillusioned, I collapsed from jealousy last night
When I saw my beloved in the hand of a stranger.
Many a trick I devised but to no avail!
My charm has turned into a myth before her.

Who has seen a better seed than her black mole
 In the fire of her beautiful cheek, in place of the wild rue?
 When a moth arrived from a visit to the candle of your face,
 Instantly did the candle surrender its soul to the zephyr as a
 gratuity for this tidings.
 I have made a promise that in the presence of my beloved's
 lips
 Not to speak of anything but the story of a measure of wine.
 Say no more about the school or the monastery.
 For the desire of the tavern fell into Hafez's head again.

CDXXVIII

At dawn, having the night's hangover,
 I picked up the wine with the harp and the *chaghaneh*.
 I put some wine for the road provision of Reason
 And sent him out of the city of existence.
 My wine-selling beloved made an amorous gesture
 Which made me secure of the deception of the world.
 I heard from the Saqi with bow-like eyebrows
 Who said, "O target of the arrow of blame,
 "You will avail nothing from that middle, like a girdle,
 "If you see yourself [as existing] in the middle.
 "Go and lay this net for another bird,
 "For the eagle's nest is on high up."
 How can a person who is always in love with himself
 Benefit from the union with the beauty of a monarch?
 He is all there is: companion, minstrel, and Saqi.
 The illusions of water and clay are excuses on the way [to
 Him].
 Give us the vessel of wine that we may ride happily
 Through this ocean of invisible boundaries.
 Hafez, our existence is a puzzle

Whose solution is wizardry and myth.

CDXXIX

Come, Saqi, for the tulip's cup filled with wine.
How much idle talk and how long superstitions?
Leave arrogance and pride behind, for the world has seen
The pleat of Caesar's toga and the rim of Kay Khosrow's
hat.
Sober up! For the bird of the meadow became drunk.
Wake up! For the sleep of non-being is at your heels.
O branch of fresh spring, how beautifully and tenderly you
are flaunting!
May the turmoil of December's wind never disrupt you.
Never rely on the kindness and attraction of the wheel of
time.
Woe is the one who felt secure from its deception.
Tomorrow the drink of Kauthar and the hooris are for us,
And today the moon-faced Saqi and the wine-cup also.
Zephyr is reminding us of the time of childhood.
O child, give me a soul-medicine that can wash the pain
down.
Behold not the glory and pomp of the rose.
For the wind's valet will scatter every petal of it under feet.
Give us a heavy goblet to the memory of Hatam Tai
In order for us to roll up the black letter of the stingy ones.
The wine which gave beauty and grace to the Judas-tree
Made its delicate nature appear on its face with sweat.
Take your seat to the garden. For like slaves at your
service,
The cypress is standing and the reed has fastened its girdle.
Hafez, your sweet and magical words reached
To the borders of Egypt, China, and around Rome and Ray.

CDXXX

If you do not drink wine to the songs of the nightingale and
turtledove,

I will cure you by heat. For heating is the last remedy.

Save a supply from the color and scent of the spring season.

For the brigands of December and January will arrive soon.

Since the rose dropped its veil and the bird began to whoop,

Do not lay down the cup of wine from your hand. Hey,

what are you doing?

When did the glory of kingdom and beauty impart any
stability?

Only a word has remained from Jamshid's throne and Kay's
crown.

According to the minstrel and Saqi and the verdict of the
tambourine and reed-pipe,

It is a blasphemy to make one's heirs treasurers.

The world does not give anything which does not take back.

Seek not generosity from a mean person, for his thing is no
thing.

It is written on the portico of the heaven's palace:

"Woe is him who was deceived by the charm of the world."

Generosity is no more. I must end my words. Where is the
wine?

Give it to me to the joy of Hatam Tai's soul and spirit.

Come Hafez, a miser cannot smell the scent of God.

Pick up the glass and be generous. I am your warrant.

CDXXXI

I am kissing her lips and sipping wine.

I have found my way to the water of life.

I can neither tell her secret to anyone

Nor see anyone together with her.
The bowl of wine kisses her lips and drinks blood.
The rose sees her face and sweats.
Give me the bowl of wine and forget about Jamshid.
Who knows when Jamshid lived and when Kay?
O beautiful minstrel, play a tune on your harp.
Scrape its strings so that it make me roar.
The rose brought its throne from the seclusion to the garden.
Fold up the cloth of renunciation like a bud.
Do not let the drunk remain languishing like her eyes.
O Saki, give wine to the memory of her ruby.
The soul does not wish to separate from the body that has
The blood of the cup (wine) in its veins and arteries.
Hafez, be silent for a while.
Hear the story of the silent ones from the reed-pipe.

CDXXXII

I have a hangover from the bowl of love. Give me some wine, Saki.
Fill the cup, for there is no joy in the assembly without wine.
The description of her moon-like face in veil does not come out right.
Minstrel, play a tune. Saki, give some wine.
My figure turned into a [door] ring so that from now on
Your rival may not drive us from this door to any other door.
We have hope while waiting to see your face.
We have fancy and dream while desiring your union.
I have a hangover from those two eyes. Where is a cup of wine?

I am ill because of those two rubies. Enough with rejection,
please.

Hafez, why do you attach your heart to the fancy of the
lovely ones?

When can a thirsty person quench his thirst by the glimmer
of a mirage?

CDXXXIII

You, who threw a veil over the moon with your musky
khat,

Did a favor to us that a shade over the sun you threw.

I wonder what your rosy complexion is going to do with us?

For now, a magical image on the water you threw.

Rejoice. You have won the ball of beauty from the lovely
ones of Khollakh.

Ask for the cup of Kay Khosrow, for down you threw
Afrasiab.

Each person fell in love with the candle of your face in a
different way.

Yet it was only the moth which you threw into trouble.

You laid your love's treasure in our ruined heart.

A shade of wealth in this desolate corner you threw.

Oh, that water of your face! You made lions thirsty for it.

And champions into the water you threw.

You blocked the path of sleep to the wakeful,

And then the blame on the nocturnal army of the sleep you
threw.

You dropped the veil from your face in a beauty contest for
a mere glance.

And the hooris and fairies from shame behind the veil you
threw.

Drink wine from the world-viewing cup. For on Jamshid's throne,
The veil from the face of your desired beloved you threw.
With the charm of your languishing narcissus and your wine-loving ruby,
The secluded Hafez into wine you threw.
Like the lasso of the king, the owner of necks, in order to capture my heart,
The chain of your tresses on my neck you threw.
You are that glorious ruler, who, to honor the sun,
Its crown at your threshold you threw.
Nosratoddin Shah Yahya, by your sword,
The country's enemy, like a fire into the water you threw.

CDXXXIV

My heart, be not void of love and intoxication even for a moment.
Then you are certainly freed from existence and non-existence.
If you see the soul in the body, busy yourself with its affair.
Anything that you worship is better than ego-worshipping.
Though feeble and weak, be pleasant like a breeze.
Illness on this path is better than health.
In the religion of the Path, naivete is a sign of blasphemy.
Yes, the way to prosperity is nimbleness and agility.
As long as you are boasting of knowledge and reason, you are sitting without gnosis.
Let me tell you a subtle point: Do not see yourself and be saved.
Think not of the heaven at the threshold of the beloved.
For then you will fall from the zenith of grace to the nadir of disgrace.

Although the thorn is a trouble for the soul, the rose tolerates it.

The bitterness of wine is nothing compared to the ecstasy of drunkenness.

Sufi measures the wine in a cup and Hafez abstains from the wine in a flask.

O short-sleeved ones (Sufis), how long aggression?

CDXXXV

Do not tell the secrets of love and intoxication to the claimant.

Let her die unawares with the disease of selfishness.

Become a lover, or else one day your affair in this world will come to an end

Before you achieve your goal in this workshop of existence.

How beautifully that idol said it in the Magians' assembly last night!

If you are not worshipping idols, what do you have to do with infidels?

My sultan, for Heaven's sake, your tress broke us down.

How long is a black one going to do so much aggression?

How can one remain covered in the corner of safety

As long as your narcissus is telling us the secrets of intoxication?

That day when you were rebelliously refusing to sit with us for a while,

I could see these troubles which have risen now.

Hafez, your love is going to commit you to the hand of a storm.

Did you think you had escaped from this turmoil like a spark?

CDXXXVI

If the one whose writing is fragrant writes to us,
The celestial sphere will not write up the page of our
existence.
Although separation may bear the fruit of union,
Would that the world's farmer never planted this seed.
He who has a sweetheart like a hoori and a house like a
paradise
Has already God's forgiveness in this world.
One cannot have luxury on the stone bench of love.
Since there is no gold-embroidered pillow, we will settle for
a brick.
Do not trade for the garden of Eram and the arrogance of
Shaddad
A glass of wine and a sweet lip and the edge of a ship.
How long will you grieve for this lowly world, O learned
heart?
It is a pity for a beautiful one to fall in love with an ugly
one.
The contamination of the kherqe is the destruction of the
world.
Where is a wayfarer, a man of perception, and a pure-
natured person?
Why did Hafez let go of the tip of your tress?
So was his destiny. What else could he have done if not let
go of it?

CDXXXVII

O you, of whose quarter the story of the paradise is an
episode,

And of whose face the description of the hoori's beauty a
tradition,
Jesus' breath is a subtlety about your ruby lip,
And Khezzr's water a metaphor about your lips' honey.
Each piece of my heart is a tale of sorrow.
Each line of your attributes is a verse of blessing.
How could the rose become the perfumer of the assembly of
the spirituals
If it did not retain your scent?
The desire for the dust of the beloved's door consumed us.
Zephyr, remember that you did not give us any support.
O heart, in vain your knowledge and life went with the
wind.
You had a hundred talents but made use of none.
The scent of my roasting heart filled the horizons.
This inner fire can also be contagious.
If the thought of her face occurs to me in fire,
Come Saqi, I have no complaint about hell.
Do you know what Hafez's goal of this pain and suffering
is?
A glance from you and an attention from the king.

CDXXXVIII

Salma captured my heart with her two tresses,
And everyday my soul is calling for her.
My darling, have mercy on me,
And join me in spite of the enemies.
Sweetheart, in the sorrow of your love's passion,
We put our trust in the Lord of Worshipers.
You, who defied my love for Salma,
Should have seen that beautiful face first.

If you had seen it, your heart, too, like mine, would have
drowned by love
In the sea of friendship at once.
I will throw my life at your feet as a compensation
If you ever see any shortcoming from me.
You must tolerate the pain of this heart anyway.
Otherwise you will see that which is not becoming.
Hafez's heart went into the ring of your tress.
God is the guide in the dark night.

CDXXXIX

Last night I saw a moon appeared in my dream,
Whose face's radiance ended the night of separation.
It was interpreted that the beloved who was on a journey
was arriving.
I wish she would come from the door as soon as possible.
May my auspicious Saqi be recollected with gladness,
Who always came in from the door with a bowl and a flask.
It would be good if she saw her homeland in her dream
So that the memory of our companionship would guide her
toward us.
If the primordial blessing could have been achieved by force
and gold,
The water of Khezzr would have been accessible to
Alexander.
Let that time be remembered when momentarily from the roof
and the door
Messages from my friend and letters from my sweetheart
arrived.
When could your rival find so much opportunity for cruelty
If an oppressed one came to the judge's door one night?
How can the untravelled novices realize the ecstasy of love?

Seek the one who has courage for the sea, is brave, and
outstanding.
He who guided you to stony-heartiness,
I wish his foot would come against a stone.
If anyone wrote in the style of Hafez,
He would be accepted by the king--the supporter of arts.

CDXL

At dawn, as I was telling the wind the story of my
aspiration,
A voice came that I should be aware of the divine favors.
The key to the treasure of attainment is the morning prayer
and the nocturnal sigh.
Go along this path in this manner in order to join with the
beloved.
The tongue of the pen is unable to express the mystery of
love.
The description of aspiration is beyond the limits of writing.
O Joseph of Egypt, whom sovereignty made proud,
Inquire about your father. What happened to your filial
love?
This elegant, ancient world has no compassion in her nature.
Why are you asking about her love and what do you expect
from her?
How long will a superior homo like you have greed for a
bone?
What a pity you cast the shade of your will over the
undeserved!
If there is any profit in this bazaar, it is with the content
dervish.
O God, make me rich through dervishness and contentment.
The dark-eyed of Kashmir and the Turks of Samarqand

Are dancing and mincing to the poetry of Hafez.

CDXLI

What would have happened if that lovely-one's heart had been kind?

For if it had been so, our heart would not have been the way it is now.

If I had had a thousand souls in place of each strand of hair, I would have told you how much the beloved's tress is worth.

If the certificate of our happiness had contained a sign of safety from the evil of time,

What would have been missing, O Lord?

If the world had honored and respected me,

My throne of honor would have been the dust of that threshold.

I wish she had come out the veil like a drop of tear,

For then her command would have been obeyed by both of my eyes.

If the circle of love had not blocked the way,

The wandering Hafez would have been in the center like a point.

CDXLII

I swear by her soul that if I had access to my soul,

That would be the lowest present to her servants.

If this precious life was forever,

I would then say what the dust under her feet was worth.

If the cypress had ten tongues like the lily,

It would confess its servitude to her stature.

I do not see her even in my dream.

I wish I could, at least, dream of her now that I cannot see herself.
If my heart was not fettered by her locks,
How would it stay in this dark dust-bin.
Her face, like the sun, is peerless in the horizons.
Her heart, alas! I wish it were an iota kind.
I wish she entered from my door like the radiance of light.
For if she did, her command would be obeyed by both of my eyes.
If Hafez was not the companion of the birds singing in the morning,
How would his lament fall out of the veil?

CDXLIII

If for a moment you strut like a cypress into a rose-garden,
Every rose will be pierced by a thorn in jealousy of your face.
From the blasphemy of your tress, there is turmoil in every ring.
From the spell of your eye, there is a lovesick in every corner.
O languishing eyes of the beloved, do not fall asleep like my luck.
For the sigh of a sleepless one is after you from every direction.
May the cash of my soul be an offering for the dust of your path,
Even though the cash of the soul has no value in front of you.
O heart, do not always brag about the tresses of the lovely ones.

If you become dark of thought, when will anything be solved for you.

My head was gone, though this affair was never done.

My heart grew sad, though you never cared for any sad one.

I said to her: "Come to the center of the circle like a point."

Laughingly she said: "Hafez, what kind of compasses are these?"

CDXLIV

It is a city replete with delicate ones--a lovely one in each direction.

Friends, love is calling on you. Do something if you please.

The heaven's eye will never see a more pleasant youth than this.

Nor will anyone ever have a more beautiful beloved than this.

Who has ever seen a body composed of spirit?

May no dust sit on her skirt from these people of dust.

Why do you drive a humble one like me away from yourself?

All I expect from you is either a kiss or an embrace.

It is a pure wine, drink it! It is a happy time, make haste!

Who can hope for a fresh spring next year?

Friends in the garden, like tulips and roses,

Each has raised his cup to the memory of a beloved's face.

How can I untie this knot? How can I reveal this secret?

It is a pain, a hard pain; a work, a difficult work.

Each strand of Hafez's hair is in the hand of a charming one's tress.

It is hard to sit down in a town like this.

CDXLV

You who have everything you desire in this world,
What do you care for the condition of the poor and feeble?
Demand the heart and soul of this servant and receive them
easily.

For your command is obeyed by those who are free.
You are without center and I am surprised that every hour
You are in the center of the gathering of beauties.
No painting is worthy of the paper of your face.
For you have a writing of black over the purple.
Drink wine in order to be light of spirit and subtle,
Especially the moment when your head is heavy.
Do no more cruelty and harshness to our heart.
Do not do everything you are able to, though you have the
right to do so.

If you have a hundred thousand arrows of cruelty at your
disposal,

You will put them in the bow aiming at the life of this
wounded one.

The cruelty of the rivals and the trouble of the jealous
Are easy to tolerate if you have a kind beloved.

If union with the beloved becomes possible for a moment,
go ahead.

For now you have everything you desired in the world.

If you are taking a lapful of flowers from this garden, Hafez,
Why do you worry about the cries and shouts of the
gardener?

CDXLVI

Zephyr, you have the fragrance of that musky tress.
May you remain as a remembrance, since you have her
scent.

My heart, in which the diamond of the secrets of love and
beauty exists,
Can be committed to your hand if you keep it well.
In those pleasant features [of yours] one cannot say there is
any wrong,
Except that you have some hot-tempered rivals.
O rose, how can the song of the nightingale please you
While you have your ears and mind on the babbling birds?
A sip of wine from you made my head drunk. What a
delicious drink!
From what vat is this thing you have in the flask?
O cypress of the brook, do not be proud of your tall stature.
If you run into her, you will lower your head from shame.
It becomes you to boast of having kingdoms of beauty.
For you have moon-faced servants.
The beauty-pageant dress suits you only.
For like a rose, you have all the properties of color and
fragrance.
Hafez, do not seek the jewel of love in the corner of the
monastery.
Step out if you wish to search for it.

CDXLVII

Come, do not be so rancorous with us!
For you must respect our old friendship.
Listen to the advice, for this pearl is much better
Than the jewel you have in your treasury.
But when would you turn your face to the rends,
You who have the sun and the moon as your mirrors?
O sheikh, do not speak ill of the rends.
Beware, you are protesting the Divine Will.
You are not afraid of my fiery sigh.

You who have a woolen kherqe know it well.
For heaven's sake, if you have some wine from last night,
Come to the aid of the mendicants' hangover.
Hafez, I swear by the Qur'an that you have in your breast,
I never saw anything more pleasant than your poems.

CDXLVIII

You, who have a station in the street of the tavern,
Are your own time's Jamshid if your hand is holding a cup.
You, who spend day and night with the tress and face of the
beloved,
Appreciate this opportunity. For you have happy mornings
and evenings.
O zephyr, the consumed ones are waiting on your path.
If you have a message from that travelled friend [bring it].
Your fresh mole is a nice seed of pleasure,
But alas, what a snare you have beside its meadow!
I smell the scent of life from the bowl's smiling lip.
Smell it, Khaja, if you have a sense of smell.
Since you had no stability in time of kindness,
I am grateful that you have stability in your cruelty.
What happens if a stranger seeks a good name from you?
Today it is you who have a name in this town.
Many a morning prayer will be your soul's companion
Since you have a servant like wakeful Hafez.

CDXLIX

You, who deem separation of the lovers admissible
And keep lovers at a distance from yourself,
Help the thirsty ones of the desert with some pure water
For the sake of the hope you have in God on this path.

You took my heart and I forgave you, my dear.
However, take care of it better than you do of me.
Other people are drinking from our goblet.
We cannot tolerate this, though you allow it to happen.
Fly, the presence of Simorgh is not your hippodrome.
You are shaming yourself and troubling us.
You became deprived from this gate by your own fault.
From whom are you complaining and why are you crying?
Hafez, people seek promotion from kings in return to a
service.
What reward do you expect without having made any
effort?

CDL

You have been keeping us anxious for some time.
You have not been treating your sincere friends like others.
You never gave me a hint of satisfaction by your look.
Is this how you respect men of perception?
It is better that you cover your forearm.
Since you adorn it with the heart-blood of the meritorious.
Neither the rose nor the nightingale was able to escape from
your sorrow.
You keep them all roaring and garment-rending.
O you who seek presence [in Truth] under a colorfully-
patched frock,
You are expecting a wonderful secret from the nescient.
Since you are the narcissus of the garden of sight, O my
light and eye,
Why are you heedless to me, the heart-wounded?
The substance of Jamshid's cup is from the mine of another
world.
You are expecting it from the jug-makers' clay.

O heart, you are yourself the father of experience.
Why are you expecting love and fidelity from these sons?
With such expectations that you have from the silver-bodied
ones,
You must empty your purse of gold and silver completely.
We are guilty of rendi and drunkenness.
But as a lover said, "You choose your servants on that
basis."
Hafez, do not spend the days of wellness in sadness.
What do you expect from this transient world?

CDLI

Heaven helped you well on the day of war.
How are you going to thank and be grateful for this?
God gave a hand to the one who had fallen down.
Now it is your duty to care for the ones who have fallen
down.
In the quarters of love, the royal pomp has no buyer.
Acknowledge your slavery and accept servitude.
Saqi, come through my door and bring me the news of joy,
And let the sorrow of the world go from my heart for a
moment.
Many dangers are there on the highway of pomp and
eminence.
Better that you travel light through this mountain pass.
A king has the care of the army and a craze for the crown
and treasury.
A dervish has peace of mind and the corner of qalandari.
Do I have the permission to make a Sufic statement?
"My light-of-the-eye, peace is better than war and hostility."
Attainment to the goal depends on thought and
determination.

The king should vow to do good and [hope for] God's help.
Hafez, do not wash the dust of poverty and continence from
your face.
For this dust is better than the product of alchemy.

CDLII

Humans and fairies are dependent on the existence of love.
Demonstrate a will so that you achieve felicity.
Endeavor, Khaja, not to be deprived of love.
For no one buys a slave for his flaw of meritlessness.
How long the morning wine and the sweet sleep of the
morning?
Endeavor for a midnight forgiveness and for a weeping at
dawn.
What a sport are you, O sweet royal rider?
For you are in front of the eye and yet absent from sight.
A thousand sacred lives burned with this jealousy
That each morn and eve you are the candle of a different
assembly.
Who is going to take a message from me to His Excellency
Asaf,
To let him learn two hemistiches from me in Persian verse?
"Come, as I saw the condition of this world,
If you examine it, you will drink wine, and not grieve."
May your hat of eminence not be awry on the head of
beauty.
For you are the adornment of fortune, and deserve kingdom
and crown.
The zephyr, spreading perfume, and the rose, displaying its
glory,
Go and come in the hope of your tress and face.
If you are not capable of perception, do not seek union.

For Jamshid's cup will do no good when one cannot see.
The prayers of the secluded ones turn calamities away.
Why are you not looking at us from the corner of your eye?
Come and buy the sultanate from us with your capital of
beauty.
And be not negligent of this trade, lest you regret it.
What a dangerous road is the path of love!
God forbid if you do not reach any destination.
By the blessing of Hafez's determination,
There is hope that again I will see my Leila in a moonlit-
night's tryst.

CDLIII

O you who are always self-conceited,
If you have no love, you are excused.
Do not go around the lunatics of love.
For you are reputed for having a precious rationality.
There is not any intoxication of love in your head.
Go! For you are drunk by grape juice.
The remedy of lovers' illness is
In pale cheeks and painful sighs.
Forget about fame and infamy, Hafez.
You have a hangover. Ask for a goblet of wine.

CDLIV

The breeze of No-Rooz is blowing from the beloved's
street.
If you seek help from this wind, you can light up the lamp of
your heart.
Like a rose, if you have a little, spend for pleasure, for
heaven's sake.

Since Korah 's passion for saving gold caused many troubles for him.

Once more the nightingale is so drunk with the ruby wine of the rose's cup

That it is sending its song from the throne of victory to the turquoise firmament.

Go to the wilderness, so that you shake the dust of grief from your skirt.

Come to the rose-garden, so that you learn singing from the nightingale.

Since there is no possibility of permanence in this turquoise palace,

Use the opportunity for pleasure happily and triumphantly.

What is the way of granting others' wishes? Giving up one's own wish?

The hat of honor is the one which is sown from this giving-up.

I am speaking in veil. Come out of the bud like a rose.

For the reign of the king of No-Rooz does not last more than a few days.

I do not know why the turtledove is lamenting near the streams?

Does it also have a grief, like me, day and night?

I have wine pure like the soul, and the Sufi is finding fault with it.

May God never make bad luck a wise person's portion.

Your sweet companion separated from you, O candle. Sit alone now.

For this is the will of Heaven whether you burn or tolerate.

One should not let the arrogance of knowledge deprive him of pleasure.

Come Saqi, for the ignorant one is more easily provided.

Drink wine in Asaf's assembly during the No-Rooz of Jalali.

A drink from that cup will give the world the order of a new day.

It is not only Hafez who prays for Khaja Tooranshah.

The world wants a No-Rooz present by praising Asaf.

His threshold is the mehrab of the hearts and eyes of the pious.

His brow is a day of triumph and joy for the early-risers.

CDLV

Life passed in futility and whimsicality.

O son, give me the cup of wine. May you reach to old age.

What kinds of sugar are there in this city that the eagles of the Path

Have become content with the position of a fly?

Last night I was going along with the crowd of his door's servants.

He said, "O poor lover, who are you anyway?"

Whoever became world-famous for having a musky breath must be happy,

Even though his heart may be bleeding like a musk-bag.

A light shone from Sinai and I saw it.

I hope I will bring you a torch from that flame.

The caravan passed by. You are still sleeping while the desert is ahead of you.

Alas, you are so negligent of the tumult of so many bells!

Open your wings and sing from the tree of Tooba.

It is a pity that a bird like you be captive in a cage.

In order to hold on to the beloved's skirt like a brazier for a moment,

I have put my life in fire in hope of a sweet-breathing one.

How long should Hafez dash about in every direction with your desire?

May God open a road that leads to you, O my desired one.

CDLVI

It is early spring. Try to be joyful in your heart.
For many a flower will bloom while you will be in clay.
I am not saying with whom to sit and what to drink now.
For if you are clever and wise, you will know them yourself.
The harp is giving you this same advice with its strings.
However, an advice will do you good only when you are worthy.

In the meadow, each leaf is a book of a different state.
It will be a pity to be negligent of the nature of all things.
The grief of the world will rob you of the cash of life
excessively

If you are involved with this difficult story day and night.
Although the road from us to the beloved is full of fear,
It is easy to go if one is familiar with the stations of the road.

Hafez, if good luck helps you,
You will be the prey of that pleasant-featured beloved.

CDLVII

A thousand efforts made I that you become my friend
And be the gratifier of my restless heart's desire,
That you be the light of my vigilant eyes
And the intimate of my hopeful mind.
As the monarchs of charm feign disdain to their slaves,
You be my owner among them.
And if I complain of that carnelian,
By whose charm my heart is bleeding, you be my sympathizer.

In that meadow where idols hold their lovers' hands,
If possible, you be my beloved.
One night come to the lovers' cottage of griefs
And be the companion of my doleful heart for a moment.
The deer of the sun will be my feeble prey,
If a deer like you be hunted by me for a moment.
You have made three kisses from your two lips my pension.
If you do not give them, you will be indebted to me.
Will I ever see this goal achieved that one night
You be on my side in place of the running tears?
Though I am the Hafez of this town, I am not worth a
barley-corn;
Unless you be my friend by your own generosity.

CDLVIII

O heart, the moment when you are drunk with rosy wine,
You are a hundred times wealthier than Korah even without
any gold or treasure.
In a place where the poor are granted eminence,
I hope you will be above all in glory.
On the way to Leila's home, which is a road full of hazards,
The condition of the first step is that you be a Majnoon.
I showed the point of love. Take heed, make not mistakes.
Or else, you will be outside the circle before you notice.
The caravan passed by. You are asleep and the desert is
ahead.
When are you going to walk? Whom are you going to ask
what to do and how to be?
If you desire a royal crown, show a jewel of essence,
Even though you are of Jamshid's or Freedoon descent.
Drink a cup of wine and throw a gulp to heavens.

How long and how much is your heart going to bleed from
the grief of days?

Hafez, do not complain of poverty. For if poetry is this,
No joyful heart is going to let you be unhappy.

CDLIX

With this beautiful line that you putting on the rose of your
face,

You are drawing a line across the rose and the rose-garden.
My tears which were hiding in their private corner,
You are pulling out from behind seven screens into the
bazaar.

You are momentarily dragging to work a slow-moving one
like the zephyr

With the scent of your tress and by means of a chain.
With the memory of those wine-color lips and languishing
eyes,

You are always pulling me out of my seclusion to the
pothouse.

You said, "Your head should be tied to our saddle-strap."
I do not mind if you accept the trouble of [carrying] this
burden.

What should I do with my heart in the presence of your eyes
and eyebrows?

Oh what a bow you are drawing at my ailing body!

O you fresh rose, who are gathering your skirt away from
this thorn,

Come back, that the evil eye be expelled from you

Hafez, what else are you desiring of the pleasures of the
world

Now that you are drinking wine and pulling your beloved's
locks?

CDLX

Since Salma arrived in Iraq,
I have suffered of her separation all I could.
O leader of camels to the beloved's home,
My eagerness toward your camel-riders has increased.
Cast reason in Zayandarood and drink wine
With the happy songs of the youths of Iraq.
The spring of life is in your exclusive pasture.
May God save you, O time of union!
Come Saqi, give me a heavy measure of wine.
May God satiate you from a bowl replete with wine.
The music of the harp and the applause of Saqi
Bring youth back to my memory.
Give me the remaining wine so that drunk and joyful at
heart,
I offer the rest of my life to my friends.
My heart bled from not seeing the friend.
Would that the days of separation perish!
My tears are after you. Do not despise them.
For many deep seas have formed from shallow springs.
Be united with your well-wishers for a moment.
Appreciate the affairs done in union.
Play, O sweet-singing and sweet-speaking minstrel,
To the poetry of Persia and the voice of Iraq.
O daughter of vine, you are a very beautiful bride.
But once in a while you deserve divorce.
It becomes the celibate Messiah
To accord a pact with the sun.
Union with friends is not our portion.
Sing, Hafez, the songs of separation.

CDLXI

I wrote the story of my longing with tearful eyes.
Come, for without you I neared death from grief.
Many a time have I told my two eyes from yearning:
"O dwellings of Salma, where is your Salma?"
What a strange happening and what an odd occurrence!
Having been killed, I am patient. While my killer is
complaining.
Who dares to find fault with your purity?
For you are as pure as the dew that appears on a rose-petal.
When the Creator's pen designed the existents of the water
and the land,
He decorated the tulip and the rose with the dust from
beneath your feet.
The zephyr began scattering perfume.
Rise, O Saki, and bring that pure and fragrant idol of vine.
Give up laziness and prosper. For there is a famous
proverb:
The provision of wayfarers is quickness and nimbleness.
Away from your features, not a trace is left of me.
Yes, I know all the virtues of my life are because of your
face.
How can Hafez express your beauty in words?
For like the work of God, you are beyond realization.

CDLXII

O you whose mouth is a box full of pearls,
O God how beautifully fell the crescent line around it!
Now the fancy of your union is fooling me well.
I wonder what game this illusory face is going to play.
Give me wine, for though I became reputed for having a
black record of deeds,
When can one be despaired of God's kindness?

Saqi, bring a cup and pull me out of my seclusion,
So that I may wander around like a careless vagabond.
If you are wise and clever, dispose not of four things:
Security, pure wine, a sweetheart, and a private place.
Since the scheme of the sphere is not fixed under any
condition,
Do not complain, Hafez. Let us drink wine for the time
being.
The glass of mind is clear in the time of present Asaf.
Rise and let me drink the wine which is purer than pure
water.
The kingdom is honored by him and his ancestors.
O Lord, let his position and honors last forever.
The brightener of the seat of government, the source of
glory and pomp,
The evidence of the royalty and nation: BuNasr BulMa'ali.

CDLXIII

As long as nights follow one another
And the two-stringed and three-stringed instruments talk to
each other,
Let God's protection be on the Valley of Arak and the one
who is there,
And on the house which is in Leva beyond Remal.
I pray for all those who are away from their homelands.
And I do this repeatedly and continuously.
O God, protect him with your eternal kindness,
At any station he may head for.
O heart, do not lament. For in the chain of his tress,
Disruption is all togetherness.
Your khat made your beauty a hundredfold.
May you live a hundred solar years.

It is essential that you live.
The loss of luxury and property is not important.
Bravo to that powerful painter
Who draws a crescent shaped khat around the moon.
Your love is my comfort at all times.
And your name is my companion under all conditions.
May the center of my heart, till the Day of Resurrection,
Not be devoid of your love and passion.
How can I obtain union with a king like you,
I who am an ill-reputed, careless mend?
God knows what Hafez desires of you.
And God's knowledge of my desire is enough for me.

CDLXIV

Your beauty, like my love, grew into perfection.
Be happy. For there will be no decline in these two.
It cannot be conceived that the mind can imagine
A more beautiful picture than this by any means.
Life's bliss will be obtained
If a union with you becomes our portion one day.
When I am with you, one year is one day.
When I am without you, one moment is one year.
How can I see the apparition of your face in my dream, my
darling?
Because my eyes do not see of sleep anything but an
apparition.
Have mercy on my heart.
For my feeble body grew thin like a crescent from the love
of your beautiful face.
Hafez, do not complain. For if you want union with the
beloved,
You must have more tolerance for separation than this.

CDLXV

One morning I went to the garden to pick a rose.
Suddenly I heard the song of a nightingale.
Like me, the poor thing had become involved with the love
of a rose
And had raised a commotion with its cries in the meadow.
I kept walking in the meadow and the garden
And contemplated over that rose and that nightingale.
The rose had coupled with beauty and the nightingale had
embraced love.
Neither the rose showed any favor nor the nightingale any
change.
As the nightingale's song touched my heart,
I became so as I could not tolerate any longer.
Many roses bloom in this garden,
But no one picks a rose without the pain of a thorn.
Hafez, have no hope of release from the rotation of the
sphere.
It has a thousands vices and not one virtue.

CDLXVI

This kherqe of mine better be a pawn for wine.
This futile book better be drowned in pure wine.
As I wasted my life and observed [the world] more and
more, [I realized]
Better to fall drunk in the corner of a tavern.
Since thinking about what is advisable is far from being a
dervish,
Better the breast be full of fire and the eye full of water.
I will not tell the ascetic's state to people.
If I tell this story, better do with a harp and a rebeck.

As long as the conditions of the world are so chaotic,
Better have Saki's fancy in head and wine in hand.
I will not pluck my heart from a darling like you.
Yes, if I have to curl with pain, better curl for that curled
tress.

Since you grew old, Hafez, come out of the tavern!
Rendi and desirousness are better in young age.

CDLXVII

Of that wine of love which cooks any raw,
Bring a glass, though it be the month of Ramazan.
Many a day passed when the hand of this helpless one
Held not the tress of a straight-statured one nor the arm of a
silvery-bodied one.

O heart, though fasting is a dear guest,
Reckon its presence a blessing and its departure a bonus.
A clever bird will not fly by the door of a monastery now.
For a snare is set in every assembly of preaching.
I am not complaining about the bad-tempered ascetic. For
this is the custom:

When a morning shines, a night falls behind it.
As my beloved stalks to sightsee the meadow,
O courier of the zephyr, take her a message from me.
The drinker who drinks wine day and night,
Will he ever remember a dreg-drainer?
Hafez, if the Asaf of the time does not do justice to your
heart,
You can hardly obtain your wish through obstinacy.

CDLXVIII

Who will take a message from this poor one to the kings

The Poems of Hafez

That in the street of wine-dealers two thousand Jamshids
are worth a cup of wine?

I have become a drunkard and infamous, and still I am
hopeful

That I will attain a good name with the effort of my dear
ones.

You, who are an elixir-dealer, take a look at our trick.

We have no possessions and have cast a net.

I am surprised at the faithfulness of the beloved, who paid
us no attention

Either through a message in a letter or a greeting by a pen.

If this wine is raw and that drinker cooked,

A single raw one is a thousand times better than a thousand
cooked ones.

O sheikh, do not lead me astray with your beads of rosary.

For if a bird is clever, it will not fall in any net.

I have the intention to serve you. Buy me with kindness and
sell me not.

For a good servant like me can seldom be found.

Where should I take my complaint and to whom should I
tell this story

That your lip was our life, but you had no stability?

Let the arrow of your eyelash fly and shed Hafez's blood.

For no one will take revenge of such a killer as you.

CDLXIX

Arrived the scent of the incense tree of Hema and increased
my love.

May my dear life be sacrificed for the dust of the friend's
door.

To hear the friend's message is happiness and well-being.

Who is going to announce a greeting from me to So'ad?

Come to the night gathering of the forlorns and see the
water of my eyes,
Which is like pure wine in a dark glass.
When the auspicious bird of Zilarak sings,
Let not the cries of this pigeon be excluded from its
pastures.
Not much time remained before the day of the beloved's
separation ends.
I can see the tents which are pitched over the hills of Hema.
Blissful is the moment when you arrive and I say:
"Welcome. Blessed are your steps and happy is the place
you arrive."
When I fell away from you, I grew thin like a crescent,
Even though I have not seen your moon-like face wholly.
If they invited me to paradise on the condition that I break
my pledge of friendship,
My conscience would never allow it nor would I ever sleep
comfortably.
With good luck I hope I will see you soon.
You will be happy being a commander and I a servant.
Hafez, your poetry is like a string of fresh pearls
That sometimes excels Nezami's verse in subtlety.

CDLXX

The breast is full to the brim with pain, a remedy please!
The heart is near the death with loneliness, a companion, for
Heaven's sake!
Who can expect comfort from this fast-moving sphere?
O Saqi, give me a cup so I can rest for a moment.
I said to an intelligent person, "Behold these conditions!"
He laughed and said:

"What a hard day! What a strange work! What a chaotic world!"

For the sake of that beautiful candle, I was consumed in the well of patience.

The King of Turks is unaware of our condition. Where is a Rostam?

In the path of love, safety and comfort are calamities.

May that heart which desires remedy to your pain be wounded.

The fun-loving and delicate people are not allowed into the street of rendi.

A world-burning wayfarer is needed, not a naive easy-rider.

Humaneness is not found in this earthly world.

Another world must be built and a new humanity.

Rise and let us fall in love with that Turk of Samargand

From whose breeze comes the scent of the Brook of

Moliyan.

What does Hafez's crying matter before the magnanimity of love?

In this ocean, seven seas seem like a dewdrop.

CDLXXI

Who will bring the caress of a pen from my beloved?

Where is the courier of the zephyr if she does a favor?

I compared reason's guidance on the path of love

To a dewdrop that draws a figure on an ocean.

Come. Although my kherqe is the pawn of the taverns,

You will not see a drachma of charity estate in my name.

Disputation causes headache, O heart.

Pick up the glass of wine and have a moment of peace in your life.

The doctor down the street cannot diagnose the pain of love.

Go find a person who has the breath of Messiah, O dead in heart.

My heart grew sick of hypocrisy and secret revelry.

Better that I hoist a flag at the door of the tavern.

Come! Those who value time sell both worlds

For a bowl of wine and the company of a sweetheart.

There is no continuity of pleasure and indulgence in love.

If you are our comrade, feel the sting of grief.

I am not complaining, but [I must say that] the beloved's cloud of blessing

Did not give any moisture to the crop-land of the thirsty-at-heart.

Why do they not buy for a sugar cane a person

Who produced plenty of sugar from the cane of his pen?

O king, Hafez has nothing worthy of you,

Except prayer at night and supplication in the morning.

CDLXXII

I thank God for the Sultan's justice--

Sultan Ahmad, [Son of] Sheikh Oveis Hassan Ilkhani.

Khan son of khan, king of kings, and the descendent of the king of kings--

The one who deserves to be called the Soul of the World.

The eye believed in your good fortune without seeing you.

Bravo, O you who deserve such a favor from God.

If the moon comes out without you,

Ahamad's fortune and God's miracle will break it in two halves.

The glory of your fortune steals the hearts of kings and beggars.

Far be the evil eye! For you are both soul and love.
Curl your Turkish forelock. For you are fortunate to have
The generosity of Khaqan and the ambition of Chengiz
Khan.

Though we are far from you, we are drinking to your
memory.

There is no distance in an spiritual journey.
From the soil of Pars no bud of joy bloomed for me.
Blissful is Baghdad's Tigris and fragrant wine.
When can a lover's head which is not the dust of the
beloved's door

Be free from the trouble of wandering?
O morning breeze, bring the dust of the beloved's door,
So that Hafez can brighten his heart's eye with it.

CDLXXIII

Know the value of time as much as you can.
The fruit of life is this moment, my dear, if you be aware of
it.

When the sphere grants a wish, it demands one's life in
return.

Try to obtain your right for joy when your fortune is good.
Gardener, when I pass away from here,
Shame on you if you plant any cypress in my place other
than my friend.

The ecstasy of wine is going to kill the regretful ascetic.
O wise one, do not do anything that may bring regret.
Mohtaseb does not know this much that
For the Sufi the homemade wine is like a red ruby.
O sweet-mouthed one, do not fight against the prayers of
the wakeful-at-night.

The Solomon's signet is in the shelter of one name.

Listen to the lovers' advice: Come through the door of joy.
For the affair of the transient world is not worth all this
trouble.

My dear Joseph is gone. O brothers, mercy.
I see the Old Man of Canaan in a strange condition because
of this sorrow.

Speak not of rendi in front of the ascetic.
One cannot tell his secret pain to a stranger physician.
As you are walking, your eyelashes are shedding people's
blood.

You are walking too fast, my dear. I fear you may collapse.
I guarded my heart from your eye's arrow.
But your archer eyebrow is taking it from me by force.
By an act of kindness, gather the distressed Hafez,
O you whose tress's curve is the gathering place of the
distressed.

If you are inattentive to me, O stony-hearted beauty,
I will tell the Second Asaf about my condition.

CDLXXIV

I am your lover, my darling, and I know that you know.
For you can see without looking and read what is not
written.

How can a carper understand [the relationship] between the
lover and the beloved?

A blind eye cannot see, especially the hidden secrets.
Let your hair hang loose to bring the Sufi to dance,
And drop thousands of idols from each patch of his frock.
The untying of the lovers' affair is in that heart-tying
eyebrow.

For Heaven's sake, sit down a minute and untie the knot
from your brow.

Prostrating before Adam, the angel intended to kiss your ground.

For in your beauty, she saw a grace beyond the limits of humanity.

The lamp of my eye is lit by the breeze of the beloved's tress.

O God, may this assembly never fear the wind of disruption.

Alas, the night's enjoyment passed into the morning sleep.

O heart, you do not know the value of time except when you lose it.

To be offended from the fellow-travellers is not the way of tactfulness.

Tolerate the hardship of the station, having in mind the time of ease.

The fancy for her tress's loop is deceiving you, Hafez.

"Beware of knocking the [door] ring of an impossible fortune."

CDLXXV

People said that you are the Second Joseph.

When I saw you well, [I realized] you were in truth better than that.

Your sugary smile is sweeter than I can describe.

O monarch of the beautiful, you are the Shirin of our time.

Your mouth cannot be likened to a bud.

Never a bud has such a narrow mouth.

A hundred times you told me you would grant my wish from that mouth.

Why are you all tongues like the lily of the valley?

You say, "I will grant your wish but take your soul."

I am afraid you may take my soul but not grant my wish.

Your eye can pierce an arrow through the shield of the soul.

Who has seen a languid with such a strong bow?
Whom you drive away from your sight for a moment,
You drop like a tear from people's eye.

CDLXXVI

Breeze of the morning of happiness, with that address which
you know,
Go to that certain one's street at that certain time which you
know.
You are the courier from the secret's seclusion and our eyes
are on your path.
Ride your horse kindly, not harshly, the way which you
know.
Tell her that my dear life went out of my hand. For
Heaven's sake,
Give me from your soul-nourishing ruby that which you
know.
I wrote these [alphabet] letters the way no one knew them.
You, too, read them kindly the way which you know.
The thought of your sword with us is the story of a thirsty
person and water.
You have now taken your captive, kill him the way which
you know.
How can I fasten my hope to your embroidered girdle?
There is such a subtlety in that waist which you know.
Turkish and Arabic is the same in this business, Hafez.
Tell the story of love in any language which you know.

CDLXXVII

Two intelligent companions and two gallons of old wine,
Some leisure time, a book, and the corner of a meadow.

I will not trade this position for this world and the next,
Even if I am taunted by a crowd every moment.
He, who traded the corner of continence for the treasure of
the world,
Sold the Joseph of Egypt for the lowest price.
Come. The briskness of this factory will not decrease
By the virtue of a person like you or by the vice of a person
like me.
Because of the storm of events, it is impossible to see
If there was any rose or jasmine in this meadow.
See the scheme of the Unseen in the mirror of the cup.
For none remembers such a strange time as this.
After this scorching wind which passed through the garden,
It is surprising there is still some scent of a rose and color of
a jonquil.
Strive for patience, my heart. For Truth will not allow
Such a precious signet fall into the hand of a devil.
The health of the world deteriorated by this disaster, Hafez.
Where is the thought of a philosopher and the insight of a
Brahmin?

CDLXXVIII

Drink a gallon-size bowl of wine,
So that you uproot grief from your heart by it.
Keep your heart open like the bowl of wine.
How long will you be close-headed like a vat of wine.
If you gulp a gallon of wine from the bowl of selflessness,
You will brag of yourself less.
Be like a rock in stability, not like water
Which takes colors and becomes polluted.
Attach your heart to wine so that, like a man,
You break the neck of hypocrisy and abstinence.

Rise and make an effort like Hafez,
So that you may throw yourself at the feet of the beloved.

CDLXXIX

It is morning and the clouds of Bahman are raining.
Prepare the morning wine and give a gallon-size bowl.
I have fallen in the sea of "we-ness" and "I-ness".
Bring wine and save me from "we-ness" and "I-ness".
Drink the blood of the bowl, for its blood is legitimate.
Tend to the affair of the beloved, for it is an affair worth
tending.
Be quick, Saki. For grief is in ambush for us.
Minstrel, continue the same tune as you are playing.
Give me wine. For the harp brought its head to my ear and
said:
"Spend your life happily and listen to this curved old one."
Saki, I swear you by the rends' needlessness, give me wine,
So that you hear from the singer's voice "God is needless".

CDLXXX

You who do not compromise at all in killing us,
You who consume profit and capital and have no scruples,
[Know that] the sufferers of calamity have deadly poison.
Beware, lest you make a mistake and hurt these people!
It is unfair that you do not cure our pain,
Which can be healed by a glance from the corner of your
eye.
Since our eye, hoping for you, has become a sea,
Why not make an excursion to the seashore?
Any cruel word which was told about your kind nature
Was the word of the prejudiced. It does not apply to you.

O ascetic, if our beloved displays her glory to you,
You will not ask from God anything but wine and the
beloved.

O Hafez, prostrate before her mehrab-like eyebrow.
For nowhere else you do sincere prayers.

CDLXXXI

Listen to this epigram so that you may free yourself from
grief:

You will drink blood if you demand the portion which is not
allotted to you by Providence.

Eventually you will become the potters' clay.

For now, make sure you fill your jug with wine.

If you are one of those humans who desire heaven,

Enjoy yourself with a few fairy-like humans.

You cannot sit in the place of the great ones by boasting.

You must first meet all the requirements of greatness.

O Khosrow of the sweet-mouthed ones, you will be greatly
rewarded [by God]

If you cast a look toward the heart-broken Farhad.

How can your heart ever receive any impression of grace

Unless you erase the chaotic figures from the page [of your
heart]?

Hafez, if you trust your affair to [God's] generosity,

Many a joy will you have with the God-given fortune.

Zephyr, be at the service of Khaja Jalaloddin,

So that you fill the world with jasmines and lilies.

CDLXXXII

O heart, you are not going into the street of love.

You have all the means but you are not doing anything.

You have the polo-stick of command in your hand, yet you are not striking a ball.

You have the hawk of victory on your wrist, yet you are not hunting anything.

This blood which is rippling in your heart,

You are not sacrificing for the color and scent of a beloved.

Your breath did not become fragrant,

Because you are not passing like the zephyr through the street of the beloved.

I fear you may not carry an armful of roses from this meadow

Since you are not tolerating any thorn from its rose-garden.

A hundred musk-bags exist in your soul's sleeve,

But you are offering them for the locks of a beloved.

The goblet is pleasant and charming, and you are throwing it on the ground

Without thinking of the suffering of the one with a hangover.

Be gone, Hafez! For though everyone else is serving the present king,

You are not doing so anyway.

CDLXXXIII

At dawn, in a certain land, a wayfarer

Was telling his friend this riddle:

O Sufi, wine clears up only when

It has remained in a decanter for forty days.

A hundred times does God abhor that kherqe

Which has a hundred idols in each sleeve.

Although generosity can hardly be sought out,

You present your need to a lovely one [anyway].

O owner of harvest, you will be rewarded by God

If you show compassion to a gleaner.
I am not seeing the excitement of joy in anyone.
Neither a remedy for the heart nor a pain for faith.
The inner selves grew dark. Will any secluded one
Light a lamp from the Unseen?
If there is no finger of a Solomon,
What use is the inscription on a signet?
Although it is the custom of the beauty to be hot-tempered,
What happens if she gets along with a grief-stricken?
Show me the way of the tavern,
So that I ask a foreseer about my future.
Neither Hafez has presence for the lesson of seclusion,
Nor does the sage have a certain knowledge.

CDLXXXIV

Unless you find the desire to sit down at the bank of a
stream,
Any riot that rises will be your fault.
I swear you by God, whose chosen servant you are,
Not to choose anyone in place of this old-time servant of
yours.
If I can take what is trusted in me to its destination, there is
no fear.
It is easy to be a lover provided that one does not lose his
faith.
Politeness and modesty made you the monarch of the
beautiful.
Bravo! You are a hundred times worthier than that.
How kind of you, O rose, that you sat with a thorn?
Apparently this is what you deem advisable at present.
If I do not tolerate the cruelty of your rival, what else can I
do?

Lovers have no help but helplessness.
The morning wind, desiring you, rose from the garden.
For you are prettier than a rose and fresher than a jonquil.
You will see the play of my tears from right and left
If you sit a moment at the lookout of my sight.
O you who are the aim of the enlightened great ones,
Hear an unbiased word from this sincere servant:
A gracious person like you, pure in heart and pure in nature,
Better not sit with bad people.
The flood of this flowing tear carried Hafez's patience and
heart away.
Weeping brought my tolerance to an end. O my eye,
distance yourself from me.
O candle of Chegel, with this charm and elegance,
You are worth serving Khaja Jalaloddin.

CDLXXXV

Saqi, it is spring, the shade of a cloud, and the bank of a
stream.
I am not saying what you should do. If you are a person of
insight, you say it.
This scheme does not impart sincerity.
Rise and wash the Sufi's contaminated frock with pure wine.
The world is mean, rely not on its generosity.
O you who have seen the world, seek not constancy from
the mean.
Let me give you two advices. Listen to them and win a
hundred treasures:
Come through the door of joy and stay off the road of fault-
finding.
In gratitude for seeing the spring again,
Plant the root of goodness and seek the path of truth.

If you desire the beloved's face, make the mirror worthy of it.

Otherwise, roses and jonquils never grow from iron and zinc.

Open your ears. For the nightingale is shouting:

Khaja, do not be negligent. Smell the rose of success.

You said, Hafez smells hypocrisy.

Bravo to your breath, for you smelt well!

CDLXXXVI

Last night, from the branch of a cypress, a nightingale was singing

The lesson of the spiritual stations with the beautiful tone of Pahlavi.

It was calling: The rose is manifesting the burning bush of Moses.

Come and hear the truth of the unity [of God] from the bush.

The birds of the garden are singing rhythmically and wittingly,

So that Khaja may drink wine to the ghazals of Pahlavi.

Jamshid took nothing from the world but the legend of the cup.

Beware not to attach your heart to the worldly means.

Listen to this strange story: Since our luck is upside down,

The beloved killed us with her Messianic breaths.

Pleasant is poverty, a straw-mat, and peaceful sleep.

The throne of the king is not suitable for this pleasure.

Your eye with its lovely look destroyed people's houses.

May you have no hangover. For though drunk, you are walking beautifully.

How well said the aged farmer to his son:

"Light of my eye, you never reap anything but what you have sown."

Did Saki serve Hafez more wine than usual
That his Molavi turban became disarrayed?

CDLXXXVII

O unaware, strive to be aware.

Unless you be a path-farer, how can you become a path-leader?

In the school of truths, before the master of love,
Strive, my son, to become a father one day.

Wash your hands off the copper of being like men of the
Path

In order to find the alchemy of love and become gold.

Eating and sleeping have distanced you from your [exalted]
position.

You will attain to the self only when you become free from
eating and sleeping.

If the light of the love of Truth shines upon your heart and
soul,

By God, you will become more beautiful than the sun of the
sky.

Drown yourself in the Sea of God for a moment, and fear
not

That a single hair of you will become wet in the waters of
seven seas.

The light of God will cover you from head to foot,

If on the way of the Lord of Glory you become lost from
top to toe.

If the Face of God becomes the object of your sight,

Without doubt you will become the possessor of sight.

If the foundation of your being turns upside down,

Worry not that you will ever become upside down.
Hafez, if you have the thought of union in your head,
You must become the door-dust of the masters of [this] art.

CDLXXXVIII

At dawn, the tavern's messenger benevolently said:
"Come back, for you are a veteran of this palace."
"Drink our wine like Jamshid so that the radiance of this
world-viewing cup
Reveal to you the secret of both worlds."
At the door of the tavern, there are some qalandar rends
Who give and take royal crowns.
Their heads rest on bricks but their feet above the seven
stars.
Behold the hand of power and the position of glory.
Our heads lie at the door of the tavern
Whose roof has risen to the sky, though its walls are so
short.
Do not walk on this road without the accompaniment of
Khezzr.
It is pitch dark. Fear the danger of going astray.
O heart, if you are granted the sultanate of poverty,
Your smallest kingdom will stretch from the earth to the
moon.
You cannot boast of poverty. Therefore, do not give up
The dais of ministry and the assembly of Tooran Shah.
You, Hafez, have vain hopes. Have shame of this story.
What is your deed that you desire the highest paradise?

CDLXXXIX

O you on whose face the radiance of kingship is apparent

And on whose mind a hundred divine wisdoms are hidden:
Your pen, with the blessing of God, has sent a hundred
fountains of life
From a black drop [of ink] into the kingdom and religion.
The rays of the Greatest Name [of God] will not shine upon
the devil.
The kingdom and the signet belong to you. Command as
you wish.
Whoever doubts Solomon's wisdom,
Birds and fish laugh at his reason and knowledge.
Although the hawk sometimes wears a crown,
Only the birds of Qaf know the way of kingship.
A sword which is watered by the spring of heaven
Can conquer the world without the help of an army.
Well does your pen write a life-increasing script for the
friends
And a life-decreasing magic for the enemies.
O you whose essence is from the elixir of honor,
Your fortune is secure from the plight of destruction.
Saqi, bring some water from the tavern's spring
So that we wash our kherqes from the arrogance of the
monastery.
O king, a lifetime my cup has been empty of wine.
Mohtaseb is a witness to this claim of mine.
If a ray of light from your sword falls upon a mine,
The red-faced carnelian will pale into the color of the straw.
I know your heart will sympathize with the helplessness of
the wakeful-at-night.
If you ask about me of the morning wind.
Whereas the lightening of disobedience struck the prophet
Adam,
How can the claim of innocence be appropriate for us?
Hafez, if your king occasionally mentions your name,

Do not complain of your luck. Return to apology.

CDXC

In the whole realm of the Magians, there is no one so
frenzied as I.

In one place is pawned my kherqe, in another my book.
My heart, which is a majestic mirror, is covered by dust.
I want from God the company of an enlightened person.
I have repented by the help of the wine-dealing idol
That I will never drink wine again without the face of an
banquet-adorned.

If the narcissus bragged of the grace of your eye, never
mind.

People of perception do not go after a sightless person.
Unless the candle expresses the details of this story,
The moth has no interest in words.

Many streams I have led from my eyes to my skirt
So that a tall-statured one be planted beside me.
Bring the ship of wine. For away from the friend's face,
Each corner of my eye turned into a sea from my heart's
grief.

With me, the beloved-worshipper, say nothing about anyone
else.

For I cannot divert my attention from her and the cup of
wine to anyone else.

How pleased was I with the words of a Christian who was
singing at dawn,

To the music of a tambourine and a reed-pipe at the door of
a tavern:

If Moslemism is that which Hafez has,
Woe is him if there be a tomorrow after today.

CDXCI

I have targeted the eyebrows of a moon-faced.
I have focused my mind on a youth with freshly-grown
beard.
I am hoping that the charter of my love
Will receive a royal monogram from that little bow of the
eyebrow.
My head was lost and my eyes consumed from waiting,
While desiring for the head and eyes of an assembly-
adorned.
My heart is turbid. I will set fire to my kherqe.
Come and see. It is a sight worth seeing.
On the day of my death, build my coffin from cypress.
For I am dying with the brand of a tall-statured one.
I, a dervish, have given the control of my heart to someone
Who will not divert his attention from the crown and throne
toward anyone.
In a place where the comely ones strike by the sword of the
glance,
Be not surprised if you see a head fallen at a foot.
Since I have the moon in my night-camp because of his face,
Why should I care for the light of a star?
What matters separation or togetherness? See what the
friend's pleasure is.
It is a pity to ask of a friend anything but his own self.
The fish will eagerly bring pearls as gifts
If Hafez's vessel arrives at a sea.

CDXCII

A greeting, like the pleasant scent of friendship,
To that pupil of the eye of light.

A greeting, like the light of the heart of the pious,
To that candle of the seclusion of piety.
I do not see anyone left from the companions.
Where are you, Saqi? My heart is bleeding from grief.
Do not turn your face away from the Magians' street.
For there the key of problem-solving is sold.
Although the bride of the world is in the limit of beauty,
She goes beyond limits in unfaithfulness.
If my wounded heart has any magnanimity,
It will not ask for any remedy from the stony-hearted.
Where is sold the wine which can knock down a Sufi?
I am tormented by the hypocritical renunciation.
The friends so broke the promise of friendship
As if there never was any acquaintance whatsoever.
O my greedy self, if you let me,
I will reign like a king in poverty.
Let me teach you the elixir of happiness:
Separation, separation from bad companions.
Hafez, do not complain of the cruelty of time.
How can you, O God's slave, understand the work of God?

CDXCIII

What a grief loneliness is, O queen of the lovely ones!
My heart is dying. It is time you came back.
The roses of this garden do not always remain fresh.
Attend to the helpless while you have the ability to do so.
Last night I was complaining about her tress to the wind.
It said: It is a mistake. Forget about this fanciful thought.
A hundred zephyrs are dancing with chains in here.
Thus are you competed, O heart. Take heed not to measure
the wind.
Longing and separation from you put me in such a state as

The control of my patience may go out of my hand.
O Lord, whom should I say this subtlety that
That gadabout sweetheart showed her face to no one.
Saqi, the flower field has no color without your face.
Let your cypress stalk and adorn the garden.
O you whose pain is my remedy in the bed of deprivation,
O you whose memory is my companion in the corner of
loneliness,
Kindness is what you think, and commandment what you
say.
We are the point of surrender in the circle of destiny.
In the world of rendi, there is no thought or opinion of one's
own self.
In this religion, it is a blasphemy to be selfish and
opinionated.
This azure sphere is making my heart bleed. Give me wine,
So that I (dis)solve this problem in the azure decanter.
Hafez, the night of separation passed and the pleasant scent
of union came.
Blessed be your bliss, O lover of the frenzy of love.

CDXCIV

O heart, if you come out the pit of that chin,
Wherever you go, you will soon come out with regret.
Beware! If you listen to the temptation of reason,
Like Adam you will come out the garden of Eden.
Perhaps not a minute will the sphere take your hand
If thirsty-lip you come out the fountain of life.
Pining to see you, I am surrendering my soul like the
morning.
Would that you come out like the shining sun.

Like the zephyr, I will keep blowing my breath of
determination on you
Until you, happy and smiling like a rose, come out the bud.
In the dark night of separation, my soul rose to my lip.
Like the brilliant moon, it is time for you to come out.
Two hundred streams have I let flow from my eyes onto
your passage,
Hoping that you come out like a stalking cypress.
Worry not, Hafez. For that moon-faced Joseph will return,
And you, from the cottage of grief, will come out.

CDXCV

"Ask for wine and scatter flowers. What do you expect
from this world?"
Said the rose at dawn. What is your word, nightingale?
Take your seat to the garden and take the lips of your
beloved.
Kiss the cheek of Saqi, drink wine, and smell the rose.
Let your cypress stalk toward the garden so that
The cypress of the garden may learn charm from your
stature.
To whom will your smiling bud grant its fortune?
O elegant rose-bush, for whose sake are you growing?
Today when your bazaar is full of the excitement of the
buyers,
Discover and save a treasure from the capital of beauty.
Since the candle of good-looks is on the passage of the
wind,
Salvage a merit from the candle of beauty.
It would be good if that tress, each of whose ringlets is
worth a hundred musk-bags,
Had some scent of good-temper.

Each bird came to the rose-garden of the monarch with a
story,
The nightingale with its songs and Hafez with his ghazals.

Glossary

Abulfavares: Honorary title of Shah Shoja', a king who ruled in Shiraz and patronized Hafez for some time.

alef: The first letter of the Persian alphabet, which is a straight vertical line symbolizing a tall erect stature.

Allahoakbar: Name of a valley north of Shiraz.

anqa: See under Simorgh.

Asaf: King Solomon's chief minister. The Second Asaf refers to Shah Shoja's minister, Jalalodding Tooranshah.

Ataback: Grand vizier. Chief minister.

ayyar: Idle wanderer, vagrant, clever, smart, generous.

ayyari: Being an ayyar.

Bahman: Name of the second month of winter in the Iranian calendar.

Bahram: One of the ancient kings of Iran (Bahram Gur), famous for his habit of hunting onager.

Bulahab: Nickname of one of Mohammad's uncles, who showed great hostility towards the Prophet of Islam.

Bulvafa, Kamaloddin: A scholar and poet from Kharazm.

Chaghaneh: A musical instrument with bells.

Chegel: A city in Turkestan whose youths were famous for their beauty.

Dara: Father of Alexander the Great.

dreg-drainer: A voluptuous drinker who drinks even the sediments of wine gathered at the bottom of a wine-vat.

Ehram: One of the rituals of pilgrimage to Mecca.

Ekhlās: One of the suras (chapters) of the Qur'an.

Eram: A legendary paradise built by King Shaddad.

Ezaj: A desert in Southern Iran.

Faqih: A man learned in Islamic law.

Farhad: Name of a legendary lover who was madly in love with Princess Shirin.

Farvardin: The first month of the Iranian calendar, which begins with the first day of spring.

Fasting Festival: Festival at the end of the Moslems' fasting month, Ramazan.

Fateha: The first sura (chapter) in the Qur'an, which is recited in daily prayers, in funerals, and on occasions when the dead are remembered.

Freedoon: One of the ancient kings of Iran.

ghaliah: Perfume made of a mixture of substances including musk and ambergris.

ghazal: A love poem, similar to the English sonnet, consisting of usually 7-15 couplets. The first hemstitch of the first couplet rhymes with the second hemstitches of all the couplets--aa, ba, ca, etc.

ghelman: Handsome young servants in paradise.

Golchehr: Name of a lady loved by Orang.

Golrang: The spiritual master of Hafez.

Hafez, Shamsoddin Khaja Mohammad: (c. 1320-1390) The greatest ghazal-composer of Iran. He was called Hafez because he had memorized the Qur'an. **Hafez** means memorizer, keeper, protector.

Haji Qavam: Qavamoddin Hassan was one of the ministers of Shah Sheikh Abu Es'haq, a contemporary of Hafez.

Haroot: An angel, cursed by God and hung upside down with another angel, Maroot, in a well in Babylon.

Harz-e-Yamani: Title of a long prayer in Islam.

Hatam Tai: An Arab nobleman who lived in the 6th century A.D. and was known for his generosity.

Hatef: An invisible speaker with a mysterious voice.

Hejaz: One of the twelve tunes of Iranian music.

Hema: A kind of tree.

homa: A legendary bird, like an eagle, which is believed to bring good luck to anyone on whom it casts its shade.

hoori: A beautiful woman with black eyes. Also one of the beautiful maidens who will attend the blessed in paradise.

Araqi, Ibrahim Fakhroddin: A Sufi poet from Hamadan who composed beautiful poems and sang them in a pleasant voice.

Jalali: Iranian calendar, designed by Omar Khayyam, et al, by the order of Jalaloddin Malekshah Saljuqi.

jeem: One of the letters of the Persian alphabet, semicircular in shape with a dot in the middle.

kamanche: A musical instrument with three or four strings, played with a bow while its base rests on the ground.

karamat: Extraordinary spiritual powers of a mystic.

Kashfe Kashshaf: A commentary on the book, Kashshaf.

Kauthar: Name of a stream in paradise.

Kay Kawoos: One of the ancient kings of Iran.

Kay Khosrow: One of the ancient kings of Iran.

Kesra: Arabicized form of "khosrow". Arabs called each of the Sassanid kings *Kesra*.

Khaja: Master. Nobleman. Hafez was called Khaja Hafez.

khalvat: Privacy. A private place. One of the stages of the Sufi training in which a disciple is asked to meditate alone in a secluded room for forty days.

Khaqan: Khan. Title of the kings of China and Turkestan.

khat: Freshly grown hair on the face of a youth. Writing.

Line.

kherqe: A patched frock which a Sufi receives from his Pir (spiritual master) during a ceremony.

Khezr: Name of a prophet who is believed to have found the water of life in a dark place, and who is still alive and wanders about in the world and guides those who are lost.

Khollakh: A tribe of Turks who were known for their beauty in Iran.

Khotan: The old name of part of Eastern Turkestan, known for its musk and musk deer.

Leila or Leili: The beloved lady of Majnoon. Majnoon and Leila were madly in love with each other. Their love story has been repeatedly mentioned in the Persian poetry.

Leva: Name of a place.

Looli: Gypsy. Also a handsome, elegant and pleasant youth.

Magian: A Zoroastrian priest. In the past, taverns were usually owned by Zoroastrians in Iran, because wine is forbidden in Islam.

Magians' Pir: The spiritual leader of the Sufis.

Mahdi: The one guided to Truth.

Mani: Iranian prophet and painter.

Mansur: Name of a king, contemporary with Hafez.

Marva: One of the rituals of pilgrimage to Mecca.

mehrab: A niche in a mosque before which the Imam stands to conduct daily prayers.

mohtaseb: An officer who guarded streets and arrested drunkards and those who violated the laws of Islam.

Moliyan, Jooye: Name of a beautiful and fertile land outside the city of Bokhara, where the Samanid kings built their palaces and gardens.

monajat: Supplication. Expressing one's wishes and needs to God.

Mossalla: Name of a promenade in Shiraz.

mufti: Expounder of the Islamic law.

naqsh: A kind of song from Khorasan, a province in Northeast Iran.

nargesi: A kind of clothing.

nesab: The limit of income or property that necessitates zakat (charity to the poor) in Islam.

Nezami (1140-1202): One of the great Iranian poets.

No-Rooz: Iranian New Year which begins the first day of spring.

noon: One of the letters of the Persian alphabet, shaped like a bowl with a dot in the middle.

Oqaf: Properties dedicated for charity.

Orang: The lover of Golchehr.

Pahlavi: The language of Iran before the invasion of Islam.

pakbaz: A person heedless to wealth. A true lover.

Pashang: Afrasiab's father. Afrasiab was defeated and killed by Rostam, the national hero of Ancient Iran.

Pir: Old. Old man. A spiritual master in Sufism.

prayer-carpet or prayer-mat: A small carpet on which the daily prayers of a Moslem are performed.

Primordial Pact: The covenant God made with Adam in the beginning of time.

Qaaf: A legendary mountain where Simorgh nested.

qaba: Long garment, open in front, and worn by men. It is still worn by the mullas in Iran.

Qadr: The holy night when the Qur'an was revealed to Mohammad, the Prophet of Islam.

qalandar: Calender. A wandering dervish who is heedless to worldly possessions. A member of an order of dervishes among Sufis, called Qalandaran.

qebila: Direction of Kaaba in Mecca. Moslems face

Kaaba during their daily prayers.

Qobad, Kay: Father of Kay Kawoos. Both were legendary kings of Iran.

qoul: A kind of song.

Qur'an: The holy book of Moslems.

Remal: Name of a place.

rend: A spiritual person with an unappealing appearance. A person who is outwardly and socially blameworthy but inwardly pure and praiseworthy. A person who is pure at heart but heedless to the morals and standards of the society. Sometimes used synonymously with qalandar. Hafez often calls himself a rend.

rendi: State of being a rend.

Rezvan: Paradise. Gatekeeper of paradise.

Roknabad: Name of a stream in Shiraz.

Sa'y: Effort. One of the rituals of pilgrimage to Mecca.

Safa: Purity. One of the rituals of pilgrimage to Mecca.

Saheeb: A slave who came to believe in Islam and was freed by Mohammad. He became known for his piety.

Salma: Name of a beloved lady.

Salsabil: Wholesome. Wholesome water. Name of a spring in paradise.

Sama': The jubilant group dance of the Sufis.

Samarqand: A city in E. Uzbekistan.

Saqi: Cupbearer. Wine-server. A handsome youth who served wine in a tavern or in a drinking assembly. In the Sufic symbolism, a spiritual master.

Sedra: Name of a tree in paradise.

Sha'ban: Name of the Islamic month preceding Ramazan.

Shaddad: The legendary king who built the garden of Eram.

shat'h: A mystical statement which contradicts the Orthodox Moslem beliefs.

Sheik Sana'n: A Sufic master who fell in love with a Christian maiden during his pilgrimage to Mecca and forgot about his spiritual mission and his disciples.

Shemshad: A kind of box-tree in Iran.

Shirin: Sweet. The beloved of Farhad.

Simorgh: A legendary bird.

So'ad: Name of a beloved lady.

Sufi: Irano-Islamic mystic.

sura: Each chapter in the Qur'an is called sura.

Syamak: A legendary king of ancient Iran.

tamat: Nonsensical statements and exaggerations of dervishes and Sufis.

taylasan: A headkerchief worn as a sign of nobility among Arabs in the past.

Tooba: A tree in paradise.

Va-in-yakaad: A sura in the Qur'an, often recited for protection from the evil eye.

vali: Islamic saint. Friend. Protector.

Yalda: The longest night of the year.

zakat: Annual charity required by the Islamic law.

Zayandarud: A river in Isfahan, Iran.

Zenderud: See under Zayandarud.

Zoleikha: Potiphar's wife who was in love with Joseph.

Zu: Name of a national hero of Ancient Iran.